



Engraved and Printed by J. S. Barn, Bridge Street, Great Yarmouth, December 1771.

M^r. Martyr



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THE
BUSY BEE;
OR,
VOCAL REPOSITORY.

Being a SELECTION of the most
FAVOURITE SONGS, &c.
CONTAINED IN THE
ENGLISH OPERAS,
That have been Sung at the
PUBLIC GARDENS,
And written for
SELECT SOCIETIES;
Together with an extensive
COLLECTION of HUNTING SONGS,
And a variety of
SCOTCH and IRISH BALLADS, &c.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY J. S. BARR,
NO. 14, BRIDGES-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN

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БУДЬТЕ
УДОЛГИ
ВОЧИЯ

БОЛГОВОДСТВИЕ
ИМЕЕТ
САЯНСКОГО
УЧАСТИЯ

САЯНСКОГО УЧАСТИЯ

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FOR THE THIRD VOLUME.

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THE
BUSY BEE.

HUNTING SONGS.

I.

Written by Mr. DIBDIN.

TO Batchelor's Hall we good fellows invite,
To partake of the chace that makes up our delight;
We have spirits like fire, and of health such a stock,
That our pulse strikes the seconds as true as a clock.

Did you see us, you'd swear, as we mount with a
grace,
That Diana had dubb'd some new gods of the chace,
Hark away, hark away, all nature looks gay,
And Aurora with smiles ushers in the bright day.

Dick Thickset came mounted upon a fine black,
 A better fleet gelding ne'er hunter did back ;
 Tom Trig rode a bay, full of mettle and bone,
 And gaily Bob Buxom rode proud on a roan ;
 But the horse of all horses that rival'd the day
 Was the squire's Neck-or-Nothing, and that was
 a grey.

Hark away, &c.

Then for hounds, there was Nimble, so well that
 climbs rocks,

And Cocknose, a good one at scenting a fox ;
 Little Plunge, like a mole who will secret and
 search,

And beetle-brow'd Hawk's-eye, so dead at a lurch ;
 Young Sly-looks, who scents the strong breeze
 from the south,

And musical Echo-well, with his deep mouth.

Hark away, &c.

Our horses thus all of the very best blood,
 'Tis not likely you'll easily find such a stud ;
 And for hounds, our opinions with thousands we'd
 back,

That all England throughout can't produce such
 a pack.

Thus, having described you dogs, horses, and
 crew,

Away we set off, for the fox is in view.

Hark away, &c.

Sly reynard's brought home, while the horns
 sound a call,

And now you're all welcome to Bachelor's Hall.

'The

'The sav'ry sirloin grateful smoaks on the board,
And Bacchus pours wine from his favourite hoard;
Come on then, do honour to this jovial place,
And enjoy the sweet pleasures that spring from the
chace;

Hark away, hark away, all nature looks gay,
Let us drink to the joys of the next coming day.

III.

HARK ! hark ! the huntsman sounds his horn,
Let's tipple away the rosy morn, ton, ton, ton,
We'll hunt the bottle from sun to sun,
And hallo the glasses the course to run.

Ton, ton, &c.

Each merry young toper a huntsman shall be,
And instead of a green, wear a red liv'ry, ton,
ton, &c.
We'll scorn their bows, their arrows, and guns,
We'll hunt with long pipes, and ride upon tuns.

Ton, ton, &c.

We'll charge with tobacco, and follow the cry,
'Till failing of speed, the bottle shall die, ton,
ton, &c.

And then for a horn make use of a bell,
Whose clangour shall rouse him, and make him
run well.

Ton, ton, &c.

When thus reviv'd we'll merrily sing,
And joining in chorus make the woods ring, ton,
ton, &c.

Our game we'll eagerly pursue,
Our glasses filling, our cause renew.
Ton, ton, &c.

Our song shall reach the distant plain,
And echo shall summon the weary swain, ton,
ton, &c.

The welcome sport he gladly hears,
His toil and labour no more fears.
Ton, ton, &c.

A pipe he takes, and charges high,
And after the bottle does nimbly fly, ton, ton, &c.
At length, with equal force and speed,
He makes the gen'rous victim bleed.

Ton, ton, &c.

As through the wound the blood does pass,
He boldly ventures to fill his glass, ton, ton, &c.
Nor fears to taste the flowing gore,
But hunting and drinking, still hunts for more.

Ton, ton, &c.

Then fill your glasses merrily round,
Since thus supply'd with hare and hound, ton,
ton, &c.

While cheerful Bacchus leads us on,
We'll follow in chorus with sprightly ton, ton.
Ton, ton, ton.

III.

COME, rouze, brother sportsmen, the hunters all cry,

We've got a good scent and a fav'ring sky ;
The horn's sprightly notes, and the lark's early song,

Will chide the dull sportsmen for sleeping so long.

Bright Phœbus has shewn us the glimpse of his face,

Peep'd in at our windows, and calls to the chace ;
He soon will be up, for his dawn wears away,
And makes the fields blush with the beams of his ray.

Sweet Molly may tease you, perhaps to lie down ;
And if you refuse her, perhaps she may frown :
But tell her, that love must to hunting give place
For as well as her charms, there are charms in the chace.

Look yonder, look yonder, old Reynard I spy ;
At his brush nimbly follows brisk Chanter and Fly ;

They seize on their prey, see his eye-balls, they roll ;

We're in at the death---now let's home to the bowl.

There we'll fill up our glasses, and toast to the king,
 From a bumper fresh loyalty ever will spring ;
 To George, peace and glory may heaven dispense,
 And fox hunters flourish a thousand years hence.

IV.

HARK, hark ye, how echoes the horn in the
 vale,

Whose notes do so sportively dance on the gale,
 To charm us to barter, for ignoble rest,
 The joys which true pleasure can raise in the
 breast :

The morning is fair, and in labour with day,
 And the cry of the huntsman is hark, hark, away :
 Then wherefore defer we one moment, our joys ?
 Haste, haste, let's away, so to horse, my brave boys.

What pleasure can equal the joys of the chace,
 Where meaner delights to more noble give place ?
 While onward we press, and each sorrow defy,
 From valley to valley re-echoes the cry :
 Our joys are all sterling, no sorrow we fear,
 We bound o'er the lawn, and look back on old
 care :

Forgetful of labour, we leap o'er the mounds,
 Led on by the horn, and the cry of the hounds.

V.

V.

RECITATIVE.

HARK! the horn cal's away,
Come the grave, come the gay;
Wake to music that wakens the skies,
Quit the bondage of sloth and arise.

AIR.

From the East breaks the morn,
See the sun-beams adorn
The wild heath, and the mountains so high,
The wild heath, &c.
Shrilly opes the staunch hound,
The steed neighs to the sound,
And the floods and the vallies reply,
And the floods, &c.

Our fore-fathers so good,
Prov'd their greatness of blood,
By encount'ring the hart and the boar;
Ruddy health bloom'd the face,
Age and youth urg'd the chace,
And taught woodlands and forests to roar.

Hence, of noble descent,
Hills and wilds we frequent,
Where the bosom of nature's reveal'd;
Tho' in life's busy day,
Man of man makes a prey,
Still let ours be the prey of the field.

With

With the chace full in sight,
 Gods ! how great the delight !
 How our mortal sensations refine !
 Where is care, where is fear ?
 Like the winds in the rear,
 And the man's lost in something divine.

Now to horse, my brave boys ;
 Lo ! each pants for the joys
 That anon shall enliven the whole ;
 Then at eve we'll dismount,
 Toils and pleasures recount,
 And renew the chace over the bowl.

VI.

RECITATIVE.

NOW peeps the ruddy dawn o'er mountain top,
 Its different notes each feather'd warbler tunes,
 The milkmaid's carol glads the plowman's ear,
 The jolly huntsman winds his cheerful horn,
 And the staunch pack return the lov'd salute.

AIR.

The hounds are unkennel'd, and now,
 Thro' the copse and the furse will we lead,
 'Till we reach yonder farm on the brow,
 For there lurks the thief that must bleed.
 I told you so did'nt I ?--see where he flies ;
 'Twas Bellman that open'd, so sure the fox dies.
 Let the horn's jolly sound
 Encourage the hound,
 And float thro' the echoing skies.

RECITATIVE.

RECITATIVE.

The chace begun, nor rock, nor flood, nor swamp,
 Quickset, or gate, the thundering course retard ;
 'Till the dead notes proclaim the falling prey,
 Then---to the sportive 'squire's capacious bowl.

AIR.

O'er that and old beer of his own,
 This sound, bright, and wholesome we'll sing,
 Drink success to great George and his crown,
 For each heart to a man's with the king.
 And next we will fill to Jove's favourite scene,
 The rich isle of Saints, Britannia I mean ;
 Where men, horses and hounds,
 Can be stop'd by no bounds,
 For no spot on the earth e'er bred sporters so keen.

VII.

HARK, hark, the shrill horn calls the sportsmen
 abroad ;
 To horse, my brave boys, and away ;
 The morning is up, and the cry of the hounds
 Upbraids our too tedious delay.
 What pleasure we feel in pursuing the fox !
 O'er hill, and o'er valley he flies ;
 Then follow, we'll soon overtake him. Huzza !
 The traitor is seiz'd on, and dies.
 Triumphant returning at night with the spoil,
 Like Bacchanals, shouting and gay ;
 How sweet with a bottle and las to refresh,
 And lose the fatigues of the day !

With

With sport, love, and wine, fickle fortune defy :
 Dull wisdom all happiness scours :
 Since life is no more than a passage at best,
 Let's strew the way over with flow'rs.

VIII.

Written by Mr. Boyce.

THE sprightly horn awakes the morn,
 And bids the hunter rise ;
 The opening hound, returns the sound,
 And echo fills the skies ;
 And echo fills the skies.
 See ruddy health more dear than wealth,
 On yond' blue mountain's brow ;
 The neighing steed, invokes our speed,
 And Reynard trembles now ;
 The neighing steed, invokes our speed,
 And Reynard trembles now.

In ancient days, as story says,
 The woods our father's sought ;
 The rustic race, ador'd the chace,
 And hunted as they fought.
 Come let's away, make no delay,
 Enjoy the forest's charms ;
 Then o'er the bowl, expand the soul,
 And rest in Chloe's arms.

IX.

LAST Valentine's day when bright Phœbus
shone clear,

I had not been hunting for more than a year;
Taly-ho, taly-ho, &c.

I mounted black Sloven, o'er the road made him
bound,

For I heard the hounds challenge, and horns
sweetly sound

Taly-ho, taly-ho, &c.

Hallow into covert, old Anthony cries,
No sooner he spoke, but the fox, sir, he 'spies;
Taly-ho, &c.

This being the signal, he then cracked his whip
Taleo was the word, and away we did leap.

Tal,-ho, &c.

Then up rides Dick Dawson, who car'd not a pin,
He sprang at the drain, but his horse tumbled in;

Taly-ho, &c.

And as he crept out, why he spy'd the old ren',
With his tongue hanging out, stealing home to
his den.

Taleo, &c.

Our hounds and our horses were always as good,
As ever broke cover, or dash'd thro' the wood;

Taly-ho, &c.

Old Reynard runs hard, but must certainly die,
Have at you, old 'Tony, Dick Dawson did cry.

Taly-ho, &c.

The hounds they had ran twenty miles now or more,
Old Anthony fretted, he curs'd too and swore;

Taly-ho, &c.

But Reynard being spent, soon must give up the
ghost,
Which will heighten our joys, when we come to
each toast.

Taly-ho, &c.

The day's sport being over, the horns we will sound,
To the jolly fox-hunters let echo resound;

Taly-ho, &c.

So fill up your glasses, and chearfully drink,
To the honest true sportsmen who never will shrink.

Taly-ho, &c.

X.

AWAY to the field, see the morning looks grey,
And, sweetly bedappled, forbodes a fine day.
The hounds are all eager the sport to embrace,
And carol aloud to be led to the chace.

Then hark in the morn, to the call of the horn,
And join with the jovial crew,
While the season invites, with all it's delights,
The health given chace to pursue.

How charming the sight when Aurora first dawns,
To see the bright beagles spread over the lawns ;
To welcome the sun, now returning from rest ;
Their matins they chaunt as they merrily quest.

Then hark, &c

But, oh ! how each bosom with transport it fills,
To start just as Phœbus peeps over the hills ;
While joyous, from valley to valley, resounds
The shouts of the hunters, and cry of the hounds.

Then hark, &c.

See how the brave hunters, with courage elate,
Fly hedges and ditches, or top the barr'd gate ;
Borne by their bold coursers no dangers they fear,
And give to the winds all vexation and care.

Then hark, &c.

Ye cits, for the chace quit the joys of the town,
And scorn the dull pleasure of sleeping in down ;
Uncertain your toil, or for honour or wealth,
Our's still is repaid with contentment and health.

Then hark, &c.

XI.

HARK ! the sweet horn proclaims afar,
Against the stag the mimic war ;
While future heroes hearts rebound,
And pant to hear the trumpet sound,
The warlike genius of our isle,
Who on the hunter deigns to smile.

In echoes gives the chace applause,
 Which strings the nerve for glory's cause,
 Where'er the devious chace may bend,
 Still freedom shall our steps attend ;
 And bid us, as her pleasure rise,
 Defend the blessings which we prize.

XII.

RECITATIVE.

BRIGHT dawns the day with rosy face,
 That calls the hunters to the chace.

A I R.

With musical horn,
 Salute the gay morn,
 These jolly companions to cheer ;
 With enliv'ning sounds,
 Encourage the hounds,
 To rival the speed of the deer.

If you find out his fair,
 To the woodlands repair,
 Hark ! hark ! he's unharbour'd they cry ;
 Then fleet o'er the plain,
 We gallop amain,
 All, all is a triumph of joy.

O'er

O'er heaths, hills, and woods,
 Thro' forests and floods,
 The stag flies as swift as the wind ;
 The welkin resounds,
 With the cry of the hounds,
 That chaunt in a concert behind.

Adieu to all care,
 Pale grief and despair,
 We ride in oblivion of fear ;
 Vexation and pain,
 We leave to the train,
 Sad wretches that lag in the rear.

Lo ! the stag stands at bay,
 The pack's at a stay,
 They eagerly seize on their prize ;
 The welkin resounds,
 With the chorus of hounds,
 Shrill horn with his knell and he dies.

XIII.

DO you hear brother sportsman
 The sound of the horn,
 And yet the sweet pleasures decline ?
 For shame rouse your senses, and 'ere 'tis morn
 With me the sweet melody join.

O'er hills and o'er vallies,
 See the traitor he rallies,
 See the hounds in full cry,
 O'er hedges all fly,
 Chasing the swift hare 'till she dies.

Then saddle your steeds to the meadows and fields,
 All willing all joyous repair ;
 No pleasure in life greater happiness yields,
 Than chasing the fox or the hare.

For such comforts, my friends,
 On the sportsman attends ;
 No pleasure like hunting is found ;
 For when the day's o'er,
 All as brisk as before,
 Next morning we'll spurn up the ground.

XIV.

WHEN thro' the woods the hunters trace
 The nimble hart, or hare,
 Fond echo joins the noble chace,
 And vocal makes the air.
 The op'ning hounds the game pursue,
 And brush away the morning dew.

From hills and dales the cries resound,
 While mellow sounds the horn ;
 Each varied prospect smiles around,
 And rapture cheers the morn.
 The op'ning hounds the game pursue,
 And brush away the sparkling dew.

At length o'er-taken, the trembling prey
 Its speed no longer tries ;
 Fear all his courage takes away,
 And soon the victim dies.
 The hunters then the bowl pursue,
 And all their songs of joy renew.

XV.

XV.

THE sable clad curtain's undrawn,
 The lark carols sweetly on high ;
 Quickly opens the eye of the morn,
 See the sun-beams are gilding the sky,
 The huntsmen he throws off the hounds,
 The horn winds a tedious delay ;
 And the heart of each sportsman elated rebounds,
 In expecting the summons for hark, hark away.

Hark ! a burst gives the signal for chace,
 Thro' woodlands we dashing pursue ;
 While the fox, fleet as wind, mends his pace,
 'Till the huntsman proclaims him in view,
 Now his strength and his cunning a mort,
 See the dogs seize in triumph their prey,
 While the death of the game gives fresh light
 to the sport,
 The echoes re-echo with hark, hark away.

Now for Liberty-Hall we repair,
 To replenish the joys of the field :
 Where good humour abounds with the fare,
 And the wife smiles obedience to yield :
 While the bottle and bowl both unite,
 To vie with the sports of the day :
 Let bumpers go round, to the sportsman's delight,
 And all join in the chorus of hark, hark away.

XVI.

AS bright as the morning, the sons of the chace,
 As early as Sol in the morning were rising ;
 Joy danc'd in each heart, and health bloom'd in
 each face,
 Alike every fear, and each danger despising.

Then hail to the morn,
 With hounds and with horn,
 While pleasure around does each prospect adorn ;
 Thro' woodland and valley with speed they incline,
 And the sports of the chace each proclaims is divine.

Now rous'd from his den, see Reynard in view,
 And watchful he over the meadow is flying :
 As swiftly the hounds and the huntsmen pursue,
 Alike all his speed, and his cunning defying ;
 He now takes the field,
 Now passes the flood,

Yet as eager the chace by the dogs is renew'd ;
 Thro' woodlands or valley with speed they incline,
 While the sports of the chace each proclaim is divine.

Tho' he brushes to cover, and hides for a while,
 Yet soon the staunch beagles will certainly find him,
 Such a pack all his cunning can ne'er beguile,
 He quickly is trac'd by the scent left behind him.

They seize on their prey,
 While the horns sound---away ;
 And pleasure reward the fatigues of the day,
 To sing o'er the bowl, they all cheerful incline,
 That the joys of the sportsmen are nearly divine.

XVII.

XVII.

R E C I T A T I V E.

THE high-pois'd lark salutes the op'ning dawn ;
 The dripping cowslips rear their dewy heads ;
 Across the copse the ruddy milkmaid chants ;
 And Phœbus tints with gold his Wicklow hills.

A T R.

With well-scented hounds, and with jolly ton'd
 horn,
 We'll rouse the proud stag with the first of the morn ;
 See, see from the covert how stoutly he springs ;
 Hark ! hark ! the pack opens ;--'tis music for
 kings,
 With scorn and disdain how he snuffs up the wind ;
 He leaps the park wall, and he throws us behind,
 No more he perceives us, get rid of his pain ;
 Tan ta ra, says echo---They're with you again.

Thro' woodlands then he leads the sweep,
 He fords the river, climbs the steep !
 The brow he gains---he stops---he turns
 He fears --he pants---he chills---he burns.

To the herd then he scours amain ;
 His suit to the herd proves in vain :
 He faints ;---he drops---the huntsman cries,
 Dead ! dead ! ware haunch !---he dies ! he dies.

XVIII.

XVIII.

HARK ! hark ! the joy-inspiring horn,
 Salutes the rosy, rising morn,
 And echoes through the dale ;
 With clam'rous peals the hills resound,
 The hounds quick-scented scow'r the ground,
 And snuff the fragrant gale.

Nor gates nor hedges can impede
 The brisk, high mettled, starting steed,
 The jovial gale pursue ;
 Like light'ning darting o'er the plains,
 The distant hills with speed he gains,
 And sees the game in view.

Her path the timid hare forsakes,
 And to the corpse for shelter makes,
 There pants a-while for breath ;
 When now the noise alarms her ear,
 Her haunt's descry'd, her fate is near,
 She sees approaching death.

Directed by the well-known breeze,
 The hounds their trembling victim seize,
 She faints, she falls, she dies ;
 The distant coursers now come in,
 And join the loud triumphant din,
 'Till echo rends the skies.

XIX.

WHEN the morning peeps forth, and the zephyrs cool gale,
 Carries fragrance and health over mountain and dale,
 Ye nymphs and ye swains, we together will rove,
 Up hill and down valley, through thicket or grove.

Then follow with me where the Welkin resounds,
 With the notes of the horn, and the cry of the hounds,
 Tally ho, Tally ho, Tally ho,
 With the notes of the horn, and the cry of the hounds.

Let the wretched be slaves to ambition and wealth,
 All the blessings I ask are the blessings of health ;
 Where cheerful good humour gives honesty grace,
 And the heart shews content in the smiles of the face.

Then follow with me where the Welkin resounds,
 With the notes of the horn, and the cry of the hounds,
 Tally ho, Tally ho, Tally ho,
 With the notes of the horn, and the cry of the hounds.

XX.

XX.

HARK! away, 'tis the merry-ton'd horn,
 Calls the hunters all up in the morn :
 To the hills and the woodlands they steer,
 To unharbour the out-lying deer.

Cho. And all the day long
 This, this is our song ;
 Still hollowing,
 And following,
 So frolick and free ;
 Our joys know no bounds,
 While we're after the hounds,
 No mortals on earth are so jolly as we.

Round the woods when we beat, how we glow,
 While the hills they all echo hillo !
 With a bounce from his cover when he flies,
 Then our shouts they resound to the skies ;
 And all the day long, &c.

When we sweep o'er the vallies, or climb
 Up the health-breathing mountain sublime,
 What a joy from our labour we feel ?
 Which alone they who taste can reveal.
 And all the day long, &c.

XXI.

HARK, hark, the huntsman sounds his horn,
 A call so musical chides the drone,
 Ton,
 ton.

The clangor wakes the drowsy morn,
 The woods re-echo the sprightly tone,
 Ton, ton, ton, ton, ton, ton, ton, ton.

The loud-tongu'd cries the concert fill,
 Our steeds with neighing salute the dawn,

Ton, ton, &c.

We mount, and now we climb the hill,
 Then swift descending we sweep the lawn.

Ton, ton, &c.

The distant stag our accent hears,
 Our accents fatal to him alone;

Ton, ton, &c.

He rousing starts, and wing'd with fears,
 Forsakes the thicket to seek the down,

Ton, ton, &c.

Altho' Diana claims the field,
 The woods and forests tho' all her own,

Ton, ton, &c.

The groves to Venus let her yield,
 Where we may follow her sportive son.

Ton, ton, &c.

What

What joy to trace the blooming lass
 Thro' darksome grottoes with moss o'ergrown,
 Ton, ton, &c.

What harmony can our's surpass,
 When joining chorus with dove-like moan?
 Ton, ton, &c.

In various sports the day thus spent,
 Fatigu'd with pleasures when night comes on.
 Ton, ton, &c.

Our limbs tho' tir'd, our hearts content,
 With wine regaling, all cares we drown,
 Ton, ton, &c.

XXII.

I AM a jolly huntsman,
 My voice is shrill and clear,
 Well known to drive the stag,
 And the drooping dogs to chear.
 And a hunting we will go, will go, will go,
 And a hunting we will go.

I leave my bed by times,
 Before the morning grey,
 Let loose my dogs, and mount a horse,
 And halloo, come away.
 And a hunting, &c.

The game's no sooner rous'd,
 But in rush the cheerful cry,
 Thro' bush and brake, o'er hedge and stake,
 The frightened beast does fly.
 And a hunting, &c.

In vain he flies to covert,
 A num'rous pack pursue,
 That never cease to trace his steps,
 Ev'n tho' they've lost the view.
 And a hunting, &c.

To Scentwell, hark! he calls,
 And faithful Finder joins;
 Whip in the dogs, my merry rogues,
 And give your horse the reins.
 And a hunting, &c.

Hark! forward how they go,
 The view they'd lost they gain;
 Tantivy, high and low,
 Their legs and throats they strain.
 And a hunting, &c.

Now sweetly in full cry,
 Their various notes they join;
 Gods! what a concert's here, my lads!
 'Tis more than half divine.
 And a hunting, &c.

The woods, rocks, and mountains,
 Delighted with the sound,
 To neighb'ring dales and fountains,
 Repeating, deal it round.
 And a hunting, &c.

A glorious chace it is,
 We drove him many a mile,
 O'er hedge and ditch, we go thro' stitch,
 And hit off many a foil.

And a hunting, &c.

And yet he runs it stoutly ;
 How wide, how swift he strains !
 With what a skip he took that leap,
 And scow'rs it o'er the plains !

And a hunting, &c.

See, how our horses foam,
 The dogs begin to droop ;
 The winding horn, on shoulder born,
 'Tis time to chear 'em up.

And a hunting, &c.

Hark ! Leader, Countess, Bouncer,
 Chear up, my merry dogs all ;
 To Tatler, hark ! he holds it smart,
 And answers ev'ry call.

And a hunting, &c.

Co, Co, there Drunkard, Snowball,
 'Gadzooks ! whip Blomer in ;
 We'll die i'th' place, 'ere quit the chace,
 Till we've made the game our own.

And a hunting, &c.

Up yonder steep I'll follow,
 Beset with craggy stones ;
 My Lord cries, Jack, you dog, come back,
 Or else you'll break your bones.
 And a hunting, &c.

Huzza !

Huzza! he's almost down;
 He begins to slack his course;
 He pants for breath; I'll in at's death,
 Tho' I should kill my horse.

And a hunting, &c.

See, now he takes the moors,
 And strains to reach the stream;
 He leaps the flood, to cool his blood,
 And quench his thirsty flame.

And a hunting, &c.

He scarce has touch'd the bank,
 The cry bounce finely in,
 And swiftly swims a-cross the stream,
 And raise a glorious din.

And a hunting, &c.

His legs begin to fail,
 His wind and speed are gone;
 He stands at bay, and gives 'em play,
 He can no longer run.

And a hunting, &c.

Old Hector long behind,
 By use and Nature bold,
 In rushes first, and seizes fast,
 But soon is flung from's hold.

And a hunting, &c.

He traversies his ground,
 Advances and retreats,
 Gives many a hound a mortal wound,
 And long their force defeats.

And a hunting, &c.

He bounds, and springs, and snorts ;

He shakes his branched head ;

'Tis safest, farthest off, I see

Poor Talboy is lain dead.

And a hunting, &c.

Vain are Heels and Antlers,

With such a pack set round,

Spite of his heart, seize ev'ry part,

And pull him fearless down.

And a hunting, &c.

Ha ! dead, we're dead, whip,

And take a special care ;

Dismount with speed, and cut his throat,

Lest they his haunches tear,

And a hunting, &c.

The sport is ended now,

We're laden with the spoil ;

As home we pass, we talk o'th' chace,

O'erpaid for all our toil.

And a hunting. &c.

XXIII.

THE sun from the east tips the mountains with
gold,

And the meadows all spangled with dew-drops
behold ;

The larks early matin proclaims the new day,
And the horn's chearful summons rebukes our delay !

With the sports of the field there's no pleasure
can vie,

While jocund we follow the hounds in full cry.
Let

Let the drudge of the town make his riches his
sport,

And the slave of the state hunt the smiles of the
court;

No care nor ambition our patience annoy,
But innocence still gives a zest to our joy.

With the sports, &c.

Mankind are all hunters in various degree,
The priest hunts a living, the lawyer a fee ;
The doctor a patient, the courtier a place,
Tho' often, like us, they're flung out with dif-
grace.

With the sports, &c.

The cit hunts a plumb, the soldier hunts fame,
The poet a dinner, the patriot a name ;
And the artful coquette, tho' she seems to refuse,
Yet, in spite of her airs, she her lover pursues.

With the sports, &c.

Let the bold and the busy hunt glory and wealth,
All the blessings we ask, is the blessing of health;
With hounds and with horns, thro' the woodlands
to roam,

And when tir'd abroad, find contentment at home.

With the sports of the field there's no pleasure
can vie,

While jocund we follow, follow, follow, follow,
follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow,
follow, follow, follow, the hounds in full cry.

XXIV..

WHEN Phœbus begins just to peep o'er the hills,

With horns we awaken the day ;
And rouze brother sportsmen, who fluggishly sleep,
With hark ! to the woods, hark ! away :
See the hounds are uncoupled in musical cry,

How sweetly it echo's around ;
And high mettled steeds with their neighings al-
seem

With pleasure to echo the sound.

Behold when fly Reynard, with pannick and dread,
At distance o'er hillocks doth bound ;
The pack on the scent fly with rapid career,
Hark ! the horns ! O how sweetly they sound :
Now on to the chace, o'er hills and o'er dales,
All dangers we nobly defy ;
Our nags are all stout, and our sports we'll pursue,
With shouts that resound to the sky.

But see how he lags, all his arts are in vain,
No longer with swiftness he flies ;
Each hound in his fury determines his fate,
The traitor is seiz'd on and dies :
With shouting and joy we return from the field,
With drink crown the sports of the day ;
Then to rest we recline, till the horn calls again,
Then away to the woodlands, away.

XXV.

HARK! Echo, sweet Echo! repeats the loud strain,
 The shouting and hooting of chaste Dian's train !
 Aurora smiles sweetly, and comes on apace,
 The hounds and the horn calls us forth to the chace.

Blind Cupid is banish'd from these happy fields,
 His quiver to Dian the wanton now yields ;
 She blunts all his arrows, his power destroys,
 While the virgins all follow her innocent joys.

XXVI.

HARK forward ! away, my brave boys, to the chace,
 To the joys that sweet exercise yield,
 The bright ruddy morning breaks on us apace,
 And invites to the sports of the field.
 Hark forward's the cry, and cheerful the morn,
 Then follow the hounds, and the merry-ton'd horn.
 No music can equal the hounds in full cry,
 Hark, they open, then hasten away,
 O'er hill, dale, and valley with vigour we fly,
 While pursuing the sports of the day.
 Hark forward's the cry, &c.

With

With the sports of the field no joys can compare,
 For pleasure's light footsteps we trace ;
 We run down dull sloth, and we distance old care,
 Rosy health we o'ertake in the chace.
 Hark forward's the cry, &c.

XXVII.

THE hunt is begun, hark ! the sound of the horn,
 Through woodlands and valleys is heard ;
 The sportsmen awake with the lark in the morn,
 With vigour, and health are prepar'd
 To follow the chace of the stag, or the fox,
 Over mountains, and dales, over river and rocks.

Huzza ! See the dogs and the coursers they fly,
 What mortals can be more elate ;
 No prospect impedes them, they danger defy,
 For boldly they leap the barr'd gate.
 To follow, &c.

The blush of the morning is seen in each face,
 And pleasure enlivens the whole ;
 For when they return from the toils of the chace,
 At night they sing over a bowl.
 To follow, &c.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

AWAY, away ye brave Fox-hunting race,
 Away, away to a bourn chace ;
 Let Ashton Park alone to day,
 For here will be the Royal play :
 See yonder's the covert, to horse let's be going,
 Throw, throw off the finders then, honest Will
 Owen,
 Away you brave, &c.

Unkennel quick, yon blaky grounds,
 They'll have a touch for fifty pounds ;
 Hark, hark to Soundwell, that's a noble dog,
 Cross him, my jolly lads, heux, heux the drag :
 The Fox has broke covert, let none lag behind
 We've had an entappesse, she runs up the wind ;
 Off with the chace hounds, hoa,
 Now, now the sportsmen shew :
 Let Lillywhore and Cæsar run ;
 Toffpot and Ruler,
 Capper and Cooler,
 Pompey and Gallant, low 'em on ;
 Spur, switch, and then away, o'er hedges and
 ditches,
 Without fear of necks, or gauling your breeches.
 Blow a retreat, blow, blow, tantivee, tivee, tivee,
 tivee,
 If she run down the wind she may chance to de-
 ceive ye ;
 A recheat, a reachet, tivee, tivee, tivee.

Pox on't we're baulk'd; for by my soul
 The vixen's just now earth'd, see here's the hole,
 Put in the Tarriers. Faith 'tis so,
 She's crept at least five yards below:
 They're working: Hark! and lay at her so well,
 'Tis done, 'tis done; she's snapt, she's kill'd:
 Hallow, brave boys, then from the field,
 And jolly huntsmen blow poor Reynard's knell.

XXIX.

THE hounds are all out, and the morning does
 peep,
 Why how now you sluggardly fot?
 How can you, how can you lie snoring asleep
 While we all on horseback have got?
 Brave boys, while we all on horseback have got.
 I cannot get up, for the over-night's cup
 So terribly lies in my head;
 Besides my wife cries, my dear do not rise,
 But cuddle me longer a-bed,
 Dear boy, but cuddle, &c.
 Come, on with your boots, and saddle your mare,
 Nor tire us with longer delay;
 The cry of the hounds, and the sight of the hare,
 Will chace all our vapours away,
 Brave boys, will chace, &c.

XXX.

HOW sweet in the woodlands,
 With fleet hound and horn,
 To waken shrill echo,
 And taste the fresh morn;
 But hard is the chace
 My fond heart must pursue,
 For Daphne, fair Daphne,
 Is lost to my view.
 She's lost ! fair Daphne is lost to my view.

Affist me, chaste Dian,
 The nymph to regain,
 More wild than the roebuck,
 And wing'd with disdain,
 In pity o'er take her,
 Who wounds as she flies,
 Tho' Daphne's pursu'd,
 'Tis Myrtillo that dies.
 That dies ! that dies ! 'tis Myrtillo that dies.

XXXI.

Written by Mr. DIBBIN.

WHEN faintly gleams the doubtful day,
 Ere yet the dew-drops on the thorn
 Borrow a lustre from the ray
 That tips with gold the dancing corn,
 Health bids awake, and homage pay
 To him who gave another morn.

And

And, well with strength his nerves to brace,
Urges the sportsman to the chace.

Do we pursue the timid hare,
As trembling o'er the lawn she bounds ?
Still of her safety have we care,
While seeming death her steps surrounds,
We the defenceless creature spare,
And instant stop the well-taught hounds:
For cruelty should ne'er disgrace
The well-earn'd pleafure of the chace.

Do we pursue the subtle fox,
Still let him breaks and rivers try,
Through the marshes wade, or climb the rocks,
The deep-mouth'd hounds shall following fly ;
And while he every danger mocks,
Unpitied shall the culprit die :
To quell his cruel, artful race,
Is labour worthy of the chace.

Return'd, with shaggy spoils well stor'd
To our convivial joys at night,
We toast, and first our country's lord,
Anxious who moft shall do him right ;
The fair next crowns the social board,
Britons should love as well as fight---
For he who flights the tender race,
Is held unworthy of the chace.

XXXII.

WOULD you taste the perfume of the morn,
 While the dew-drops bespangle the thorn ;
 Hark, away, when the sounds
 Of the merry-mouth'd hounds
 Keep time with the mellow-ton'd horn ;
 Ere Phœbus with round ruddy face
 The tops of the mountains shall grace,
 The sports of the day
 Brother Bucks haste away,
 Pursue with new vigour the chace.
 It was Nimrod, the jovial and gay,
 Who first taught us to hunt for the prey ;
 And with full-flowing bowls
 To enliven our souls,
 And joyously finish the day :
 Due homage then pay at his shrine,
 Pour mighty libations of wine ;
 Fill up to the brink,
 To his mem'ry let's drink,
 Proclaim our great founder, divine.

XXXIII.

HARK away ! hark away !
 We'll chase the fleet hare by the dawn ;
 We're up, my brave lads, before day,
 Our sport will be over ere morn.

Pale echo, who silent has been,
 No longer in slumbers shall lie ;
 But awak'd by our dogs on the green,
 From hills to the vallies reply.

The hare is put up, my brave souls,
 Lo ! yonder she brushes the glade ;
 See Pompey how fleetly he bowls,
 Poor puss is most sadly afraid.

She turns and she doubles in vain,
 And, hoic ! she now loses breath ;
 Huzza, she is flat on the plain,
 We'll revel, my boys, o'er her death.

XXXIV.

HARK, hark, to the sound of the sweet-wind-
 ing horn,
 It invites to the chace and awakens the morn ;
 Hark, &c.

Diana leads forward o'er mountain and plain,
 While echo, enraptur'd repeats the blithe strain.
 Diana, &c.

While Bacchus deprives us of reason and wealth,
 The sports of the field give pleasure and health ;
 Such innocent pastimes ensures us all joys,
 Where no busines disturbs, no malice destroys ;
 Diana leads forward o'er mountain and plain,
 While echo enraptur'd repeats the blithe strain.

XXXV.

YE Sluggards, who murder your life-times in
sleep,
Awake and pursue the fleet hare ;
From life say what joy, say what pleasure you reap,
That e'er could with hunting compare.

Phœbus begins to enlighten the morn,
The huntsman attended by hounds ;
Rejoices and glows at the sound of the horn,
Whilst woods the sweet echo resounds.

The Courtier, the lawyer, the Priest have a view,
Nay, ev'ry profession the same,
But sportsmen, ye mortals, no pleasures pursue,
Than such as accrue from the game.

While drunkards are pleas'd with the joys of the cup,
And turns into day ev'ry night ;
At the break of each morn the huntsman is up,
And bounds o'er the lawn with delight.

Then quickly, my lads, to the forest repair,
O'er dales and o'er vallies let's fly ;
For who can, ye gods, feel a moment of care
When each joy will another supply.

Thus each morning, each day, in raptures we pass,
And desire no comfort to share,
But at night to refresh with the bottle and glass,
And feed on the spoils of the hare.

AIVYX

BOSTON: Printed for the Author, and sold by him, at his shop in Cornhill, 1793.

XXXVI.

COME away, come away, hark the mellow
horn sounds,

The huntsmen are all gone before with the hounds ;
Bright Sol now just rous'd is from Thetis's lap,
Where all the night long he's been taking his nap :
Come on then my boys, for the pastime prepare,
Hark away, hark, hark, to the fox or the hare :
Let the bucks of the town all their pastimes pursue,
We bucks of the field other game have in view.

Hark, to Ratler, hark, hark, I am sure that is good :
See, archly she tries back again through the wood,
Mark, Rover too doubles. she's certainly gone,
But yonder again see she scours thro' the lawn :
Gone away, gone away, hark my boys, hark away
Follow, follow the dogs now and make no delay.

Let the bucks, &c.

See Nimrod has scented and makes her at last,
Tantivy, tantivy, her courage is past ;
There Rookey and Jowler, are down in the mead,
She squeaks, make away, she is dead, she is dead :
Then follow, my boys, but no tearing the game,
We've conquer'd, and that's all the honour we
claim.

AIVYXX Let the bucks, &c.

XXXVII.

XXXVII.

YE sportsmen draw near, and ye sportswomen too,
 Who delight in the joys of the field ;
 Mankind, tho' they blame, are all eager as you,
 And no one the contest will yield.
 His lordship, his worship, his honour his grace,
 A hunting continually go ;
 All ranks and degrees are engag'd in the chace ;
 Hark forward, huzza, tally ho.

The lawyer will rise with the first of the morn,
 To seek for a mortgage or deed ;
 The husband gets up at the sound of the horn,
 And rides to the Commons full speed :
 The patriot is thrown in pursuit of his game ;
 The poet, too, often lays low,
 Who, mounted on Pegasus, flies after fame,
 With hark forward, huzza, tally ho.

While, fearless, o'er hills and o'er woodlands we
 sweep,
 Tho' prudes on our pastime may frown,
 How oft do they decency's bounds over-leap,
 And the fences of virtue break down ?
 Thus, public or private, for pension, for place,
 For amusement, for passion, for shew,
 All ranks and degrees are engag'd in the chace,
 With hark forward, huzza, tally ho.

XXXVIII.

Written by Mr. DIBDIN.

THE grey-ey'd Aurora, in saffron array,
 'Twixt my curtains in vain took a peep,
 And though broader and broader still brighten'd
 the day,

Nought could rouse me, so sound did I sleep.
 At length rosy Phœbus look'd full in my face,
 Full and fervent, but nothing would do,
 Till the dogs yelp'd impatient, and long'd for the
 chace,
 And shouting appear'd the whole crew.

Come on, yoics honies, hark forward my boys,
 There ne'er was so charming a morn,
 Follow, follow, wake Echo, to share in our joys--
 Now the music, now echo---mark ! mark !
 Hark ! hark !
 The silver-mouth'd hounds, and the mellow-ton'd
 horn.

Fresh as that smiling morning from which they
 drew health,
 My companions are rang'd on the plain,
 Blest with rosy contentment, that nature's best
 wealth,
 Which monarchs aspire to in vain :

Now

Now spirits like fire every bosom invade,
 And now we in order set out,
 While each neighbouring valley, rock, woodland,
 and glade,
 Re-vollies the air-rending shout.

Come on, yoics honies, &c.

Now Reynard's unearth'd, and runs fairly in view,
 Now we've lost him, so subtly he turns,
 But the scent lies so strong, still we fearless pursue,
 While each object impatiently burns:
 Hark! Babler gives tongue, and Fleet, Driver,
 and Sly,
 The fox now the covert forsakes ;
 Again he's in view, let us after him fly,
 Now, now to the river he takes.
 Come on, yoics honies, &c.

From the river poor Reynard can make but one
 push,
 No longer so proudly he flies,
 Tir'd, jaded, worn out, we are close to his brush,
 And conquer'd, like Cæsar, he dies,
 And now in high glee to the board we repair,
 Where sat, as we jovially quaff,
 His portion of merit let every man share,
 And promote the convivial laugh.
 Come on, yoics honies, &c.

XXXIX.

O'ER the lawns, up the hills, as with ardour we
bound,

Led on by the loud-sounding horn ;
Kind breezes still greet us, with cheerfulness
crown'd,

And joyful we meet the sweet morn.
Rosy health blooms about us with natural grace,
Whilst echo, re-echoed, enlivens the chace.

Should all the gay larks as they soar to the sky,

Their notes in a concert unite ;
The music of hounds, when set off in full cry,
Would give a more tuneful delight.

Rosy health, &c.

'Tis over---'tis over---a pleasure divine

Fresh air and full exercise yield ;
At night, my good friends, o'er the juice of the
vine

We'll sing to the sports of the field.

Rosy health, &c.

XL.

HARK ! hark ! jolly sportsmen awhile to my tale,
Which to pay your attention I'm sure cannot fail ;
'Tis lads, and of horses, and dogs that ne'er tire,
O'er stone walls and hedges, thro' dale, bog, and
briar ;

A pack of such hounds, and a race of such men,
 'Tis a shrewd chance if ever you meet with again,
 Had Nimrod the mightiest of hunters been there,
 Fore God he had shook like an aspin for fear.

In seventeen hundred and forty-four,
 The fifth of December, I think 'twas no more,
 At nine in the morning by most of the clocks,
 We rode from Kilruddery in search of a fox,
 The Lochler town laver, the bold Owen Bray,
 And Squire Adair sure was with us that day ;
 Joe Dibble, Hal Preston, that huntsman so stout,
 Dick Holmes, a few others, and so we set out.

We cast off our hounds for an hour or more,
 When Wanton set up a most terrible roar,
 Mark to Wanton ! and the rest are not slack,
 For Wanton's no trifling esteem'd in the pack ;
 Then Bonny and Collier came readily in,
 And every hound join'd in the musical din,
 Had Diana been there, she'd been pleas'd to the
 life,

And one of the lads had got a goddess to wife.

Ten minutes past nine was the time of the day,
 When Reynard broke cover, and this was his way,
 As strong from Killegar as though he could fear
 none,

Away he brush'd round by the house of Killerman ;
 To Cartick mine thence, and to Cherrywood then,
 Steepshank hills he climb'd, and to Ballymonglen,
 Bray common he crost, leap'd Lord Anglesea's wall,
 And seem'd to say, little I value you all.

He ran bushes and groves up to Carbury Byrns,
 Joe Dabble, Hal Preston kept leading by turns,
 The earth it was open, yet he was so stout,
 Tho' he might have got by, yet he chose to keep
 out ;

To Malpas high hills was the way that he flew,
 At Dalkey-stone common we had him in view,
 He drove on by Bullock, thro' Shrub Glangary,
 And so on to Mountown, where Laury grew weary.

Thro' Roche's town wood like an arrow he past,
 And came to the steep hills of Dalkey at last,
 There gallantly plung'd himself into the sea,
 And said in his heart, there's none dare follow me ;
 But soon to his cost he perceiv'd that no bounds
 Could stop the pursuit of our staunch mettl'd hounds,
 His policy here did not serve him a rush,
 Five couple of tartars were hard at his brush.

To recover the shore then again was his drift,
 But 'ere he could reach the top of the cliff,
 He found both of speed and of cunning a lack,
 Being way laid and kill'd by the rest of the pack ;
 At his death there were present the lads that I've
 fung,

Save Laury, who riding a garan was flung ;
 Thus ended at length a most delicate chace,
 That held us five hours and ten minutes space.

We return'd to Kilruddery's plentiful board,
 Where dwelt hospitality, truth, and my Lord,
 We talk'd o'er the chace, and we toasted the health
 Of the man that ne'er varied for places nor wealth ;

Owen Bray baulk'd a leap says Hal it was odd,
 'Twas shameful, cry'd Jack, by the great living God;
 Said Preston, I halloo'd, get on tho' you fall,
 Or I'll leap over you, your blind gelding and all.

Each glass was adapted to freedom and sport,
 For party affairs we consign'd to the court,
 Thus we finish'd the rest of the day and the night,
 In gay flowing bumpers and social delight;
 Then till the next morning bid farewell each brother,
 So some went one way, and some went another,
 As Phœbus befriended in our early roam,
 Bright Luna assisted in conducting us home.

XLI.

A Sweet scented beau and a simpering young cit,
 An artful attorney a rake and a wit,
 Set out on the chace in pursuit of her heart,
 Whilst Chloe disdainfully laugh'd at their art;
 And rous'd by the hounds to meet the sweet horn,
 Tantivy, tantivy, tantivy, she follow'd the echoing
 horn,
 The echoing horn, the echoing horn, the echoing
 horn:
 Tantivy she follow'd the echoing horn.

Wit swore by his fancy, the beau by his face,
 The lawyer with quibble set out on the chace,
 The cit with exactness made up his account,
 The rake told his conquests how vast the amount ;
 She laugh'd at their follies, and blithe as the morn,
 Tantivy she follow'd the echoing horn.

The echoing horn, &c.

Their clamorous noise rais'd a jolly young swain
 Hark forward, he cry'd, then bounc'd over the
 plain,

He distanc'd the wit, cit, quibble, and beau,
 And won the fair nymph with halloo, hillio ;
 Now together they sing a sweet hymn to the morn,
 Tantivy they follow the echoing horn.

The echoing horn, &c.

XLII.

GIVE round the word dismount, dismount,
 While echo'd by the sprightly horn,
 The toils and pleasures we recount,
 Of this sweet health inspiring morn,

Cho. 'Twas glorious sport, none e'er did lag,
 Nor drew amiss nor made a stand,
 But all as firmly kept their pace,
 As had Actæon been the stag,
 And we had hunted by command
 Of the Goddess of the Chace.

The

The hounds were out, and sniff'd the air,
 And scarce had reach'd the appointed spot,
 But pleas'd they heard a layer a layer,
 And presently drew on the lot.

'Twas glorious sport, &c.

And now o'er yonder plain she fleets,
 The deep-mouth'd hounds begin to bawl,
 And echo note for note repeats,
 While sprightly horns resound the call.
 'Twas glorious sport, &c.

And now the stag has lost his pace,
 And while, Ware haunch, the huntsman cries,
 His bosom swells, tears wet his face,
 He pants, he struggles, and he dies.
 'Twas glorious sport, &c.

XLIII.

AWAY, away,
 We've crown'd the day ;
 The hounds are waiting for their prey ;
 The huntsman's call
 Invites you all ;
 Come in boys, while you may.

The jolly horn,
 The rosy morn,
 With harmony of deep-mouth'd hounds,
 These, these, my boys,
 Are heav'nly joys,
 A sportsman's pleasure knows no bounds.

The horn shall be
 The husband's fee,
 And let him take it not in scorn ;
 The brave, the sage,
 In ev'ry age,
 Have not disdain'd to wear the horn.

XLIV.

HARK ! Hark ! from the woodlands the loud
 swelling horn,
 Invites to the sports of the chace —
 How ruddy, how bright, and how cheerful the
 morn ;
 How healthy and blooming each face.

To the grove with Diana I'll hasten away,
 Nor lose the delights of the morn ;
 The hounds are all out, hark, hark, forward away,
 While echos replies to the horn.

Gay health still attends through the sports of the
 field,
 O'er mountain and valley we go ;
 The joys of the chace, health and pleasure can
 yield,
 No wishes beyond it we know.

To the grove, &c.

Our innocent pastime each virgin may share,
 And the censure of envy defy ;
 While Cupid, soon follow'd by grief and despair,
 The blessings of youth would destroy.

To the grove, &c.

XLV.

XLV.

Written by Mr. DIBDIN.

THE morning breaks,
 Those ruddy streaks
 Proclaim the opening day,
 With glowing health,
 The sportsman's wealth,
 Away boys, come away.
 The mellow horn
 On the still morn
 Pours sounds which echo mocks,
 While following bound
 Man, horse, and hound,
 T' unearth the wily fox.

Hark echo mocks
 The winding horn,
 That on the expanded wing of morn,
 Though sweet the sound in dreadful yell,
 Tolls out a knell
 To the devoted fox.

Now off he's thrown,
 The day's our own
 See yonder where he takes ;
 To cheat our eyes,
 In vain he tries
 The rivers and the brakes.

The mellow horn
 Breaks on the morn,
 And leads o'er hills and rocks ;
 While following bound
 Man, horse, and hound,
 T' entrap the wily fox.

Hark echo mocks, &c.

Now, now he's seiz'd,
 The dogs well pleas'd
 Behold his eye-balls roll ;
 He yields his breath,
 And from his death
 Is born the flowing bowl.
 The mellow horn
 That through the morn
 Led over hills and rocks,
 Now sounds a call
 To see the fall
 Of the expiring fox.

XLVI.

COME rouse from your trances,
 The fly morn advances,
 To catch sluggish mortals in bed ;
 Let the horn's jocund note
 In the wind sweetly float,
 While the fox from the brake lifts his head ;
 Now creeping,
 Now peeping,
 The fox from the brake lifts his head

Each

Each man to his steed,
 Your goddess shall lead,
 Come follow, my worshippers, follow ;
 For the chace all prepare,
 See the hounds snuff the air,
 Hark, hark, to the huntsman's sweet hollow !

Hark Jowler, hark Rover,
 See Reynard breaks cover,
 The hunters fly over the ground ;
 Now they dart down the lane,
 Now they skim o'er the plain,
 And the hills, woods, and vallies resound.
 With dashing,
 And splashing,
 The hills, woods, and vallies resound.
 Then away with full speed,
 Your goddess shall lead,
 Come follow, my worshippers, follow ;
 O'er hedge, ditch, and gate,
 If you stop you're too late ;
 Hark, hark, to the huntsman's sweet hollow.
 Then away with full speed, &c.

XLVII.

THE dusky night rides down the sky,
 And ushers in the morn,
 The hounds all make a jovial cry,
 The huntsman winds his horn.
 Then a hunting we will go, &c.

The wife around her husband throws
 Her arms to make him stay,
 My dear it rains, it hails, it blows,
 You cannot hunt to-day.
 But a hunting we will go, &c.

The uncavern'd fox like light'ning flies,
 His cunning's all awake,
 To gain the race he eager tries,
 His forfeit life's at stake.
 When a hunting, &c.

Arous'd, e'en echo huntress turns,
 And madly shouts for joy,
 The sportsman's breast enraptur'd burns,
 The chace can never cloy,
 Then a hunting, &c.

Despairing mark, he seeks the tide,
 His art cannot prevail,
 Hark! shouts the miscreant's death betide
 His speed, his cunning fail.
 When a hunting, &c.

For lo! his strength to faintness worn,
 The hounds arrest his flight;
 Then hungry homeward we return,
 To feast away the night,
 Then a drinking we will go, &c.

XLVIII.

WHEN join'd in in the chace, fly Reynard in view,

On high-mettled coursers, with haste we pursue,

And follow the fox through the glade,

Away to the vale he scours it full speed,

Then darts thro' a hedge --the dogs to mislead,

Awhile he lies close in the shade ;

The covert he breaks,

Then down the lane takes,

And dropping, his brush drags alongs

'Till fainting, he stops,

Surrounded he drops,

A prey to the fleet-footed throng.

At length the chace o'er, the horns jocund sound,

To invite those thrown out, floats echo around ;

They hear the glad call and obey ;

From the death to the flask we hie to regale,

Diana we toast in bumpers of ale,

And merrily finish the day ;

Brisk liquor we quaff,

We sing, joke, and laugh ;

Good humour adorns ev'ry face.

We jolly boys are,

Sworn strangers to care,

Who delight in the joys of the chace.

XLIX.

THE Hunters are up and the ruddy fac'd morn,
 Most chearful salute with the musical horn ;
 The blue misty mountains seem join'd with the skies ;
 And the dogs yelp aloud as away Reynard flies ;
 Tally-ho, tally-ho, see the game is in view,
 The sportsmen all cry as they nimbly pursue.

The high mettled steed sweeps away at the sound,
 And the hills seems to move as they fly o'er the
 ground ;

Each prospect is charming, all nature is gay,
 And promises sport and success thro' the day ;
 Tally-ho, tally-ho, see the game is in view,
 The sportsmen all cry as they nimbly pursue.

The goddess of pleasure, sweet rosy cheek'd health,
 Give joys more abundant than titles or wealth ;
 And appetites give to their viands a zest,
 Above all the sauces by cooks ever drest.
 Tally-ho, tally-ho, see the game is in view,
 The sportsmen all cry as they nimbly pursue.

Huzza ! then my boys, to the chace let'saway,
 Nor in indolence lose the delights of the day ;
 From fashion and folly we borrow no grace,
 But joy paints the cheeks as we follow the chace ;
 Tally-ho, tally-ho, see the game is in view,
 The sportsmen all cry as they nimbly pursue.

L.

D U E T.

WHEN Phœbus the tops of the hills does adorn,
 How sweet is the sound of the echoing horn?
 When the antling stag is rous'd with the sound,
 Erecting his ears, nimbly sweeps o'er the ground,
 And thinks he has left us behind on the plain :
 But still we pursue, and now come in view of
 the glorious game.

O see how again he rears up his head,
 And winged with fear, he redoubles his speed ;
 But, oh ! 'tis in vain, 'tis in vain that he flies,
 That his eyes lose the huntsman, his ears lose
 the cries :
 For now his strength fails him, he heavily flies,
 And he pants 'till with well-scented hounds
 surrounded he dies.

LI.

AT the sound of the horn,
 We ar se in the morn.
 And waken the woods as we thunder along,
 Yoix, yoix, tally-ho.
 After Reynard we go,
 While with echo on echo we double the song.
 Cho. We awaken the woods, &c.

Not

Not the studs of the sun,
 Our brave coursers outrun,
 O'er the mound, horse and hound, see us bound
 in full cry ;

Like Phœbus we rise
 To the height of the skies,
 And, careless of danger, five bars we defy.
 Cho. We awaken the woods, &c.

At eve, Sir, we rush,
 And are close at his brush ;
 Already he dies----see him panting for breath.
 Eachfeat and retreat,
 We renew and defeat,
 Regardless of life, so we're in at the death.

Cho. We awaken the woods, &c.

With a bottle at night,
 We prolong the delight,
 Much Trim bush we praise, and the deeds that
 were done ;
 And yoix, tally-ho,
 The next morning we go,
 With Phœbus to end, as we mount with the sun.

LII.

Written by Mr. DIBDIN.

THE moment Aurora peep'd into my room,
 I put on my cloaths, and I call'd to my groom ;
 And, my head heavy still from the fumes of last night,
 Took a bumper of brandy to set all things right ;
 And

And now were well saddled Fleet, Dapple, and Grey,
 Who seem'd longing to hear the glad sound, hark
 away.

Will Whistle by this had uncoupled his hounds,
 Whose extacy nothing could keep within bounds :
 First forward came Jowler, then Scentwell, then
 Snare,

Three better staunch harriers ne'er started a hare
 Then Sweetlips, then Driver, then Staunch, and
 then Tray,

All ready to open at hark, hark away.

'Twas now by the clock about five in the morn,
 And we all gallop'd off to the sound of the horn ;
 Jack Gater, Bill Babler, and Dick at the gun,
 And by this time the merry Tom Fairplay made
 - one,

Who, while we were jogging on blithesome and gay;
 Sung a song, and the chorus was--Hark, hark
 away.

And now Jemmy Lurcher had every bush beat,
 And no signs of madam, nor trace of her feet ;
 Nay, we just had begun our hard fortunes to curse,
 When all of a sudden out starts Mrs. Puss ;
 Men, horses, and dogs all the glad call obey,
 And echo was heard to cry—Hark, hark away.

The chace was a fine one, she took o'er the plain,
 Which she doubled, and doubled, and doubled
 again ;

Till at last she to cover return'd out of breath,
Where I and Will Whistle were in at the death ;
Then in triumph for you I the hare did display,
And cry'd, to the horns my boys, hark, hark away.

LIII.

HARK ! the huntsman's began to sound the shrill
horn,
Come quickly unkennel the hounds ;
'Tis a beautiful glittering, golden-ey'd morn,
We'll chace the fox over the grounds.

See ! yonder sits Reynard, so crafty and fly ;
Come saddle your coursers apace :
The hounds have a scent, and are all in full cry ;
They long to be giving him chace.

The horsemen are mounted, the steed feels the
spur,
And swiftly they scour it along ;
Rapid after the fox runs each musical cur ;
Follow, follow, my boys, is the song.

O'er mountains and vallies they skim it away,
Now Reynard's almost out of sight ;
But sooner than lose him, they'd spend the whole
day
In hunting---for that's their delight.

By eager pursuing they have him at last :
He's so tir'd, poor rogue, down he lies ;
Now starts up afresh---young Snap has him fast ;
He trembles, kicks, struggles, and dies.

LIV.

HARK! the hollow woods resounding
 Echo to the hunter's cry ;
Hark ! how all the vales surrounding,
 To his chearful voice reply.

Now so swift o'er hills aspiring
 He pursues the gay delight ;
 Distant woods and vales retiring,
 Seem to vanish from his sight.

Hark ! the hollow woods resounding,
 Echo to the hunter's cry :
Hark ! how all the vales surrounding,
 To his chearful voice reply.

Flying still, and still pursuing,
 See tho fox, the hounds, the men,
 Cunning cannot save from ruin,
 Far from refuge, wood, and den,
 Hark the hollow woods, &c.

Now they kill him, homeward hie him,
 For a jovial night's repast ;
 Thus no sorrow e'er comes nigh them,
 Health continues to the last.
 Hark the hollow woods, &c.

LV.

HARK ! hark ! jolly sportsmen away to the horn,

Hermophroditus rules now the sports of the morn,
Come away, my brave boys, who delight in the field,

And, let Cupid's soft joys to chaste Diana yield.

See Sol from the East o'er yon hill lifts his head,
To call sluggish mortals away from their bed,
To join in the chace, but each wife says, love stay,
Yet they, like true sportsmen, join hark ! hark away.

Come, noble hunters, do none of you lag,
For see like Actæon so fleet runs the stag,
And the hounds in full chorus all join in the lay,
While the sportsmen unanimous sing, hark ! hark away.

O'er moorlands and mountains his course he does try,

And the echoing pack close pursue in full cry,
I defy every one, he seems vaunting to say,
Yet the huntsmen still hallow, boys, hark ! hark away.

See up yonder hill he leads swiftly the way,
But being hard run, his strength'gins to decay,
Growing weak he begins in his speed now to flag,
And Rally, behold him, has hold of his leg.

Now

Now the victim is struggling and panting for breath,
 And the huntsman's shrill horn is the signal for death.
 See the hounds how they vaunting exult o'er their prey,
 And the sportsmen all join in hark! hark away.
 Let's home my brave boys to the bottle and glass,
 And now the stag's dead we'll toast each pretty lass,
 Still this is the chorus, deny it who may,
 That each jolly hunter, joins, hark! hark away.

LVI.

Tune—Bright Phæbus.

THE lark doth invite the dull sportsman with song,
 Haste away, see the hounds trip eager along,
 Poor Reynard's exhausted, his breath is near spent,
 Then away, brother sportsmen, we'll give him no vent.

Cho. Tan tara, tan tara, salutes the grey morn.
 We'll follow the sound of the sweet winding horn.

The high mettled Nimrod, with Spanker and Swift,
 Will soon bring the victim unto his last shift,
 Then follow, brave boys, and partake of the chace,
 He is far out of view, but his footsteps we'll trace.

Sly Reynard he trips it o'er hill and o'er dale,
 Yet still all his cunning can nothing avail ;
 At length he is caught, and as panting he lies,
 The horns sound the vict'ry, the miscreant dies.

LVII.

THE morning is charming all nature is gay,
 Away, my brave boys, to your horse away,
 For the prime of your pleasure is in quest of the
 hare,
 We have not so much as a moment to spare.

CHO. Hark ! the lively tun'd horn,
 How melodious it sounds ! how melodious
 it sounds,
 To the musical song, to the musical song of
 the merry mouth'd hounds.

In yon stubble field we shall find her below,
 Soho, cries the huntsman ; hark to him, soho,
 See ! see where she goes, and the hounds have a
 view,
 Such harmony, Handel himself never knew.

CHO. Gates, hedges, and ditches to us are no
 bounds.
 But the world is our own while we follow the
 hounds.

Hold.

Hold, hold 'tis a double, hark, hey Bowler, hey,
 If a thousand gainsay it, a thousand shall lye ;
 His beauty surpassing his truth has been try'd,
 At the head of the pack, an infalliable guide.

Cho. At his cry the wide Welkin with thun-
 resounds,
 The darling of hunters, the glory of
 hounds.

O'er highlands and low lands, and woodlands we fly,
 Our horses full speed, and our hounds in full cry,
 All match'd in their mouths, and so even they run,
 Like the tribe of the spheres, and the race of the
 sun,

Cho. Health, joy, and felicity dance in their
 rounds,
 And bless the gay circle of hunters and
 hounds.

The old hounds push forward, a very sure sign,
 That the hare, tho' a stout one begins to decline ;
 A chace of two hours or more she has led,
 She's down, look about ye, they have her, she's
 dead.

Cho. How glorious a death to be honour'd with
 sounds,
 Of horns, and a shout to the chorus of
 hounds.

Here's a health to all hunters, and long be their
 lives,
 May they never be crost by their sweethearts or
 wives ;

May they rule their own passions and be ever at rest,

And the most happy men, be they also the best.

CHO. And free from the care which many surround,

Be happy at last, when they see no more hounds.

LVIII.

RECITATIVE.

THE whistling ploughman hails the blushing morn,

The thrush melodious drowns the rustic note,

Loud sings the blackbird thro' resounding groves,
And the lark soars to meet the rising sun.

AIR.

Away to the copse, to the copse lead away,

And now, my boys, throw off the hounds,

I'll warrant he'll shew us some play,

See yonder he skulks thro' the grounds.

Then spur your brisk coursers, and smoke them
my bloods,

'Tis a delicate scent lying morn,

What concert is equal to those of the woods,

Betwixt echo, the hound, and the horn.

Each earth see he tries at in vain,

In cover no safety can find,

So he breaks it and scours amain,

He leaves us at a distance behind.

O'er rocks and o'er rivers, and hedges we fly,

For hazard and danger we scorn,

Stout Reynard we'll follow until that he die,

Cheer up my good dogs with the horn.

But

But now he scarce creeps thro' the dale,
 All parch'd from his mouth hangs his tongue,
 His speed can no longer prevail,
 Nor his cunning his life can prolong.

From our staunch and fleet pack 'twas in vain
 that he fled,
 See his brush all bemir'd, forlorn,
 The farmers with pleasure behold him lie dead,
 And shout to the sound of the horn.

LIX.

NOW the hill-tops are burnish'd with azure and
 gold,
 And the prospect around us most bright to behold ;
 The hounds are all trying the mazes to trace,
 The steeds are all neighing, and pant for the chace.
 Then rouse, each true sportsman, and join, at the
 dawn,
 The song of the hunters, and sound of the horn.
 Health braces the nerves, and gives joy to the
 face,
 Whilst over the heath we pursue the fleet chace ;
 See the downs now we leave, and the coverts ap-
 pear,
 As eager to follow the fox or the hare.
 Then rouse, &c.

Wherever we go, pleasure waits on us still,
 If we sink in the valley, or rise on the hill;

O'er

O'er hedges and rivers we valiantly fly,
For, fearless of death, we ne'er think we shall die.

Then rouse, &c.

From ages long past, by the poets we're told,
That hunting was lov'd by the sages of old ;
That the soldier and huntsman were both on a par,
And the health-giving chace made them bold in
the war.

Then rouse, &c.

When the chace is once over, away to the bowl,
The full-flowing bumpers shall cheer up the soul ;
Whilst, jocund, our songs shall with chorusses ring,
And toasts to our ladies, our country, and king..

Then rouse, &c.

LX.

RECITATIVE.

AWAK'd by the horn, like the spring, deckt in
green,
Betimes in the morning the hunters are seen ;
With joy on each brow they enliven the place,
And impatiently wait to join in the chace.

AIR.

From his close covert rouz'd, the stag swiftly flies,
As the arrow that's shot from the bow ;
O'er the rivers and mountains all danger defies,
And fears nothing but man, his worst foe.

RECITATIVE.

RECITATIVE.

Now they trace him thro' the copse,
 Panting, struggling---see ! he drops :
 Hark ! rude clamours rend the skies,
 While the dappled victim dies.

AIR.

Thus Britain's sons, in Harry's reign,
 Pursu'd the trembling Gaul,
 Thro' streams of blood, o'er hills of slain,
 And triumph'd at his fall.

CHORUS.

Now hostile foes alarm ; arm, arm, Britannia, arms
 Then away to the field, 'tis great George gives the
 word,
 Quit the horn for the trumpet, the whip for the
 sword ;
 Like our valiant fore-fathers, stern death let us
 face,
 And be glorious in war as we are in the chace.

LXI.

TO chace o'er the plain the fox or the hare,
 Such pleasure no sport can e'er bring ;
 It banishes sorrow, and drives away care.
 And makes us more blest than a king :
 Whenever we hear the sound of the horn,
 Our hearts are transported with joy :
 We rise and embrace, with the earliest dawn,
 A pastime that never can cloy.

O'er

O'er furrows and hills our game we pursue,
 No danger our breasts can invade ;
 The hounds in full cry our joys will renew,
 And increase the pleasures display'd ;
 The freedom our conscience never alarms,
 We live free from envy and strife ;
 If blest with a spouse return to her arms,
 Sports, sweetnes, and conjugal life.

The courtier who toils o'er matters of state,
 Can ne'er such a happiness know :
 The grandeur and pomp enjoy'd by the great,
 Can ne'er such a comfort bestow :
 Our days pass away in scenes of delight,
 Our pleasure's ne'er taken amiss :
 We hunt all the day, and revel all night ;
 What joy can be greater than this ?

LXII.

ROUZE, rouze, jolly sportsmen, the hounds are
 all out,
 The chace is began, I declare ;
 Come, up too and horse, let us follow the rout,
 And join in the chace of the hare.
 Hark ! hark ! don't you hear, they are now in the
 vale ;
 The horn, how melodious it sounds !
 Poor puss in a fright, how she strives to prevail,
 And fly from the cry of the hounds !

Tho'

Tho' up to the hills and mountains she scales,
 Whose tops seem to join in the sky ;
 We mount in the air, like a kite in a gale,
 We follow the hounds in full cry.
 Tho' into the copse, she for refuge there flies,
 We kill her, 'tis twenty the odds ;
 While echo surrounds us with hooting and cries,
 We seem to converse with the gods.
 Our freedom with conscience is never alarm'd,
 We are strangers to envy and strife ;
 When blest with a wife, we return to her arms ;
 Sport sweetens the conjugal life.
 Our days pass away in a scene of delight,
 Which kings and their courtiers ne'er taste ;
 In pleasure of love we revel all night,
 Next morning return to the chace.

LXIII.

RECITATIVE,

HARK ! from that cottage by the silent stream,
 How sweet the swallow greets the rising gleam
 Of light, that dawns upon the eastern hill,
 Tipping with grey the sails of yonder mill ;
 And hark ! from the farm below the watchful cock
 Warns the dull shepherd to unfold his flock ;
 His hurdled flocks the fresh'ning breeze inhale,
 And bleat for freedom, and the clover vale.
 See ! how away the severing clouds are driven,
 How gay already seems the face of heaven !

Those

Those ruddy streaks foretel the sun is near
 To drink the dew, and glad our hemisphere.
 O ! did the sons of dissipation know
 What calm delights from early-rising flow,
 They'd leave (with us) their down, and in the
 fields
 Imbibe the health that fresh Aurora yields.

A I R.

Now indolence snores upon pillows of down,
 Now infirmity, guilt, and disease,
 Envy the gentle repose of the clown,
 And in vain beg the blessing of ease:

Whilst we, honest fellows, who follow the chace,
 Of such troubles are never possess'd,
 The banner of health is display'd in each face,
 To shew Peace holds the fort of the breast.

Can the slaves of a court, can the miser say this ?
 Or the wretches who feed on distress ?
 O ! may such ne'er taste of our rational bliss,
 Till, like us, they disdain to opprest.

RECITATIVE.

See ! to the copse how the dogs scud along,
 They've found out the drag of the foe ;
 And hark ! how the huntsmen ride shouting along,
 He's now in the cover below.
 Let's follow the cry, he'll soon be in view ;
 See ! yonder he sculks o'er the glade ;
 Spur your coursers, my lads, and briskly pursue ;
 • Or's craft will our vengeance evade.

A I R

The shepherd with joy views the chace,
His lambs the vile traitor would fleece ;
The farmer, delighted, beholds his disgrace,
And thinks on his turkies and geese.

The maids of the hamlet look gay ;
The dames, o'er a noggin of ale,
Tell what poultry of late was his prey,
And wish the staunch pack may prevail.

In quest of the fleet-footed foe,
As the hunters fly over the plain,
Ev'ry breast feels a raptureous glow,
Ev'ry tongue trills the jocular strain.

RECITATIVE.

Far from the east had roll'd the glorious sun,
And through each well-known haunt the fox had run ;
The stream he'd past, and the vast mountain's height,
Seeking the dell where darkling brakes invite ;
There strove to earth, but strove to earth in vain,
He breaks the covert, tries the lawns again ;
But, as he fled, the crafty spoiler found,
Fleeting behind, the never-fault'ring hound :
Weary at length, he views the wide-mouth throng,
And drags in pain his mired brush along ;
Now spent, he falls, rolling his haggard eyes ;
And, savage like, he wounds, and snarling dies.
Eager to view, the shouting train surround ;
Hills, woods, and rocks, reverberate the sound.

AIR

Whilst the huntsman exults to hunters around,
And holds up the strong-scented prize ;
Elated with conquest, each staunch mettled hound,
Sends a clam'rous peal to the skies ;

The deep sound of the horn, borne afar on the gale,
 Calls the sportsmen thrown out, to the pack ;
 They meet round the spoil—if their coursers don't
 fail,
 Then away, to regale, they ride chearfully back.

RECITATIVE.

Such are the manly pleasures of the chace,
 Which kings of old were eager to embrace ;
 Whilst o'er the champaign ran the courtly crew,
 The cheek was garnish'd with a roseat hue ;
 Then no pale Ganymede disgrac'd the court,
 And he was honour'd who most lov'd the sport ;
 No brooding malice there assail'd the breast,
 To cloud the brow, or poison mental rest.
 Oh ! glorious sport, which can at once impart
 Health to the veins, and quiet to the heart.

AIR.

Our fathers of old lov'd the sport,
 Our nobles rejoic'd in the chace ;
 They fled the intrigues of a court,
 The heart-clearing toil to embrace.

Their offspring was ruddy 'and stout,
 Curst lux'ry was yet in the bud ;
 They scarce knew the pangs of the gout,
 Activity physic'd the blood.

A fribble they seldom could meet ;
 But now how revers'd is the scene !
 The creature's in every street
 Erecting his butterfly mien.

Could

Could our ancestors rise from their graves,
 At sight of the gay spangled train,
 They'd fly the degenerate slaves,
 And wish to be bury'd again.

May such never taste of our joy,
 We hunters disclaim the whole race ;
 Whilst time over tea they destroy,
 We're lost in the charms of the chace.

CHORUS.

All you who would follow the musical horn,
 Go early to bed, and salute the young morn ;
 Our sports shall secure you the bosom's repose,
 And your cheek in old age wear the tint of the rose ;
 Your nerves shall be strong, and feel, e'en in decay,
 The raptures enjoy'd by the young and the gay ;
 Then hither come you who'd live long in good
 health,
 A blessing the wise much esteem before wealth.

LXIV.

WITH horns and with hounds I waken the day,
 And hie to the woodland walks away ;
 I tuck up my robe, and am buskin'd soon,
 And tie to my forehead a waxing moon.
 I course the fleet stag, unkennel the fox,
 And chace the wild goats o'er summits of rocks
 With shouting, and hooting, we pierce through
 the sky,
 And echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry.

SCOTCH and IRISH.

LXV.

THE Lawland lads think they are fine,
But oh, they're vain and idly gawdy !
How much unlike that graceful mien,
And manly look of my Highland laddie ?

O my bonny, bonny Highland laddie.
My handsome charming Highland laddie :
May heav'n still guard, and love reward
Our Lawland lass, and her Highland Laddie.

If I were free at will to chuse
To be the wealthiest Lawland lady,
I'd take young Donald in his trews,
With bonnet blue, and belted plaidy.

O my bonny, &c.

The bravest beau in Borrows-town,
In a' his airs, which art made ready,
Compar'd to him, he's but a clown ;
He's finer far in's tartan plaidy.

O my bonny, &c.

Under this head are arrang'd those Songs, &c. which
though not literally SCOTCH nor IRISH, are nevertheless
adapted to that MUSIC.

O'er

O'er benty hills with him I'll run,
 And leave my Lawland kin and dady,
 Frae winter's cauld, and summer's sun,
 He'll skreen me with his Highland plaidy.

O my bonny, &c.

A painted room, and silken bread,
 May please a Lawland laird and lady,
 But I can kiss, and be as glad,
 Behind a bush, in's Highland plaidy.

O my bonny, &c.

Few compliment between us past,
 I ca' him my dear Highland laddie ;
 And he ca's me his Lawland lass ;
 Syn rows me in beneath his plaidy.

O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
 Than that his love prove true and steady,
 Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end.
 While heav'n preserves my Highland laddie.

O my bonny, &c.

LXVI.

THE ruddy morn blink'd o'er the brae,
 As blythe I gang'd to milk my kine ;
 When near the winding bourn of Tay,
 Wi' bonny gait, and twa black een,

A Highland lad sae kind me tent,
 Saying, sonfy Lass, how's a wi' you?
 Shall I your pail tak o'er the bent?
 'Twas yes, kind sir, and I thank you too,

Again he met me i' the e'en,
 As I were linkan o'er the Lee
 To join the dance upon the green,
 And said blithe Lass I'se gang wi' thee.
 Sae braw he look'd i' the highland gear,
 His tartan plaid, and bonnet blue,
 My heart straight whisper'd in my ear,
 Say yes, kind Sir, and I thank you too.

We danc'd until the gleaming moon,
 Gave noice that 'twas time to part;
 I thought the reel was o'er too soon,
 For ah! the lad had staw' my heart.
 He saw me hame acros the plain,
 Then kiss'd sae sweet, I vow 'tis true,
 That when he ask'd to kiss again,
 'Twas yes, kind Sir, and I thank you too.

Grown bauld, he pres'd to stay the night,
 Then grip'd me close unto his breast;
 Howt lad! my mither fain wou'd flyte,
 Gin that I grant wi' out the priest.
 Gang first fore him, gif ye be leel,
 I ken right what I then maun do;
 For ask to kiss me when you will,
 'Twill be, yes, dear love, and I thank you too

LXVII.

BUSK ye, busk ye, my bony bride ;
 Busk ye, busk ye, my bony marrow ;
 Busk ye, busk ye, my bony bride,
 Busk and go to the braes of Yarrow ;
 There will we sport and gather dew,
 Dancing while lav'rocks sing the morning ;
 There learn frae turtles to prove true ;
 O Bell ne'er vex me with thy scorning.

To westlin breezes Flora yields,
 And when the beams are kindly warming,
 Blythnes³ appears all o'er the fields,
 And nature looks mair fresh and charming,
 Learn frae the burns that trace the mead,
 Tho' on their banks the roses blossom,
 Yet hastilie they flow to Tweed,
 And pour their sweetness in his bosom.
 Haste ye, haste ye, my bony Bell,
 Haste to my arms, and there I'll guard thee ;
 With free consent my fears repel,
 I'll with my love and care reward thee.
 Thus sang saftly to my fair,
 Who rais'd my hopes without relenting,
 O queen of smiles, I ask nae mair,
 Since now my bony Bell's consenting.

LXVIII

LXVIII.

ON the green-sedgy banks of the sweet-wind-ing Tay,

As blythe as the woodlark that carols in May,

I pass the gay moments with joy and delight,

For peace cheer'd each morn, and content

crown'd each night,

'Till love taught young Hope my youth to de-
ceive,

What we wish to be true, Love bids us believe.

Where'er I wander o'er hill, dale, or grove,

Young Sandy would follow with soft tales of
love ;

Enraptur'd he'd press me, then vow with a sigh,

If Phillis was cruel, alas ! he must die ;

A youth so engaging with ease might deceive,

What we wish to be true, Love bids us believe.

He stole my fond heart, then he left me to
mourn

For peace and content that ne'er can return,

From the Clown to the Beau, the sex is all art,

They complain of the wound, but we feel the
smart,

We join in the fraud, and ourselves we deceive,

What we wish to be true, Love bids us believe.

LXIX.

LXIX.

WHEN lav'rocks sweet and yellow broom,
 Perfume the banks of Tweed,
 Blithe Nancy boasts a sweeter bloom,
 Her charms all charms exceed.
 Gang o'er the merry fields of hay,
 Cried love-sick Jockey wi' a figh,
 And wha sa saft, sa young and gay,
 Cou'd sic a handsome lad deny?

In Sandy's cheek the white and red,
 Like rose and lily join'd ;
 For him each Lassy hung her head,
 For her each Laddie pin'd.
 Gang o'er the merry fields of hay,
 Wi' me, my dearest lass, he'd cry,
 And wha sa saft, sa young and gay,
 Cou'd sic a handsome lad deny.

He gang'd o'er fields and broomy land,
 Till mither gan to chide,
 Then Sandy press'd her lily hand,
 And ask'd her for his bride :
 Then o'er the merry fields of hay,
 Said she, my dearest lad we'll hie,
 For wha sa saft, sa young and gay,
 Cou'd sic a handsome lad deny?

LXX.

LXX.

“ WILL you go to the Ewe Bughts, Marion,

“ And wear in the sheep wi’ me ?

“ The mavis sings sweetly, my Marion,

“ But nae sa sweetly as thee.”

These aften were the words of my Sandy,

At night in the how of the glen,

But nae mair shall I meet wi’ my Sandy ; —

For Sandy to India is gane.

How can the trumpet’s loud clarion

Thus send a’ the shepherd’s afar !

Oh cud na’ the Ewe Bughts and Marion,

Please mair than the horrors of war !

But, oh ! ‘tis the gate o’ them a’, Sirs,

In seeking for grandeur and fame,

The lads daily wander awa ! Sirs,

And leave their puir sweethearts at hame.

QUICK VERSE.

But now that the troubles are over,

And we’re likely again to have rest ;

I hope to get hand of my rover,

And grip him again to my breast.

Oh ! then to the Ewe Bughts shall Marion

Hie aften dear Sandy wi’ thee ;

And when thou art wedded to Marion,

Fu’ blithesome and blest shall we be.

LXXI.

LXXI.

WHEN weary Sol gang'd down the West,
 And filler Cynthia rose,
 The flow'r enamell'd bank I press'd,
 Where chrystral Eden flows :
 Young Jockey sat him by my side ;
 I kenn'd his meaning soon,
 He ask'd a kiss—I scornful cry'd,
 Ah! hoot awa, ye Loon,

Dear Peggy din na flout a youth,
 Nor gi' that bosom pain,
 Which pants wi' honour and wi' truth,
 To take thee for its ain.
 Then on his pipe he sweetly play'd
 A most delightful tune,
 But, na mair words to him I said,
 Than hoot awa, ye Loon.

He said, Mef John should us unite
 If I to Kirk wou'd gang :
 My bosom beat wi' new delight,
 With him I went alang,
 The bonny Lad I found sincere,
 Not waining like the moon ;
 So dear I loo him, I na mair
 Will hoot awa, ye Loon.

LXXII.

LXXII.

Written by a LADY.

WHEN first I ken'd young Sandy's face,
 He sung and look'd wi' sic a grace,
 He stole my heart, but did na care,
 The lad he loo'd a lass more fair.
 And oft I sung o'er brae and bourn,
 How sweet the love that meets return.

He lov'd a lass wi' fickle mind,
 Was sometimes cauld, and sometimes kind,
 Which made the love-sick laddie rue,
 For she was cauld, when he was true.
 He mourn'd and sung o'er brae and bourn,
 How sweet the love that meets return.

One day a pretty wreath he twin'd,
 Where cowslips with sweet lav'rocks join'd ;
 To make a garland for her hair,
 But she refus'd the gift so fair ;
 Such scorn, he cry'd, can ne'er be born,
 —But sweet's the love that meets return.

Just then he met my tell-tale e'en,
 And love so true, is sooneft seen ;
 Dear Lass, said he, my heart is thine,
 Fen thy soft wishes are like mine :
 Now Jenny in her turn may mourn,
 —For sweet's the love that meets return.

My answer was both frank and kind,
 I lov'd the lad, and toll'd my mind,
 To Kirk we went wi' hearty glee,
 And who sa blest as he and me.
 Now blithe we sing o'er brae and bourn,
 How sweet the Love that meets return.

LXXIII.

BY moon-light on the green,
 Where Lads and Lasses stray,
 How sweet the blossom'd bean!
 How sweet the new-made hay!
 But not to me so sweet,
 The blossoms on the thorn,
 As when my lad I meet,
 More fresh than May-day morn.

Give me the Lads so blithe and gay.
 Give me the tartan plaiddy;
 For spite of all the wife can say,
 I'll wed my highland laddie,
 My bonny highland laddie.

His skin is white as snow,
 His een are bonny blue,
 Like rose bud sweet his mow,
 When wet with morning dew;

Young Will is rich and great,
 And fain wou'd ca' me his,
 But what is pride or state,
 Without love's smiling bliss.

Give me the lad, &c.

When first he talk'd of love,
 He look'd sae blithe and gay,
 His flame I did approve,
 And cou'd na say him nay,
 Then to the kirk I'll haste,
 There prove my love and truth ;
 Reward a love sae chaste,
 And wed the constant youth.

Give me the Lad, &c.

LXXIV.

WHEN o'er the downs at early day,
 My Lowland Willy hied him,
 With joy I drove my cows that way,
 In milking to abide him.

My bonny, bonny, Lowland Will, my bonny
 Lowland Willy,
 O love, to shew thy power divine,
 Make the Lowland laddie mine,
 My bonny, bonny, Lowland Will, my bonny
 Lowland Willy.

'Twas

"Twas o'er the downs he first began,
 To tell how well he loo'd me,
 Cou'd I refuse the charming man,
 Ah, no, his passion moved me.
 My bonny, &c.

My Willy's love to me was joy,
 I own'd it soon, believe me ;
 To kirk I'll hie me wi' the boy,
 For he will ne'er deceive me.
 My bonny, &c.

LXXXV.

THE tuneful lav'rocks cheer the grove,
 And sweetly smells the simmer green ;
 Now o'er the mead I love to rove,
 Wi' bonny Jem of Aberdeen.
 Whene'er we sit beneath the shade,
 Or wander o'er the lea ;
 He's always wooing, wooing, wooing,
 Always wooing me.

He's fresh and fair as flow'rs in May,
 The blitheſt lad o' the green ;
 How sweet the time will pass away,
 Wi' bonny Jem of Aberdeen.

Whene'er we fit, &c.

Wi' joy I leave my father's cot,
 Wi' ilka sport of glen or green :
 Well pleas'd to share the humble lot,
 Of bonny Jem of Aberdeen.

Whene'er we fit, &c.

LXXVI.

Written by Mr. DIBBIN.

IS'T my story you'd know?—I was Patrick Mulrooney,

A jolman, and Ireland my nation,
To be sure I was not a tight fellow too honey,
Before my transmogrification.

I did not at all talk of flames and of darts,
To conquer the fair—the dear jewels!

And wid husbands, becafe why I won their wives
hearts,

I did not fight plenty of duels.

Then arrah, boddér how you can,
You'll ne'er persuade me, honey,
For I shall always, bull or man,
Be Patrick Mulrooney.

When at Almack's, or White's, or at Brookes's, or
Boodle's,

I've sat up all night in the morning,
'Mongst black legs, and coggers, and pigeons, and
noodles,

The calling to use I was born in :
To be sure many honest gold guineas it yields,
But, since 'tis a service of danger,
I'm a better man now I'm a bull in the fields,
To popping and tilting a stranger.

LXXVII.

LXXVII.

MY Jeany and I have toil'd
 The live-long summer's day,
 Till we were almost spoil'd,
 At making of the hay.
 Her kerchy was of holland clear,
 Ty'd to her bonny brow ;
 I whisper'd something in her ear ;
 But what is that to you ?

Her stockings were of kersey green,
 And tight as ony silk ;
 O, sic a leg was never seen !
 Her skin was white as milk.
 Her hair was black as ane could wish,
 And sweet, sweet was her mow !
 Ah ! Jeany daintily can kifs ;
 But what is that to you ?

The rose and lily baith combine
 To make my Jeany fair ;
 There is nae benison like mine,
 I have amaist nae care.
 But when another swain, my fair,
 Shall say you're fair to view ;
 Let Jeany whisper in his ear ;
 Pray what is that to you ?

LXXVIII.

AS down on Banna's banks I stray'd, one evening in May,

The little birds, in blitheſt notes, made vocal ev'ry lay :

They ſung their little tales of love, they ſung them o'er and o'er,

Ah ! gramachree, ma cholleenouge, ma Molly ashtore !

The daisy py'd and all the sweets, the dawn of nature yields,

The primrose pale, and wi'let blue, lay scatter'd o'er the fields ;

Such fragrance in the bosom lies of her whom I adore.

Ah ! gramachree, &c.

I laid me down upon a bank, bewailing my sad fate,
That doom'd me thus the slave of love, and cruel
Molly's hate ;

How can ſhe break the honest heart that wears
her in it's core ?

Ah ! gramachree, &c.

You ſaid you lov'd me, Molly dear : Ah ! why
did I believe ?

Yet who could think ſuch tender words were meant
but to deceive ?

That

That love was all I ask'd on earth, nay, Heav'n
could give no more.

Ah ! gramachree, &c.

O ! had I all the flocks that graze on yonder yel-
low hill,

Or low'd for me the num'rous herds that yon-
green pasture fill ;

With her I love, I'd gladly share my kine and
fleecy store.

Ah ! gramachree, &c.

Two turtle-doves, above my head, sat courting on
a bough,

I envy'd them their happiness, to see them bill and
coo ;

Such fondness once for me she shew'd, but now,
alas ! 'tis o'er.

Ah ! gramachree, &c.

Then fare thee well, my Molly dear, thy loss I
e'er shall mourn ;

While life remains in Strephon's heart, 'twill beat
for thee alone ;

Tho' thou art false, may Heav'n on thee its choicest
blessings pour.

Ah ! gramachree, &c.

LXXIX.

O SANDY, why leav'ſt thou thy Nelly to mourn,
 Thy presence could ease me,
 When naithing can please me!

Now dowie I ſigh on the banks of the bourn,
 Or through the wood, laddie, until thou return.

Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings are clear,
 While lav'rocks are ſinging,
 And primroses ſpringing,
 Yet naie of them pleases mine eye or mine ear,
 When through the wood, laddie, ye dinna ap-
 pear.

That I am forsaken ſome ſpare not to tell,
 I'm fash'd wi' their ſcorning,
 Baith ev'ning and morning,
 Their jeering goes aft to my heart wi' a knell,
 When through the wood, laddie, I wander my-
 ſel.

Then stay, my dear Sandy, no longer away;
 But quick as an arrow,
 Haste hence to thy marrow,
 Who's living in langour till that happy day,
 When thro' the wood, laddie, we'll dance, ſing
 and play.

LXXX.

LXXX.

AND I'll o'er the moor to Maggie,
 Her wit and sweetness call me,
 'Then to my fair I'll shew my mind,
 Whatever may befall me.
 If she love mirth I'll learn to sing,
 Or likes the nine to follow,
 I'll lay my lugs in Pindus' spring,
 And invoke Apollo.

If she admire a martial mind,
 I'll sheathe my limbs in armour;
 If to the softer dance inclin'd,
 With gayest airs I'll charm her :
 If she love grandeur day and night,
 I'll plot my nation's glory,
 Find favour in my Prince's sight,
 And shine in future story.

Beauty can wonders work with ease,
 Where wit is corresponding ;
 And bravest men know best to please,
 With complaisance abounding.
 My bonny Maggie's love can turn
 Me to what shape she pleases,
 If in her breast that flame shall burn,
 Which in my bosom blazes.

LXXXI.

D U E T.

M I T H E R.

AULD Rob Morris that wins in your glen,
He's the king of good fellows, and wale of auld
men,

Has fourscore black sheep, and fourscore too;
And Rob Morris is the man ye maun loo.

D A U G H T E R.

Ha'd your tongue, mither, and let that abee,
For his eild and my eild can never agree:
They'll never agree, and that will be seen!
For he is fourscore, and I'm but fifteen.

M I T H E R.

Ha'd your tongue, daughter, and lay by your
pride,
For he's be the bridegroom, and ye's be the bride;
He shall lye by your side, and kiss ye too;
Auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun loo.

D A U G H T E R.

Auld Rob Morris I ken him sou weel,
His back it sticks out like ony peet creel,
He's out shinn'd, in knee'd, and ringle-ey'd too,
Auld Rob Morris is the man I'll ne'er loo.

M I T H E R.

Tho' auld Rob Morris be an elderly man,
Yet his auld brass it will buy a new pan;
Then, Doughter, ye shoudna be sae ill to shoo,
For auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun loo.

DOUGHTER.

But auld Rob Morris I never will hae,
 His back is fae stiff, and his beard is grown grey ;
 I had titter die than live wi' him a year ;
 Sae mair of Rob Morris I never will hear.

LXXXII.

AS I sat at my spinning-wheel,
 A bonny lad there passed by ;
 I kenn'd him round, and lik'd him weel,
 Geud faith he had a bonny eye :
 My heart new panting gan to feel,
 But still I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

Most gracieously he did appear,
 As he my presence did draw near,
 And round about my slender waist
 He clasp'd his arms and me embrac'd :
 To kis my hand he down did, *kneel*
 As I sat at my spinning-wheel.

My milk-white hand he did extol,
 And prais'd my fingers long and small ;
 And said there was no lady fair,
 That ever cou'd with me compare.

These pleasing words my heart did feel ;
 But still I turn'd my spinning-wheel,

Altho' I seemingly did chide,
 Yet he would never be deny'd ;
 But did declare his love the more,
 Until my heart was wounded sore,
 That I my love cou'd scarce conceal ;
 But yet I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

As for my yarn, my rock and reel,
 And after that, my spinning-wheel,
 He bid me leave them all with speed,
 And gang with him to yonder mead.

My panting heart strange flames did feel ;
 Yet still I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

He stopp'd and gaz'd, and blithly said,
 Now speed thee well my bonny maid ;
 But if thou'lt to the hay-cock go,
 I'll earn thee better work, I trow.

Good faith I lik'd him passing-weel ;
 But still I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

He lovely veil'd his bonnet oft,
 And sweetly kiss'd my lips so soft ;
 Yet still, between each honey kiss
 He urg'd to gang to further bliss ;
 Till I resistless fire did feel,
 Then let alone my spinning-wheel.

Among the pleasing cocks of hay,
 Then with my bonny lad I lay ;
 What damsel ever could deny
 A youth with such a charming eye ?
 The pleasure I can not reveal,
 It far surpass'd my spinning-wheel.

LXXXIII.Tune—*We'll a'to Kelsa.*

AN I'll awa to bonny Tweed fide,
 And see my deary come throw,
 And he shall be mine
 Gif sae he incline,
 For I hate to lead Apes below.

While young and fair,
 I'll make it my care,
 To secure myself in a Jo :
 I'm na sic a fool
 To let my blood cool,
 And syne gae lead Apes below.

Few words, bonny lad,
 Will eithly perswade,
 Tho' blushing, I daftly say no ;
 Gae on with your strain,
 And doubt not to gain,
 For I hate to lead Apes below.

Unty'd to a man,
 Do whate'er we can,
 We never can thrive or dow :
 Then I will do well,
 Do better wha will,
 And let them lead Apes below.

Our time is precious,
 The Gods are gracious,
 That beauties upon us bestow ;
 'Tis not to be thought,
 We got them for nought,
 Or to be set up for a shew.

'Tis carried by votes,
 Come kilt up ye're coats,
 And let us to Edinburgh go,
 Where she that's bonny,
 May catch a Johny,
 And never lead Apes below.

LXXXIV.

COLD and raw the North did blow,
 Bleak in the morning early,
 All the trees were hid with snow,
 Cover'd with winter yearly ;
 As I was rising o'er the slough,
 I met with a farmer's daughter,
 Her rosy cheeks and bonny brow ;
 Good faith my mouth did water.

Down I veil'd my bonnet low
 Meaning to shew my breeding,
 She return'd a graceful bow,
 Her visage far exceeding.

I ask'd her where she was going so soon,
 And long'd to hold a parley,
 She told me to the next market-town,
 On purpose to sell her barley.

In this purse, sweet Soul, said I,
 Twenty Pounds lies fairly ;
 Seek no further one to buy,
 For ife take all thy barley
 Twenty pounds more shall purchase delight,
 Thy person I love so dearly,
 If thou wilt jig with me all night,
 And gang home in the morning early.

If forty-pounds would buy the globe,
 This thing I would not do, Sir ;
 Or were my friends as poor as Job,
 I'd never raise them so, Sir :
 For shou'd you prove one night my friend,
 We's get a young kid together,
 And you'd begone 'ere nine months end ;
 Then where should I find the father ?

Pray what would then my parents say,
 If I should be so silly,
 To give my maidenhead away,
 And lose my true love Billy ?
 Oh, this would bring me to disgrace,
 And therefore I say you nay, Sir ;
 And if that you would me embrace,
 First marry, and then you may, Sir.

I told her I had wedded been
 Fourteen years and longer ;
 Else I'd chuse her for my queen,
 And tie the knot still stronger.
 She bid me then no farther come,
 But manage my wedlock fairly,
 And keep my purse for poor spouse at home,
 For some other should buy her barley.

Then as swift as any Roe,
 She rode away and left me,
 After her I could not go,
 Of joy she quite bereft me ;
 Thus I myself did disappoint,
 For she did leave me fairly ;
 One word knockt all things out of joint,
 I lost both maid and barley.

Riding down a narrow lane,
 Some two or three hours after,
 Then I chanc'd to meet again,
 This farmer's bonny daughter ;
 Altho' it was both raw and cold,
 I staid to hold a parley,
 And shew'd once more my purse of gold,
 When as she had sold her barley.

Love, said I, pray do not frown,
 But let us change embraces :
 I'll buy thee a fine silken gown,
 With ribbons, gloves, or laces ;

A ring

A ring and bodkin, muff and fan,
No lady shall have neater;
For, as I am an honest man,
I ne'er saw a sweeter creature:

Then I took her by the hand,
And said, my dearest jewel,
Why should'st thou thus disputing stand,
I prithee be not cruel.
She found my mind was fully bent,
To please my fond desire;
Therefore she seemed to consent,
But I wish I had ne'er come nigh her.

Sir, said she, what shall I do,
If I commit this evil,
And yield myself in love with you,
I hope you will prove civil?
You talk of ribbons, gloves, and rings,
And likewise gold and treasure;
Oh, let my first enjoy those things,
And then you shall have your pleasure.

Sure thy will shall be obey'd;
Said I, my own dear honey:
Then into her lap I quickly laid
Full forty pounds in money;
We'll to the market-town this day,
And straitway end this quarrel;
And deck thee like a lady gay.
In flourishing rich apparel.

All my gold and silver there
 To her I did deliver ;
 On the road we did repair,
 Out-coming to a river,
 Whose waters are both deep and wide,
 Such rivers I ne'er see many ;
 She leapt her mare on th' other side,
 And left me not one penny.

Then my heart was sunk full low,
 With grief and care surrounded ;
 After her I could not go,
 For fear of being drowned :
 She turn'd about, and said, behold,
 I'm not for your devotion ;
 But, Sir, I thank you for your gold,
 'Twill serve t'enlarge my portion.

I began to stamp and stare,
 To see what she had acted ;
 With my hands I tore my hair,
 Like one that was distracted.
 Give me my money then, I cry'd,
 Good faith, I did but lend it ;
 But she full fast away did ride,
 And vow'd she did not intend it.

LXXXV.

Written by Mr. DIBDIN.

FAIT, honey, in Ireland, I'd find out a flaw
 In each capias, each batt'ry and action ;
 For dere—oh my soul—satisfaction is law,
 And, what's better, fait law's satisfaction.

When

When to cut your friend's trote dat affronts you's
the word,

From dat argument none will be shrinking ;
For we clear knotty points by the point of the
sword,

And make flaws large enough with our pinking.
And great is the pleasure it yield,

While our seconds are hard at our back,
And boldly we both take the field,

Wid our tierce and our carte—fa, fa, whack !

Arrah troth were a jolman pursu'd at his heel
By a constable, fait, or a baily,
To be sure in three minutes the taeſ would not
feel

O'er his sconce a tight bit of shelaly.
Then for actions and bonds, and dat charming long
list

Of returns, dat in law cut a figure,
Oh we make out returns by a turn of the wrist,
And draw bonds by the pull of a trigger.
And great are the pleasures it yield,
When our seconds are hard at our back,
When boldly we both take the field,

Wid our tierce and our carte—fa, fa, whack !

LXXXVI.

I WINNA marry ony mon but Sandy o'er the Lee,
But I will ha my Sandy Lad, my Sandy o'er the
Lee :

For he's aye a kissing, kissing, aye a kissing me.

and her

I will

I will not have the minister, for all his godly looks;
Nor yet will I the lawyer have, for all his wily
crooks;

I will not have the ploughman lad, nor yet will I
the miller,

But I will have my Sandy lad, without one penny
filler:

For he's aye a kissing, &c.

I will not have the soldier lad, for he gangs to the
war;

I will not have the sailor lad, because he smells of
tar;

I will not have the lord nor laird, for all their
mickle gear;

But I will have my Sandy lad, my Sandy o'er the
meir:

For he's aye a kissing, &c.

LXXXVII.

Written by Mr. DIBDIN.

I SING of a war set on foot for a toy,
And of Paris, and Helen, and Hector, and Troy,
Where on women, kings, gen'rals, and coblers
you stumble,
And of mortals and gods meet a very strange
jumble.

Sing didderoo bubberoo, oh my joy,
How sweetly they did one another destroy,
Come fill up your bumpers, the whisky enjoy,
May we ne'er see the like to the siege of Troy.

Menelaus

Menelaus was happy wid Helen his wife,
 Except that she led him a devil of a life,
 Wid dat handsome taef Paris she'd toy and she'd
 play,
 Till they pack'd up their alls, and they both ran
 away.

Sing didderoo, &c.

Agamemnon, and all the great chiefs of his house,
 Soon took up the cause of this hornified spouse,
 While Juno said this thing, and Venus said that,
 And the gods fell a wrangling they knew not for
 what.

Sing didderoo, &c.

Oh den such a slaughter and cutting of trotes,
 And slaying of bullocks, and off'ring up goats !
 Till the cunning Ulysses, the Trojans to cross,
 Clapt forty fine fellows in one wooden horse.

Sing didderoo, &c.

Oh den for to see the maids, widows, and wives,
 Crying some for their virtue and some for their
 lives ;

Thus after tin years they'd defended their town,
 Poor dear Troy in tin minutes was all burnt down !

Sing didderoo, &c.

But to see how it ended's the best joke of all,
 Scarce had wrong'd Menelaus ascended the wall,
 But he blubb'ring saw Helen, and, oh strange to
 tell,

The man took his mare again, and so all was well.

Sing didderoo, &c.

LXXXVIII.

ON Tweed's sweet pleasant banks,

How happy ha' I stray'd!

They call'd me bonny Bell,

The windsome laughing maid.

My days I danc'd away,

I sung fra' morn till e'en,

Till first I ken'd the charms

Of Willy o' the Green;

His een are bright,

His smiles delight,

Nane dance or pipe like Willy;

The shepherd's art,

Has won my heart;

I sigh for bonny Willy.

At Kirk or on the green,

He looks so like a laird,

No other lad with him.

Can ever be compar'd;

The lasses like him weel,

They praise his sparkling een,

And set their caps to gain

Young Willy o' the Green:

His een sa bright,

His smiles delight,

Nane dance or pipe like Willy;

The shepherd's art,

Has won my heart;

I sigh for bonny Willy.

He dances wi' each lass,
 He sports wi' muckle glee,
 But when he sings of love,
 He sighs and looks on me.
 He loves but me alone,
 I may believe his een,
 And I shall soon be blest,
 Wi' Willy o'er the green.
 His een sa bright,
 His smiles delight,
 Nane dance or pipe like Willy ;
 The shepherd's art
 Has won my heart ;
 I sigh for benny Willy.

LXXXIX.

Written by Mrs. STUART.

O, Bothwell Banks, thou bloomest fair—
 But, ah ! thou mak'ft my heart despair :
 For all beneath thy holths so green,
 My love and I wad sit and sing,
 O ! Bothwell Banks, thou bloomest fair—
 But ah ! thou makest my heart despair :
 Well-a-day, well-a-day, woe is me.

He left me on a dreary day,
 And sleeps beneath this sod of clay,
 Till death my tears his fate shall mourn,
 While thus his grave with flow'rs I crown,

O ! Bothwell Banks, &c.

The

The trumpet call'd, my Soldier flew,
 The foes of Scotland to pursue :
 He fought, he fell, by robbers slain—
 When will my bosom burst wi' pain.

O ! Bothwell Banks, &c.

XC.

AULD ROBIN GREY.

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and the ky
 at hame,
 And a' the warld to sleep are gane,
 The waes of my heart fra's in shou'rs fra my ee,
 When my gude man lies sound by me.

Young Jamie loo'd me well, and he sought me
 for his bride,
 But saving a crown he had nothing beside :
 To mak this crown a pund, my Jamie gade to sea,
 And the crown and the pund were baith for me.

He had na been awa a week but only twa,
 When my mither she fell sick and the cow was
 stoun awa,
 My father brak his arm, and my Jamie at the sea,
 And Auld Robin Grey came a courting to me.

My father cou'd na werk, and my mither cou'd
 na spin,
 I toil'd day and night, but their bread I cou'd
 na win ;

Auld

Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears
in his ee,
Said, Jenny, for their sakes, O marry me.

My heart it said nae, I look'd for Jamie back,
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a
wreck,
The ship it was a wreck, why did na Jamie die?
And why do I live to say wa es me?

Auld Robin argued fair, though my mither did na
speak,
She look'd in my face 'till my heart was like to
break:
So they gi'ed him my hand, tho' my heart was
at the sea,
And Auld Robin Grey is gude man to me.

I had na been a wife a week but only four,
When fitting sae mournfully at the door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist, for I cou'd na think it he,
'Till he said, I'm come back for to marry thee.

O fair did we greet, and muckle did we say,
We took but a kiss and tore ourselves away,
I wish I were dead, but I'm na like to die
And why do I live to say wa es me.

I gang na like a ghaist, and care na to spin;
I daro na think on Jamie, for that wou'd be a sin;
But I'll do my best, a gude wife to be,
For Auld Robin Grey is kind unto me.

XCI.

JAMIE'S COMPLAINT; or, the SEQUEL to

AULD ROBIN GREY.

SINCE Jenny she has married with Auld Robin Grey,

Alas! I dinna care how my time gangs away;
Tho' hard were my misfortunes when I was wreck'd at sea,

Yet soon had I forgot them had Jenny staid for me.

'Twas all for Jenny's sake that I sail'd on the main,
In hopes of getting richer her gaily to maintain,
But fatal was the hour I ever went to sea,
Since Jenny's love is lost, and she did na stay for me.

If her parents were poor, and cou'd na work or spin,
Yet Auld Robin Grey had na right for her to win;
If charity he did from outhis golden store,
The deed it might reward him—he should na ask na more.

Sure gold it is a cursed thing, of love it is the bane,
Yet wa is me, I cry to think that I had nane:
Yet women's love is fickle, as cantie as the wind,
My Jenny she has prov'd it so, alas! too true I find.

What made the old carl take sic a lovely maid,
 The winter of his age is not fitting for her bed ;
 Like stain he lies beside her, and snores the night awa,
 Had she staid for Jamie it had na been sa.

Her breasts were like the lilies, her cheeks were
 like the rose,
 And her breath it was as sweet as the zephyr
 when it blows ;
 Her eyes were like stars in a frosty night so fine,
 Yet wae is Jamie's heart, she never can be mine.

True love belongs to man, for women they
 have none,
 Or Auld Robin Grey cou'd ne'er have Jenny won ;
 It washis gold that charm'd while I was gone to sea,
 Yet sure she can't be happy for thus deceiving me.

Adieu then, my false Jenny, since war now
 calls to arms,
 I'll sail upon the ocean, and quite forget thy charms :
 I'll fight against the foe, no matter death or life,
 Since Auld Robin Grey has got Jenny for a wife.

Yet should I return, the news it may spread,
 That Jenny she is free again, and auld Robin dead ;
 I'll wait what fate ordains, and never more repine,
 But yet will live in hopes that Jenny may be mine.

XCII.

The DEATH of AULD ROBIN GREY.

THE summer it was smiling, all nature round
was gay,

When Jenny was attending on Auld Robín Grey,
For he was sick at heart, and had nae friend beside,
But only me, poor Jenny, who newly was his bride.

Ah! Jenny, I shall die, he cried, as sure as I
had birth,

Then see my poor old bones, I pray, laid into
the earth,

And be a widow, for my sake, a twelvemonth
and a day,

And I will leave thee whate'er belongs to Auld
Robin Grey.

I laid poor Robin in the earth, as decent as I could,
And shed a tear upon his grave, for he was
very good;

I took my rock all in my hand, and in my cot
I sigh'd,

Oh! wa is me! what shall I do, since poor
Auld Robin died.

Search ev'ry part throughout the land, there's
none like me forlorn;

I'm ready e'en to ban the day that ever I was born,
For Jamie, all I lov'd on earth, ah! he is gone away,
My father's dead, my mither's dead, and eke
Auld Robin Grey!

I rose

I rose up with the morning sun, and spun 'till
setting day,
And one whole year of widowhood I mourn'd
for Auld Robin Grey ;
I did the duty of a wife, both kind and constant too,
Let ev'ry one example take, and Jenny's plan pursue.

I thought that Jamie he was dead, or he to
me was lost,
And all my fond and youthful love entirely
was cross'd ;
I tried to sing, I tried to laugh, and pass the
time away,
For I had ne'er a friend alive, since died Auld
Robin Grey.

At length the merry bells rung round, I cou'd na
guess the cause,
Bra Rodney was the man, they said, who gain'd
so much applause ;
I doubted if the tale was true, 'till Jamie came to me,
And shew'd a purse of golden ore, and said it is
for thee.

Auld Robin Grey I find is dead, and still your
heart is true,
Then take me, Jenny, to your arms, and I will
be so too ;
Mess John shall join us at the kirk, and we'll be
blithe and gay,
I blush'd, consented, and reply'd, adieu to Robin
Grey

XCIII.

JAMIE'S RETURN, *and MARRIAGE with*
JENNY.

WHEN Jamie returned from the salt seas,
He gatten wealth enough to live at hame at ease,
And to heighten his joy the news it was spread,
That Jenny she was free, and Auld Robin Grey
was dead.

Altho' his poor heart was almost in despair,
Unto his Jenny he straightway did repair;
As soon as she saw him she flew to his arms,
Saying, heaven has protected my Jamie from harms.

Ah lang seem'd the time that I was a wife,
I mourn'd night and day, and was weary of my life,
But now I will rejoice and forget all my pain,
Since now my dear Jamie's return'd hame again.

Na langer dear Jenny cou'd the time seem to you,
Than it did to me, I had most reason to rue,
My love it was constant, and my heart like to break,
For when first I went from you it was for your sake.

My love it was as true as your's I do protest,
Tho' I married Auld Robin 'twas you I lov'd best,
But I thought ye was dead, and my mither I
declare,

Thought the same ; and waefully fell in the snare.

Then

Then why do we parley, or think of what is past,
 Will Jenny promise me that her love it shall last?
 If that her love is constant to the kirk let us hie,
 And there be united in love until we die.

She gave him her hand, to the kirk they both went,
 And there they were married, to all parties content,
 And now he maintains her like a lady so gay,
 She's forgot all her sorrows likewise Auld Robin.

Grey.

XCIV.

The GHAIST of AULD ROBIN GREY.

'TWAS at the dead of night, soon after Jenny
 wed,
 And wi' her faithful Jamie was sleeping in her
 bed,
 A hollow voice she heard, which call'd her to
 awake,
 And listen to the words wou'd be utter'd for her
 sake.

She started from her sleep, her bosom beat wi' fear,
 When the ghaist of Robin Grey before her did
 appear;

It wav'd its shadowy hand, and thus to her did
 say,
 " Ah ! Jenny, list awhile to your Auld Robin
 Grey.

I do

I do not come, dear Jean, your conduct to re-
prove,

Or interrupt the joys you share in constant Jamie's
love,

His honest heart deserves whate'er it can receive,
Since he has fought so nobly, and wou'd not you
deceive.

Still let his courage rise, his country's foes to quell,
To you he safe shall come again, the fates now
bid me tell:

With Howe as well as Rodney his valour he'll
display,

If you will but believe the ghaist of Robin Grey.

And Jenny must submit, your virtue is your guard,
For Fortune has in store for you a high and rich
reward;

The haughty Dons subdued, with Holland and
with France,

Your Jamie with fresh laurel's crown'd will to
your wish advance.

Then let him haste wi all his speed to join the
noble fleet,

Tho' danger does appear in view, no harm shall
Jamie meet;

But joyful shall return upon a future day,
As you may sure believe the ghaist of Robin Grey."

XCV.

Written by Mr. DIBDIN.

MY name's Ted Blarney, I'll be bound,
 And man and boy upon this ground,
 Full twenty years I've beat my round,
 Crying Vauxhall watch :

And as that time's a little short,
 With some small folks that here resort,
 To be sure I have not had some sport,
 Crying Vauxhall watch.

Oh of pretty wenches dreft so tight,
 And maccaronies what a sight,
 Of a moonlight morn I've bid good night,
 Crying Vauxhall watch.

The lover cries no soul will see,
 You are deceiv'd my love, cries she,
 Dare's dat Irish tafe there—meaning me---
 Crying Vauxhall watch.

So they goes on with their amorous talk,
 Till they gently steals to the dark walk,
 While I steps aside, no sport to balk,
 Crying Vauxhall watch.

Oh of pretty wenches, &c.

XCVI.

WITH tuneful pipe, and merry glee,
 Young Jocky won my heart ;
 A blyther loon you ne'er did see,
 All beauty without art :
 His soothing tale did soon prevail
 To gain my fond belief ;
 But now the swain roves o'er the plain,
 And leaves me full of grief.

Young Jemmy courts with artful song,
 But few regard his moan ;
 The lasses about Jocky throng,
 And Jemmy's left alone :
 In Aberdeen, sure ne'er was seen
 A loon that gave such pain ;
 He daily wooes, and still pursues,
 Till he does all obtain.

But soon as he hath gain'd the bliss,
 Away the loon does run,
 And hardly will afford a kiss
 To fill me undone :
 Bonny Molly, Moggy, Dolly,
 Avoid my roving swain ;
 His wily tongue before you shun,
 Lest you, like me, complain.

XCVII.

O Bessy Bell, and Mary Gray,

They are twa bonny lasses,
The bigg'd a bow'r on yon burn-brae,
And theek'd it o'er wi' rashes.
Fair Bessy Bell I lov'd yestreen,
And thought I ne'er cou'd alter ;
But Mary Gray's twa pawky een,
They gar my fancy falter.

Now Bessy's hair's like a lint-tap,

She smiles like a May-morning,
When Phœbus starts frae Thetis' lap,
The hills with rays adorning :
White is her neck, saft is her hand,
Her waist and feet's fow' genty,
With ilka grace she can command ;
Her lips, O wow ! they're dainty.

And Mary's locks are like the craw,

Her eye like diamonds glances ;
She's aye so clean, redd-up, and braw,
She kills whane'er she dances :
Blyth as a kid, with wit at will,
She blooming, tight, and tall is ;
And guides her airs sae gracefu' still,
Oh Jove ! she's like thy Pallas.

Dear Bessy Bell, and Mary Gray,

Ye unco fair oppres us ;
Our fancy's jee between you twa,
Ye are sic bonny lasses :

Wae's

Wae's me ! for baith I canna get,
 To ane by law we're stmented ;
 Then I'll draw cuts, and take my fate,
 And be with ane contented.

XCVIII.

Written by Mr. DIBBIN.

AS Dermot toil'd one summer's day,
 Young Shelah, as she sat beside him,
 Fairly stole his pipe away—
 Oh den to hear how she'd deride him.
 Where, poor Dermot, is it gone,
 Your lily lily loodle ?
 They've left you nothing but the drone,
 And that's yourself, you noodle.
 Beum bum boodle, loodle loo,
 Poor Dermot's pipe is lost and gone,
 And what will the poor devil do ?

Fait, now I am undone and more,
 Cry'd Dermot—ah will you be aefy ?
 Did not you stale my heart before ?
 Is it you'd have a man run crazy ?
 I've nothing left me now to moan,
 My lily lily loodle,
 That used to cheer me so, is gone—
 Ah Dermot, thou'rt a noodle.
 Beum bum boodle, loodle lo,
 My heart, and pipe, and peace are gone—
 What next will cruel Shelah do ?

But

But Shelah hearing Dermot vex,
 Cry'd she, 'twas little Cupid mov'd me,
 Ye fool, to steal it out of tricks,
 Only to see how much you lov'd me.
 Come cheer thee Dermot, never moan,
 But take your lily loodle,
 And for the heat of you that's gone,
 You shall have mine, you noodle.
 Beum bum boodle, loodle loo,
 Shelah's to church with Dermot gone,
 And for the rest—what's dat to you.

XCIX.

WITH tuneful pipe and merry glee,
 Young Willy won my heart,
 A blyther swain you cou'd na see
 All beauty without art.
 Willy's rare, and Willy's fair,
 And Willy's wond'rous bonny;
 And Willy says he'll marry me
 Gin e'er he'll marry ony.
 O came you by yon water-side
 Pull'd down the rose or lily,
 Or came you by yon meadow green,
 Or saw you my sweet Willy.
 Willy's rare, and Willy's fair, &c.
 Syne now the trees are in their bloom
 And flow'rs spread o'er ilka field,
 I'll meet my lad among the broom,
 And lead him to my summer's shield.
 Willy's rare, and Willy's fair, &c.

C.

Written by Mr. DIBBIN.

OF the ancients its speaking my soul you'd be after,

Dat they never got how come you so ?

Would you fariously make the good folks die with laughter ?

To be sure their dog's tricks we don't know.

Wid your smalliliow nonsense, and all your queer bodderns,

Since whisky's a liquor divine,

To be sure the old ancients, as well as the moderns,

Did not love a fly sup of good wine.

Apicius and Æsop, as authors assure us,

Would swig till as drunk as a beast,

Den what do you think of that rogue Epicurus ?

Was not he a tight hand at a feast.

Wid your smalliliow, &c.

Alexander the Great, at his banquets who drank hard,

When he no more worlds could subdue,

Shed tears to be sure, but 'twas tears of the tankard,

To refresh him—and pray would not you ?

Wid your smalliliow, &c.

Den

Den dat i'other old fellow they call'd Aristotle,
 Such a devil of a tippler was he,
 That one night, having taken too much of his
 bottle,
 The taef stagger'd into the sea.
 Wid your smalliliow, &c.

Den they made what they call of their wine a liba-
 tion,
 Which as all authority quotes,
 They threw on the ground, musha what boder-
 ation,
 To be fure 'twas not thrown down their troats.
 Wid your smalliliow, &c.

CT.

ON Tay's green banks I'll boldly tell
 The love I have for Jockey,
 Attend my song each blythsome belle,
 And shepherds, hither flock ye.
 I gave my heart to that fond swain,
 Who won it of me fairly ;
 I'd do't if 'twere to do again,
 I love him still so dearly.

His manners soft, tho' strong his mind,
 Not fickle like the weather,
 Not crofs to-day, to-morrow kind,
 And lighter than a feather ;
 His words and actions both agree,
 His temper's warm, not heady ;
 He's always good and just to me,
 To love and honour steady.

For his own self, I like my swain,
 I know his worth and nature :
 I'll give him not a moment's pain,
 Nor wrong so sweet a creature.
 No girl on Tweed, on Clyde, or Spey,
 Is born to so much pleasure,
 As is the merry lais of Tay,
 Or closer hugs her treasure.

CII.

HOW sweetly smells the simmer green,
 Sweet taste the peach and cherry ;
 Painting and order please our een,
 And claret makes us merry :
 But finest colours, fruits and flowers,
 And wine, tho' I be thirsty,
 Loss a' their charms and weaker powers,
 Compar'd with those of Christy.

 When wand'ring o'er the flow'ry park,
 No nat'ral beauty wanting,
 How lightsome is't to hear the lark,
 And birds in consort chanting ;
 But if my Christy tunes her voice,
 I'm rapt in admiration ;
 My thoughts with extasies rejoice,
 And drap the hale creation.

 Whene'er she smiles a kindly glance,
 I take the happy omen,
 And often mint to make advance,
 Hoping she'll prove a woman ;

But,

But, dubious of my ain desert,
 My sentiments I smother ;
 With secret sighs I vex my heart,
 For fear she love another.

Thus fung blate Edie by a burn,
 His Christy did o'er-hear him ;
 She dought na let her lover mourn,
 But e'er he will drew near him.
 She spake her favour with a look
 Which left nae room to doubt her ;
 He wisely this white minute took,
 And flang his arms about her.

My Chrysty !—witness, bonny stream,
 Sic joys frae tears arising,
 I wish this may na be a dream ;
 O love the maist surprising !
 Time was too precious now for tauk ;
 This point of a' his wishes
 He wadna with set speeches bauk,
 But ward it a' on kiles.

 CIII.

BLYTHE Jockey, young and gay,
 Is all my heart's delight ;
 He's all my talk by day,
 And all my dreams by night.

If from the lad I be,
 'Tis winter then with me ;
 But when he tarries here,
 'Tis summer all the year.

When I and Jockey met
 First on the flow'ry dale,
 Right sweetly he me tret,
 And love was all his tale,

You are the lass, said he,
 That staw my heart frae me,
 O ease me of my pain,
 And never shew disdain.

I'm glad when Jockey comes,
 Sad when he gangs away ;
 'Tis night when Jockey glooms,
 But when he smiles 'tis day..

Well can my Jockey kyth
 His love and courtisie ;
 He made my heart full blythe,
 When he first spake to me :

His suit I still deny'd,
 He kiss'd and I comply'd ;
 Sae Jockey promis'd me,
 That he would faithful be.

When our eyes meet I pant,
 I colour, figh, and faint ;
 What lass that would be kind,
 Can better speak her mind.

CIV.

DUMBARTON's drums beat bonny--O,
 When they mind me of my dear Johnny-O;
 How happy am I,
 When my Soldier is by,
 While he kisses and blesses his Annie-O!
 'Tis a Soldier alone can delight me--O,
 For his graceful looks do invite me--O :
 While guarded in his arms,
 I'll fear no war's alarms,
 Neither danger nor death shall fright me--O.
 My love is a handsome laddie--O,
 Genteel, but ne'er foppish nor gaudy--O :
 Tho' Commissions they are dear,
 Yet I'll buy him one this year,
 For he shall serve no longer a Cadie--O.
 A Soldier has honour and bravery--O,
 Unacquainted with rogues and their knavery--O :
 He minds no other thing
 But the ladies or the king ;
 For every other care is but slavery--O.
 Then I'll be the Captain's lady--O,
 Farewell all my friends and my daddy--O ;
 I'll wait no more at home,
 But I'll follow with the drum,
 And whene'er that beats, I'll be ready—O.

Dumbarton's drums sound bonny--O,
 They are sprightly like my dear Johnny--O;
 How happy shall I be,
 When on my Soldier's knee,
 And he kisses and blesses his Annie--O.

CV.

FAREWEL to Lochaber, and farewell my Jean,
 Where hearfome with thee I've mony a day been;
 For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
 These tears that I shed, they are a' for my dear,
 And no for the dangers attending on weir,
 Tho' bore on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
 May be to return to Lochaber no more.

Tho' hurricanes rise, and rise ev'ry wind,
 They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind;
 Tho' loudest of thunder on louder waves roar,
 That's naething like leaving my love on the shore;
 To leave thee behind me, my heart is fair pain'd,
 By ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd.
 And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
 And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jenny, maun plead my excuse;
 Since honour commands me, how can I refuse?
 Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
 And without thy favour I'd better not be!

I gae then, my lass, to win honour and fame,
 And if I should luck to come gloriously hame,
 I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
 And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

CVI.

CVI.

FY let us a' to the bridal,
 For there will be lilting there ;
 For Jockie's to be married to Maggie,
 The lass wi' the gowden hair.
 And there will be lank-kail and pottage,
 And bannocks of barley-meal ;
 And there will be good fawt herring,
 To relish a cog of good ale.
 Fy let us a' to the Bridal, &c.
 And there will be Sawney the Sutor,
 And Will wi' the meikle mow ;
 And there will be Tam the Blutter,
 With Andrew the Tinker, I trow ;
 And there will be bow'd-legg'd Robbie,
 With thumblefs Katie's good man ;
 And there will be blue-cheeked Dowbie,
 And Lawrie the Laird of the Land.
 Fy let us, &c.
 And there will be sow-libber Patie,
 And plucky-fac'd Wat i' the Mill,
 Capper-nos'd Francie and Gibble,
 That wins in the how of the hill ;
 And there will be Alaster Sibble.
 Wha in with black Bessy eid mool,
 With snivelling Lilly and Tibby,
 The lass that stands aft on the stool.
 Fy let us, &c.

And

And Madge that was buck'ed to Steenie,
 And cost him grey breeks to his —,
 Wha after was hangit for stealing,
 Great mercy it happen'd nae marse ;
 And there will be gleed Geordy Janners,
 And Kirsh with the lily white leg,
 Wha gade to the South for manners,
 And hang'd up her wame in mons-meg.
 Fy let us, &c.

And there will be Juden Macklawrie,
 And blinkin dast Barbara Mackleg,
 Wi flae-lugged sharney-fac'd Lawrie,
 And shangy-mou'd halucket Meg.
 And there will be happen — Nanfy,
 And fairy-fac'd Flowrie by name,
 Muck-Madie, and fat-hippit Grisfy,
 The lass wi' the gowden wame.
 Fy let us, &c.

And there will be gирн-агain Gibbie,
 With his glakit Wife Jenny Bell,
 And misle-shin'd Mungo Mackapie,
 The lad that was Skipper himself.
 There lads and lasses in pearlings
 Will feast in the heart of the ha'
 On sybows, and rifarts, and carlings,
 That are baith sodden and raw.
 Fy let us, &c.

And

And there will be fadges and brachen,
 With furth of good cabbocks of skate,
 Powisowdy, and drammock, and crowdy,
 And caller nowt-feet in a plate.

And there will be purtans and buckies,
 And whytens and speldings enew,
 With finged shaps-heads, and a haggies,
 And leadlips to sup till ye spew.

Fy let us, &c.

And there will be lapp'd milk kebbucks,
 And sowens, and farles, and baps,
 With swats, and well scraped paunches,
 And brandy in stoups and in caps :
 And there will be meal-kail and castocks,
 With skink to sup till ye rive,
 And roasts to roast on a brander,
 Of flowks that were taken alive.

Fy let us, &c.

Scrap't haddock's, wilks, dulce and trangle,
 And a mill of good snishing to prie;
 When weary with eating and drinking,
 We'll rise up and dance till we die.
 Then fy let us a' to the bridal,
 For there will be lifting there,
 For Jockie's to be married to Maggie,
 The lass wi' the gowden hair.

CVII.

WHEN first my dear laddie gade to the green
hill,

And I at ewe-milking first shew'd my young skill ;
To bear the milk bowie nae pain gave to me,
So at eve I was blest with thy piping and thee :
For aye as I milk'd, and aye as I fang,
My yellow-hair'd laddie shall be my good man.

When corn-riggs wav'd yellow, and blue hether-
bells

Bloom'd bonny on moorland, or sweet rising fells ;
Nae birns, briars, or brakens, gave trouble to me,
So I eat the sweet berries when gather'd by thee :
For aye as I walk'd, and aye as I fang,
My yellow-hair'd laddie shall be my good man.

When you ran, or you wrestled, or putted the stane,
And came off the victor, my heart was aye fain ;
Give me still all these pleasures, my study shall be
To make myself better and sweeter for thee :
For aye as I wedded, and aye as I fang,
My yellow-hair'd laddie shall be my good man.

CVIII.

WHERE new-mown hay, on winding Tay,
The sweets of spring discloses,
As I one morning singing lay
Upon a bank of roses,

Young

Young Jamie, whisking o'er the mead,

By gued luck chanc'd to spy me,

He took his bonnet off his head,

And gently sat down by me.

O my bonny Jamie, O !

I care not tho' the world should know,

How dearly I love Jamie, O !

The swain, tho' I right mickle priz'd,

Yet now I wad na ken him,

But with a frown my heart disguis'd,

And strave away to send him ;

But fondly he still nearer press'd,

And, at my feet down lying,

His beating heart it thump'd sa fast,

I thought the lad was dying.

O my bonny Jamie, &c.

But still resolving to deny,

And angry accents feigning,

I often roughly shot him by,

With words fu' of disdaining ;

He seiz'd my hand, and nearer drew,

And gently chiding a' my pride,

So sweetly did the shepherd woo,

I, blushing, vow'd to be his bride.

O, my bonny Jamie, O !

I care not tho' the world should know

How dearly I love Jamie, O !

CIX.

WHEN trees did bud and fields were green,
 And broom bloom'd fair to see,
 When Mary was compleat fifteen,
 And love laug'd in her een,
 Blithe Davy's blinks her heart did move,
 To speak her mind thus free,
 Gang down the Burn Davy love,
 And I will follow thee,
 Down the Burn, &c.

Now Davy did each lad surpass,
 That dwelt on the Burn side,
 And Mary was the bonniest lass,
 Just meet to be a bride,
 Blithe Davy's blinks, &c.

Her cheeks were roses, red and white,
 Her een were bonny blue;
 Her looks were like Aurora bright,
 Her lips like dropping dew.
 Blithe Davy's blinks, &c.

As fate had dealt to him a routh,
 Strait to the kirk he led her,
 There plighted her his faith and truth,
 And a bonny bride he made her ;
 No more ashamed to own her love.
 Or speak her mind thus free,
 Gang down the Burn Davy love,
 And I will follow thee.

CX.

CX.

Tune—*When I was a young man, &c.*

THE girls of Kilkenny, so buxom and frisky,
Wou'd oftentimes treat me with claret and whisky.
Botheroo, Didderoo.

'Cause why I cou'd dance, sing and caper so gaily,
And my heart was as stout as the heart of Shilaley.
Botheroo, Didderoo.

But Cupid the blinker, the arch mischief maker,
For Ruggedy Madge caus'd my bowels to quake,
Sir.

Botheroo, Didderoo.

Oh! Ruggedy Madge was the fair creature's
name, Sir,
For whom my poor bosom was all in a flame, Sir.
Botheroo, Didderoo.

But oh! when I came to address and adore her,
I tumbled down backwards strait forward before her,
Botheroo, Didderoo.

Sweet creature said I—can you fancy a lover,
That now will conceal what he now will discover.
Botheroo, Didderoo,

But she with her looks and her tongue 'gan to
jeer me.

And shutting her eyes—was resolv'd not to hear me.
Botheroo, Didderoo.

Struck dumb with this usage, said I, you false
creature,

You'll meet with your match neither sooner nor
later.

Botheroo, Didderoo.

Then all ye young lovers by me take a warning,
And pay no regard to their flouting and scorning.

Botheroo, Didderoo.

So boldly resolve to be buxom and jolly,
For it signifies nothing to die melancholy.

Botheroo, Didderoo.

Then when you are dead, they will treat you with
laughter,

And call you a fool all your life ever after.

Botheroo, Didderoo.

CXI.

SMILING morn, the breathing of spring,
Invites the tuneful birds to sing,
And while they warble from the spray,
Love melts the universal lay.
Let us, Amanda, timely wise,
Like them improve the hour that flies,
And in soft raptures waste the day,
Among the Birks of Endermay.

Soon

Soon wears the summer of the year,
 And love like winter will appear,
 Like this your lovely bloom will fade,
 As that will strip the verdant shade ;
 Our taste for pleasure then is o'er,
 The feather'd songsters charm no more,
 And when they droop and we decay,
 Adieu the Birks of Endermay.

Behold the hills and vales around,
 With lowing herds and flocks abound ;
 The wanton kids and frisking lambs,
 Gambol and dance about their dams ;
 The busy bees with humming noise ;
 And all the reptile kind rejoice ;
 Let us like them sing and play,
 About the Birks of Endermay.

Hark ! how the waters as they fall,
 Loudly my love to gladness calls ;
 The wanton waves sport in the beams,
 And fishes play throughout the streams,
 The circling sun does now advance,
 And all the planets round him dance,
 Let us as jovial be as they,
 Among the Birks of Endermay.

CXII.

WHEN summer comes, the swains on Tweed,
 Sing their successful loves,
 Around the ewes and lambkins feed,
 And music fills the groves :

But my lov'd song is then the broom,

So fair on Cowden Knows :

For sure so soft, so sweet a broom,

Elsewhere there never grows.

Oh! the broom, the bonny bonny broom,

The broom of Cowden Knows ;

For sure so soft, so sweet a broom,

Elsewhere there never grows :

There Colin tun'd his oaten reed,

And won my yielding heart ;

No shepherd e'er that dwelt on Tweed,

Could play with half such art :

He sung of Tay, of Forth, and Clyde,

The hills and dales all round ;

Of Leader-haughs, and Leather-side,

O how I blest the sound !

Oh the broom, &c.

Not Triviot Braes so green and gay,

May with this broom compare ;

Not Yarrow banks, in flow'ry May,

Nor the bush Aboon Traquair,

More pleasing far are Cowden Knows,

My peaceful happy home,

Where I was wont to milk my ewes,

At eve among the broom.

Oh the broom, &c.

Ye pow'rs that haunt the woods and plains,

Where Tweed and Triviot flows,

Convey me to the best of swains,

And my lov'd Cowden knows.

Oh the broom, &c.

CXIII.

MY sweet pretty Mog, you're as soft as a bog,
 And wild as a kitten, and wild as a kitten :
 Those eyes in your face—(O pity my case !)
 Poor Dermot have smitten, poor Dermot have
 smitten :
 For softer than silk, and as fair as new milk,
 Your lily white hand, your lily white hand is :
 Your shape's like a pail, from your head to your tail,
 You're strait as a wand, you're strait as a wand is.
 Your lips red as cherries, and your curling hair is
 As black as the devil, as black as the devil ;
 Your breath is as sweet too as any potatoe,
 Or orange from Seville, or orange from Seville :
 When dress'd in your boddice, you trip like a
 goddess,
 So nimble, so frisky, so nimble, so frisky ;
 A kiss on your cheek ('tis so soft and so sleek)
 Would warm me like whisky, would warm me
 like whisky.
 I grunt and I pine, and sob like a swine,
 Because you're so cruel, because you're so cruel ;
 No rest can I take, and asleep or awake
 I dream of my jewel, I dream of my jewel.
 Your hate then give over, nor Dermot your lover,
 So cruelly handle, so cruelly handle ;
 Or Dermot must die, like a pig in a stye,
 Or snuff of a candle, or snuff of a candle.

CXIV.

CXIV.

AS I was ganging o'er the lee,
 I chanc'd to look behind,
 And wha, right glancing, shou'd I see
 But Woodland Joe the hind ;
 When we had gang'd the braes awhile,
 He said to me, My dow,
 May I not sit upon this stile,
 And kiss your bonny mow.

Kind sir ye are a wi mistane,
 For I am none of these,
 I hope ye some more breeding ken,
 Than ruffle lassies claithes :
 The lad was check'd, and vow'd to seek
 Young Jane wi blithsome brow,
 She'd let him clasp her round the neck,
 And kiss her bonny mow.

I ca'd him then proud-hearted swain,
 And laith to be said nay ;
 A sonsy thought he started then,
 And nam'd the wedding day ;
 He's braw and blithe, I lik'd him weel,
 Nor frown'd upon him now,
 Though bolder grown, his vows to seal,
 He kiss'd my bonny mow.

CXV.

CXV.

GILDEROY was a bonny boy,
 Had roses tull his shoon,
 His stockings made of the finest silks,
 His garters hanging down :

It were a comely sight to see,
 He were so trim a boy ;
 He was my joy and heart's delight,
 My handsome Gilderoy.

Oh ! like a charming eyne he had,
 A breath as sweet as rose,
 He never wore a Highland plad,
 But costly silken clothes.

He gain'd the love of ladies gay,
 There's none to him were coy ;
 Ay, wae is me, I se mourn this day,
 For my dear Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy and I were born
 Both in one town together,
 Not passing seven years ago,
 Since one did love each other :

Our daddies and our mammies both
 Were cloth'd with muckle joy,
 To think upon the bridal-day
 'Twixt me and Gilderoy.

For Gilderoy, that love of mine,
 Gued faith Ife freely bought
 A wedding-fark of Holland fine,
 With silken flow'rs wrought;

And he gave me a wedding ring,
 Which I receiv'd with joy :
 No lad or lasses e'er could sing,
 Like me and Gilderoy.

In muckle joy we spent our time
 'Till we were both sixteen,
 Then gently he did lay me down
 Among the leaves so green :

When he had done what he could do,
 He rose and gang'd his way,
 But ever since I lov'd the man,
 My handsome Gilderoy.

While we did both together play,
 He kiss'd me o'er and o'er ;
 Gued faith it was as blithe a day,
 As e'er I saw before.

He fill'd my heart in ev'ry vein
 With love and mickle joy ;
 But when shall I behold again
 Mine own sweet Gilderoy ?

'Tis pity men should e'er be hang'd
 That take up women's geer,
 Or for their pilfering sheep or calf,
 Or stealing cow or mare.

Had not our laws been made so strict,
 I'd never lost my joy,
 Who was my love and heart's delight,
 My handsome Gilderoy.

'Cause Gilderoy had done amiss,
 Must he be punish'd then?
 What kind of cruelty is this,
 To hang such handsome men!

The power of the Scottish land,
 A sweet and lovely boy:
 He likewise had a lady's hand,
 My handsome Gilderoy.

At Leith they took my Gilderoy,
 And there God-wot they bang'd him,
 Carry'd him to fair Edinburgh,
 And there God-wot they hang'd him.

They hang'd him up above the rest,
 He was so trim a boy,
 My only love and heart's delight,
 My handsome Gilderoy.

Thus having yielded up his breath,
 In Cypres he was laid;
 Then for my dearest, after death,
 A funeral I made:

Over his grave a marble-stone
 I fixed for my joy,
 Now I am left to weep alone
 For my dear Gilderoy.

CXVI.

GIN ye meet a bonny lassie,
 Gi' her a kifs, and let her gae ;
 But if you meet a dirty hussy,
 Fie gar rub her o'er wi' strae.

Be sure ye dinna quat the grip
 Of ilka joy, when ye are young,
 Before auld age your vitals nip,
 And lay ye twafald o'er a rung.

Sweet youth's a blyth a hartsome time,
 Then lads and lassies, while 'tis May,
 Gae pu' the gowan in its prime,
 Before it whither and decay.

Watch the fast minutes of delyte,
 When Jenny speaks beneath her breath,
 And kisses, laying a' the wyte
 On you, if she kep ony skaith.

Haith ye're ill-bred, she'll smiling fay,
 Y'll worry me, ye greedy rook ;
 Syne frae your arms she'll rin away,
 And hide herself in some dark nook.

Her laugh will lead you to the place,
 Where lies the happiness ye want,
 And plainly tell you to your face,
 Nineteen na-says are haff a grant.

Now

Now to her heaving bosom cling,

And sweetly too lie for a kiss;

Frae her fair finger whup a ring,

As taiken of a future bliss.

These benisons, I'm very sure,

Are to the Gods indulgent grant;

Then, surly Carles, whisht, forbear

To plague us with your whining cant.

CXVII.

HONEST man John Ochiltree;

Mine ain auld John Ochiltree,

Wilt thou come o'er the Moor to me,

And dance as thou was wont to do.

Alake, alake! I wont to do!

Ohon, ohon! I wont to do!

Now wont to do's away frae me,

Frae silly auld John Ochiltree.

Honest man John Ochiltree.

Mine ain auld John Ochiltree,

Come anes out o'er the Moor to me,

And do but what thou dow to do.

Alake, alake! I dow to do!

Walaways! I dow to do!

To whosht and hirple o'er my tree,

My bony Moor-powt is a' I may do.

Walaways John Ochiltree,
 For mony a time I tell'd to thee,
 'Thou rade sae fast by sea and land,
 And wadna keep a bridle-hand;
 Thou'd tine the beast, thy sell wad die,
 My silly auld John Ochiltree.

Come to my arms, my bony thing,
 And chear me up to hear thee sing ;
 And tell me o'er a' we hae done,
 For thoughts maun now my life sustain.

Gae thy ways John Ochiltree :
 Hae done ! it has nae sa'r wi' me.
 I'll set the beast in throw the land,
 She'll may be sa' in a better hand.
 Ev'n fit thou there, and think thy fill,
 For I'll do as I wont to do still

CXVIII.

IN winter when the rain rain'd cauld,
 And frost and snaw on ilka hill,
 And boreas, with his blasts sae bauld,
 Was threat'ning a' our ky to kill :
 Then Bell my wife, wha loves nae strife,
 She said to me right hastily,
 Get up, good man, save Cromie's life,
 And tauk your auld cloak about ye,

My

My Cromie is an useful cow,
 And she is come of a good kyne ;
 Aft has she wet the bairn's mou,
 And I am laith that she should tyne ;
 Get up, good man, it is sou time,
 The sun shines in the lift sae hie ;
 Sloth never made a gracious end,
 Go tak your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was anes a good gray cloak,
 When it was fitting for my wear ;
 But now it's scantly worth a groat,
 For I have worn't this thirty year ;
 Let's spend the gear that we have won,
 We little ken the day we'll die :
 Then I'll be proud, since I have sworn
 To have a new cloak about me.

In days when our king Robert rang,
 His trews they cost but haff a crown ;
 He said they were a groat o'er dear,
 And call'd the taylor thief and loon.
 He was the king that wore a crown,
 And thou the man of laigh degree :
 'Tis pride puts a' the country down,
 Sae tak thy auld cloak about thee.

Every land has its ain laugh,
 Ilk kind of corn it has its hool ;
 I think the wrold is a' run wrang,
 When ilka wife her man wad rule ;

Do ye not see, Rob, Jock, and Hab,
 As they are girded gallantly,
 While I sit harklen in the ase ;
 I'll have a new cloak about me.

Goodman, I wate 'tis thirty years,
 Since we did ane anither ken ;
 And we have had between us twa,
 Of lads and bonny lassies ten :
 Now they are women grown and men,
 I wish and pray well may they be ;
 And if you prove a good husband,
 E'en tak your auld cloak about ye.

Bell, my wife, she loves na strife ;
 But she wad guide me, if she can,
 And to maintain an easy life,
 I aft maun yield, tho' I'm goodman :
 Nought's to be won at woman' hand,
 Unless ye give her a' the plea ;
 Then I'll leave aff where I began,
 And take my auld cloak about me.

CXIX.

Tune—*O'er the Hills and far away.*

JOCKIE met with Jenny fair
 Aft by the dawning of the day ;
 But Jockie now is fu' of care,
 Since Jenny staw his heart away :

Altho'

Altho' she promis'd to be true,
 She proven has alake! unkind,
 Which gars poor Jockie aften rue,
 That e'er he loo'd a fickle mind.

And it's o'er the hills and far away,
 It's o'er the hills and far away,
 It's o'er the hills and far away,
 The wind has blawn my plaid away.

Now Jockie was a bonny lad,
 As e'er was born in Scotland fair;
 But now, poor man, he's e'en gane wood,
 Since Jenny has gart him despair.

Young Jocky was a piper's son,
 And fell in love when he was young;
 But a' the springs that he could play,
 Was o'er the hills and far away.

And it's o'er the hills, &c.

He sung—When first my Jenny's face
 I saw, she seem'd so fu' of grace,
 With meikle joy my heart was fill'd,
 That's now, alas! with sorrow kill'd;
 Oh! was she but as true as fair,
 Twad put an end to my despair.
 Instead of that, she is unkind,
 And wavers like the winter wind.

And it's o'er the hills, &c.

Ah! could she find the dismal wae,
 That for her sake I undergae,
 She coudna chuse but grant belief,
 And put an end to a' my grief;

But oh ! she is as fause as fair,
 Which causes a' my sighs and care ;
 But she triumphs in proud disdain,
 And takes a pleasure in my pain.

And its o'er the hills, &c.

Hard was my hap to fa' in love
 With ane that does sae faithless prove ;
 Hard was my fate to court a maid,
 That has my constant heart betray'd :
 A thousand times to me she sware,
 She wou'd be true for evermair ;
 But to my grief, alake ! I say,
 She staw my heart, and ran away,
 And its o'er the hills, &c.

Since that she will nae pity take,
 I mun gae wander for her sake,
 And in ilk wood and gloomy grove,
 I'll sifhing sing, adieu to love ;
 Since she is fause whom I adore,
 I'll never trust a woman more ;
 Fra' a their charms I'll flee away,
 And on my pipe I'll sweetly play,
 O'er the hills and dales, and far away,
 Out o'er the hills, and far away,
 Out o'er the hills, and far away,
 The wind has blawn my plaid away.

CXX.

THE lass of Peaty's mill,
 So bonny, blithe, and gay,
 In spite of all my skill,
 Hath stole my heart away.
 When tedding of the hay
 Bare-headed on the green,
 Love 'midst her locks did play,
 And wanton'd in her een.

Her arms; white, round, and smooth,
 Breasts rising in their dawn ;
 To age it would give youth,
 To press 'em with his hand.
 Thro' all my spirits ran
 An extasy of bliss,
 When I such sweetnes faund
 Wrapt in a balmy kis.

Without the help of art,
 Like flow'rs which grace the wild,
 She did her sweets impart,
 Whene'er she spoke or smil'd,
 Her looks they were so mild,
 Free from affected pride,
 She me to love beguil'd,
 I wish'd her for my bride.

had

O had I all that wealth
 Hoptoun's high mountains fill,
 Insur'd long life and health,
 And pleasures at my will ;
 I'd promise and fulfil,
 That none but bonny she,
 The lass of Peaty's mill,
 Shou'd share the same wi' me.

CXXI.

COME, let us be jolly, my boys,
 Still ready for every call ;
 For drinking and fighting's our joys,
 The chorus is—powder and ball.
 Fal de ral, &c.

Our sport is to game, drink, and hunt,
 To fire off our pistols and pence,
 And we never will take an affront,
 Because—we first gave the offence !
 Fal de ral, &c.

Hearken to O'Sullivan's song,
 Which points out the way that is right,
 And bids you shew courage when wrong,
 For that's the occasion to fight.
 Fal de ral, &c.

Tho'

Tho' your friend, like a Prince, entertains,
 If you don't like the toast that he puts,
 Ne'er boggle to blow out his brains,
 Or lend him a thrust in the guts.

Fal de ral, &c.

If you choose for to call at his door,
 And find that he is'nt within ;
 He affronts you—the son of a whore !
 Ogh !—make a round hole in his skin.

Fal de ral, &c.

Mechanics will come with their bills,
 And beg you to pay them some money ;
 Never heed their complaints and their ills,
 But give them shillelee, my honey.

Fal de ral, &c.

Or that if you languish with love,
 And the lady would wish to escape,
 You'll make her as tame as a dove,
 By only committing a rape.

Fal de ral, &c.

Then lay her fast ty'd on a horse,
 Her eyes will stream like two fountains,
 Never mind the dear creter's remorse,
 But carry her safe to the mountains.

Fal de ral, &c.

There madam must starve for her tricks,
 Till she is too weak to resist ;
 But still if she struggles and kicks,
 Then give her a thump with your fist.

Fal de ral, &c.

For indictments of law never budge,

The jury loves bucks that will wench;
And sure we may challenge the judge,
As soon as he comes from the bench.

Fal de ral, &c.

Then let us be jolly, my boys,

Still ready for every call;
For drinking and fighting's our joys;
Our chorus is—powder and ball.

Fal de ral, &c.

CXXII.

WHEN Jemmy first began to love,
He was the gayest swain
That ever yet a flock had drove,
Or danc'd upon the plain :
'Twas then that I, wae's my poor heart,
My freedom threw away,
And finding sweets in ev'ry smart,
I could not say him nay ;
And ever when he talk'd of love,
He would his eyes decline ;
And every sigh a heart would move,
Geud faith, and why not mine ?
He'd press my hand, and kiss it oft,
In silence spoke his flame ;
And while he treated me thus soft,
I thought him not to blame.

Sometimes

Sometimes to feed my flock with him,

My Jemmy would invite me,

Where he the softest songs wou'd sing,

On purpose to delight me ;

And Jemmy ev'ry grace display'd,

Which were enough, I trow,

To conquer any princely maid,

So he did me, I vow.

But now for Jemmy I must mourn,

Who to the wars must go ;

His sheep-hook to a sword must turn,

Alack ! what shall I do ?

His bag-pipe into warlike sounds

Must now exchanged be ;

Instead of bracelets fearful sounds,

Then what becomes of me ?

CXXIII.

ON E trick banks, in a summer's night,
 At glowming when the sheep drove hame,
 I met my laffy, braw and tight,
 Came wading, barefoot, a'her lane :
 My heart grew light, I ran, I flang
 My arms about her lily neck,
 And kis'd and clap'd her there fou lang ;
 My words they were na mony feck.

I said, my laffy, will ye go
 To the highland hills, the Erse to learn ;
 I'll baith gi'e thee a cow and ewe,
 When ye come to the brig of Earn.

At

At Leith auld meal comes in, ne'er fash,
 And herrings at the Broomy Law ;
 Chear up your heart, my bony lass,
 There's gear to win we never saw.

All day when we have wrought enough,
 When winter, frosts, and snaw begin ;
 Soon as the sun gaes west the loch,
 At night when you sit down to spin,
 I'll screw my pipes, and play a spring :
 And thus the weary night we'll end,
 Till the tender kid and lamb-time bring
 Our pleasant summer back again.

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,
 And gowans glent o'er ilka field,
 I'll meet my lass amang the broom,
 And lead you to my summer shield.
 Then far frae a' their scornfu' din,
 That make the kindly hearts their sport ;
 We'll laugh and kiss, and dance and sing,
 And gar the langest day seem short.

 CXXIV.

ALL on the pleasant banks of Tweed,
 Young jockey won my heart ;
 None tun'd so sweet his oaten reed,
 Nor sung with so much art :
 His skilful tale,
 Did soon prevail

To

To make me fondly love him ;
 But now he hies,
 Nor hears my cries,
 I wou'd I ne'er had seen him.

When first we met, the bonny swain
 Of nought but love could say :
 Oh ! give (he cry'd) my heart again,
 You've stole my heart away ;
 Or else incline,
 To give me thine,
 And I'll together join 'em :
 My faithful heart
 Will never part,
 Ah ! why did I believe him !

Not now my slighted face he knows,
 His soon-forgotten dear ;
 To a wealthier lass o'erjoy'd he goes,
 To breathe his falsehood there :
 Mistaken Kate,
 The swain's a cheat,
 Not for a moment trust him :
 For shining gold,
 He's bought and sold,
 I wou'd I had not seen him.

CXXV.

IT was summer, so softly the breezes were
blowing,

And sweetly the nightingale sung from a tree,
At the foot of a rock, when the river was flowing,
I sat myself down by the side of the Dee.

Flow on lovely Dee, flow on thou sweet river,
'Thy banks purest stream shall be dear to me ever,
Where I first gained the affection and favour
Of Jemmy the pride of the banks of the Dee.

But now he's gone from me, and left me thus
mourning,

To quell the proud rebels, for valiant is he,
As yet there's no hopes of his speedy returning,
To wander again on the banks of the Dee.

Flow on lovely Dee, &c.

He's gone, hapless youth, o'er the loud roaring
billows,

The sweetest and kindest of all the brave fellows,
And has left me to mourn amongst the lov'd willows,
The loneliest maid on the banks of the Dee.

Flow on, &c.

But time and my prayers perhaps may restore him,
Blest peace may restore my dear shepherd to me,
And when he comes home with such care I'll watch
o'er him,

He never shall quit the sweet banks of the Dee.

Flow on, &c.

The

The Dee then shall flow, all its beauties displaying,
 The lambs on the banks shall again be seen
 playing,
 Whilst I and my Jemmy are carelessly straying,
 And tasting the sweets of the banks of the Dee.
 Flow on, &c.

CXXVI.

WITH tuneful pipe and merry glee,
 Young Jockey won my heart,
 A bonnier lad you ne'er cou'd see,
 All beauty without art.

In Aberdeen there ne'er was seen,
 A lad so blithe and gay ;
 His glancing een and comely mien,
 Has stole my heart away.

Young Jemmy courts with artful song,
 But vain is a' his love ;
 My Jockey blithe has lov'd me long,
 To him I'll constant prove.

In Aberdeen, &c.

No more shall I of sorrow know,
 Nor ever more complain,
 Nor fear my mammy's threats, I trow,
 Now Jockey is mine ain.

In Aberdeen, &c.

CXXVII.

I WAS anes a well-tocher'd lass,
 My mither left dollars to me ;
 But now I'm brought to a poor pass,
 My step-dame hasgart them to flee.
 My father he's aften frae hame,
 And she plays the de'el with his gaer ;
 She neither has lateth nor shame,
 And keeps the hale house in a steer,
 She's barmy-fac'd, thriftless, and bauld,
 And gars me aft fret and repine ;
 While hungry, haff naked, and cauld,
 I see her destroy what is mine :
 But soon I might hope a revenge,
 And soon of my sorrows be free,
 My poorteth to plenty wad change,
 If she were hung up on a tree.

Quoth Ringan, who lang time had loo'd
 This bonny lass tenderly,
 I'll take thee, sweet maid, in thy snood,
 Gif thou wilt gae hame with me..
 'Tis only your sell that I want,
 Your kindness is better to me,
 Than a' that your step-mother, scant
 Of grace, now has taken frae thee.

I'm but a young farmer it's true,
 And ye are a sprout of a laird ;
 But I have milk-cattle enew,
 And rowth of good rucks in my yard :
 Ye shall have naithing to fash ye,
 Sax servants shall youk to thee :
 Then kilt up thy coats, my lassie,
 And gae thy ways hame with me.

The maiden her reason employ'd,
 Not thinking the offer amiss,
 Consented ;—while Ringan o'erjoy'd,
 Receiv'd her with mony a kiss.
 And now she sits blythly fingan,
 And joking her drunken step-dame ;
 Delighted with her dear Ringan,
 That makes her good-wife at hame.

CXXVIII.

HOW blythe was I each morn to see
 My swain come o'er the hill ;
 He leap'd the brook, and flew to me :
 I'fe met him with good-will.

I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,
 When his flocks near me lay ;
 He gather'd in my sheep at night,
 And chear'd me all the day,

He tun'd his pipe, and play'd so sweet,
 The birds sat list'ning by ;
 And the dull cattle stood and gaz'd,
 Charm'd with his melody.

He did oblige me ev'ry hour,
 Cou'd I but grateful be ?
 He won my heart, cou'd I refuse
 Whate'er he ask'd of me ?

Hard fate ! that I must banish'd be,
 Go heavily and mourn,
 'Cause I oblig'd the kindest swain
 That ever yet was born.

CXXIX.

IN April, when primroses paint the sweet plain,
 And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain ;
 The yellow hair'd laddie would oftentimes go
 To wild and deep glens, where the hawthorn
 tree grows.

There under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
 With freedom he sung his loves ev'ning and morn ;
 He sang with so fast and enchanting a bound,
 That sylvans and fairies unseen danc'd around.

The shepherd thus sung, tho' young Madie be fair,
 Her beauty is dash'd with a scornfu' proud air ;
 But Sufie was handsome, and sweetly could sing ;
 Her breath like the breezes perfum'd in the spring.

That

That Madie in all the gay bloom of her youth,
Like the moon was unconstant, and never spoke
truth :

But Sufie was faithful, good humour'd and free,
And fair as the goddess who sprung from the sea.

That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great
dow'r,

Was aukwardly airy, and frequently sowr.

Then fighing, he wisted, would parents agree,
The witty sweet Sufie his mistress might be.

CXXX.

I HAVE a green purse and wee pickle gow'd,
A bonny piece of land and planting on't,
It fattens my flocks, and my barns it has stow'd;
But the best thing of a's yet wanting on't :
To grace it and trace it,
And gi'e me delight ;
To bless me, and kiss me,
And comfort my fight,
With beauty by day, and kindness by night,
And nae mair my lane gang fauntring on't.

My Christy she's charming and good as she's fair ;
Her een and her mouth are enchanting sweet,
She smiles me on fire, her frowns gi'e despair ;
I love while my heart gaes panting wi't.

Thou

Thou fairest and dearest,
 Delight of my mind,
 Whose gracious embraces
 By heaven were design'd
 For happier transports, and blisses refin'd,
 Nae langer delay thy granting sweet.

For thee, bonny Christy, my shepherds and hinds
 Shall carefully make the year's dainties thine :
 Thus freed frae leigh care, while love fills our minds,
 Our days shall with pleasure and plenty shine.

Then hear me, and cheer me,
 With smiling consent ;
 Believe me, and give me
 No cause to lament :
 Since I ne'er can be happy, till thou say, content,
 I'm pleas'd with my Jamie, and he shall be mine..

CXXXI.

JOKEY fou, Jenny fain,
 Jenny was nae ill to gain ;
 She was courtly, he was kind,
 And thus the wooer tell'd his mind.

Jenny I'll nae mair be nice,
 Gi'e me love at any price ;
 I winna prig for red or whyt,
 Love alone mun gi'e delyt.

Others seek they kenna what,
 In looks, in carriage, and a' that ;
 Give me love, for her I court :
 Love in love makes a' the sport.

Colours mingled unco fine,
 Common motives lang finsyne,
 Never can engage my love,
 Until my fancy first approve.

It is nae meat but appetite,
 That makes our eating a delyt ;
 Beauty is at best deceit ;
 Fancy only kens nae cheat.

CXXXII.

I WILL awa' wi' my love,
 I will awa' wi' her,
 Tho' a' my kin had sworn and said,
 I'll o'er bogie' wi' her.
 If I can get but her consent,
 I dinna care a ftrae ;
 Tho' ilka ane be discontent,
 Awa' wi' her I'll gae.
 I will awa', &c.
 For now she's mistress of my heart,
 And wordy of my hand ;
 And well I wat we shanna part
 For filler or for land.

Let rakes delyte to swear and drink,
 And beaus admire fine lace ;
 But my chief pleasure is to blink
 On Betty's bonny face.
 I will awa', &c.

There a' the beauties do combine,
 Of colour, treats, and air ;
 The faul that sparkles in her een
 Makes her a jewel rare :
 Her flowing wit gives shining life
 To a' her other charms ;
 How blest I'll be, when she's my wife,
 And lock'd up in my arms !
 I will awa',

There blythly will I rant and sing,
 While o'er her sweets I range ;
 I'll cry, your humble servant, king,
 Shamefa' them that wa'd change.
 A kiss of Betty, and a smile,
 Albeit ye wad lay down
 The right ye hae to Briton's Isle,
 And offer me ye'r crown.
 I will awa', &c.

CXXXIII.

MY Soger Laddie
 Is over the sea,
 And he will bring gold
 And money to me ;

And

And when he comes hame,
 'He'll make me a lady,
 My blessing gang with
 My Soger Laddie.

My doughty Laddie
 Is handsome and brave,
 And can as a Soger
 And lover behave ;
 True to his country,
 To love he is steady,
 There's few to compare
 With my Soger Laddie.

Shield him ye angels,
 Frae death in alarms,
 Return him with lawrels
 To my langing arms.
 Syne frae all my care
 Ye'll pleasantly free me,
 When back to my wishes
 My Soger ye gi'e me.

O soon may his honours
 Bloom fair on his brow ;
 As quickly they must,
 If he get his due :
 For in noble actions
 His courage is ready,
 Which makes me delight
 In my Soger Laddie.

CXXXIV.

Tune—*Nansy's to the green wood gane.*

I YIELD dear Lassie, you have won,
 And there is nae denying,
 That sure as light flows frae the sun,
 Frae love proceeds complying ;
 For a'that we can do or say,
 'Gainst love, nae thinker heeds us ;
 They ken our bosoms lodge the fae,
 That by the heart-strings leads us.

[CXXXV.]

O Had away, had away,
 Had away frae me, Donald ;
 Your heart is made o'er large for ane,
 It is not meet for me, Donald ;
 Some fickle mistress you may find
 Will jilt as fast as thee, Donald ;
 To ilka swain she will prove kind,
 And nae less kind to thee, Donald.
 But I've a heart that's naithing sach,
 'Tis fill'd with honesty, Donald ;
 I'll ne'er love mony, I'll love much,
 I hate all levity, Donald.

Therefore

Therefore, nae mair, with art, pretend
 Your heart is chain'd to mine, Donald;
 For words of falsehood I'll defend,
 A roving love like thine, Donald.

First when you courted, I must own,
 I frankly favour'd you, Donald;
 Apparent worth and fair renown
 Made me believe you true, Donald.
 Ilk virtue then seem'd to adorn
 The man esteem'd by me, Donald;
 But now the mask fallen aff, I scorn
 To ware a thought on thee, Donald.

And now, for ever, had away,
 Had away frae me, Donald;
 Gae seek a heart that's like your ain,
 And come nae mair to me, Donald:
 For I'll reserve my sell for ane
 For ane that's liker me, Donald;
 If sic a ane I canna find,
 I'll ne'er loo man, nor thee, Donald.

DONALD

Then I'm thy man, and false report
 Has only tald a lie, Jenny;
 To try thy truth, and make us sport,
 The tale was rais'd by me, Jenny.

JENNY.

When this ye prove, and still can love,
 Then come away to me, Donald;
 I'm well content, ne'er to repent
 That I have smil'd on thee, Donald.

CXXXVI.

NOW the sun's gane out o' fight,
 Beet the ingle, and snuff the light:
 In glens the fairies skip and dance,
 And witches wallop o'er to France,
 Up in the air
 On my bonny grey mare;
 And I see her yet, and I see her yet.
 Up in, &c,

The wind's drifting hail and sna',
 O'er frozen hags, like a foot-ba';
 Nae starns keek through the azure slit,
 'Tis cauld, and mirk as ony pit,
 The man i' the moon
 In carousing aboon;
 D'ye see, d'ye see, d'ye see him yet ?
 The man, &c,

Take your glaſs to clear your een,
 'Tis the Elixir heals the spleen,
 Baith wit and mirth it will inspire,
 And gently puffs the lover's fire.

Up in the air
 It drives away care;
 Ha'e wi' ye, ha'e wi' ye, and ha'e wi' ye lads,
 yet.
 Up in, &c.

Steek the doors, keep out the frost ;
 Come Willie, gie's about ye'r tost ;
 Til't lads, and lilt it out,
 And let us ha'e a blythsome bout.
 Up wi't there, there,
 Dinna cheat, but drink fair :
 Huzza, huzza, and huzza, lads, yet.
 Up wi't, &c.

CXXXVII.

JOCKEY. FAIREST Jenny, thou mun love me.
JENNY. Troth, my bonny lad, I do.

JOCKEY. Gin thou saist thou dost approve me,
 Dearest, thou mun kiss me too.

JENNY. Tawk a kiss or twa, good Jockey ;
 But I dare give nene, I trow :
 Fie, nay, pish ; be not unlucky ;
 Wed me first, and aw will do.

JOCKEY. For aw Fife, and lands about,
 Ise not yield thus to be bound.

JENNY. Nor I lig by thee without it,
 For twa hundred thousand pound.

JOCKEY. Thou wilt die if I forsake thee.

JENNY. Better die than be undone.

JOCKEY. Gin 'tis so, come on, ise tawk thee :
 'Tis too cold to lig alone.

CXXXIX.

BENEATH a green shade, I faund a fair maid,
 Was sleeping sound and still-o,
 Alow and wi' love, my fancy did rove,
 Around her wi' gud will-o :
 Her bosom I prest, but sunk in her rest,
 She stir'd na my joy to spill-o ;
 While kindly she slept, close to her I crept,
 And kiss'd, and kiss'd her my fill-o.

Oblig'd by command, in Flanders to land,
 To shew my courage and skill-o,
 Fra her quickly I staw, hoist sails and awa,
 For wind blew fair on the bollow :
 Twa years brought me hame, where loud fraising
 fame.
 Tald me, with a voice right shrill-o,
 My laff, like a fool, had mounted the stool,
 Nor ken'd who'd done her the ill-o.

Mair fond of her charms, my son in her arms,
 I ferlying speer'd how she fell-o ?
 Wi' the tear in her eye, quoth she, Let me die,
 Sweet sir, gin I can tell-o :
 Love gave the command, I took her by the hand,
 And bad her a' fears expell-o,
 And no mair look wan, for I was the man,
 Wha'd done her the deed myself-o.

My bonny sweet lass, on the gowany grass,
 Beneath the shilling hill-o,
 If I did offence, ife make ye amends,
 Before I leave Peggy's mill-o.
 Oh, the mill, mill, oh ! and the kill, kill-o,
 And the coging of the wheel-o ;
 The sack and the sieve, a' thae ye maun leave,
 And round wi' a sodger reel-o.

CXL.

A BONNY lad there was,
 And Jockey was his name,
 He courted long a lass,
 But cou'd na wrong her fame.

He proffer'd money, proffer'd land,
 He fought her night and day ;
 But still she wou'd na understand,
 But answer'd Jockey, Nay.

But he, a cunning wary loon,
 Found eance a pleasant hour ;
 We'as me, quo he, I'se ha my boon,
 And tuke her tell a bow'r.

He lig'd her on the grass,
 Where they had muckle play ;
 And ever since, the bonny lass
 Has ne'er cry'd Jockey, nay.

CXLI.

WHAT garris the foulish mayde complain,
 That Willy proves a faithless loone ?
 E'en let him gang his gate amayne,
 Ye'as find still mear when he is gone.

He was a bonny, bonny lad, 'tis true,
 And soon a lass cou'd win ;
 But sen he's gone, e'en let him gang,
 And bate th' huke, and bate th' huke ag'in.

CXLII.

HEAR me, ye nymphs, and ev'ry swain,
 I'll tell how Peggy grieves me ;
 Tho' thus I languish, thus complain,
 Alas ! she ne'er believes me.
 My vows and sighs, like silent air,
 Unheeded, never move her ;
 At the bonny-bush a boon Traquair,
 'Twas there I first did love her.

That day she smil'd, and made me glad,
 No maid seem'd ever kinder,
 I thought myself the luckiest lad,
 So sweetly there to find her :
 I try'd to sooth my am'rous flame,
 In words that I thought tender ;
 If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame,
 I meant not to offend her.

Yet

Yet now she scornful flies the plain,
 The fields we then frequented ;
 If e'er we meet, she shews disdain,
 She looks as ne'er acquainted.
 The bonny bush bloom'd fair in May,
 Its sweets I'll aye remember ;
 But now her frowns make it decay,
 It fades, as in December.

Ye rural pow'rs who hear my strains,
 Why thus shou'd Peggy grieve me ?
 Oh ! make her partner in my pains ;
 Then let her smiles relieve me :
 If not, my love will turn despair,
 My passion no more tender ;
 I'll leave the bush aboon Traquair,
 To lonely wilds I'll wander.

 CXLIII.

Tune, *Thro' the wood laddie,*

AS early I walk'd, on the first of sweet May,
 Beneath a steep mountain,
 Beside a clear fountain,
 I heard a grave lute soft melody play,
 Whilst the echo resounded the dolorous lay.

I listen'd and look'd, and spy'd a young swain,
 With aspect distressed,
 And spirits oppressed,
 Seem'd clearing afresh like the sky after rain ;
 And thus he discover'd how he strove with his pain.

Tho'

Tho' Eliza be coy, why shou'd I repine
 That a maid much above me,
 Vouchsafes not to love me?
 In her high sphere of worth I never cou'd shine ;
 Then why shou'd I seek to debase her to mine?

 No! henceforth esteem shall govern desire,
 And in due subjection,
 Return warm affection ;
 To shew that self-love inflames not my fire,
 And that no other swain can more humble admire.

 When passion shall cease to rage in my breast,
 Then quiet returning,
 Shall hush my sad mourning,
 And, lord of myself, in absolute rest,
 I'll hug the condition which heav'n shall think best.

 Thus friendship unmix'd, and wholly refin'd,
 May still be respected,
 Tho' love is rejected :
 Eliza shall own, tho' to love not inclined,
 'That she ne'er had a friend like her lover resign'd.

 May the fortunate youth, who hereafter shall woo,
 With prosp'rous endeavour,
 And gain her dear favour,
 Know as well as I, what to Eliza is due ;
 Be much more deserving, but never less true.

CXLIV.

ANN thou wert my ain thing,
 I wou'd love thee, I wou'd love thee ;
 Ann thou wert my ain thing,
 So dearly I wou'd love thee.
 I wou'd clasp thee in my arms,
 I'd secure thee from all harms,
 Above all mortals thou hast charms,
 So dearly I do love thee.

Of race divine thou needs must be,
 Since naithing earthly equals thee ;
 For heaven's sake, oh ! favour me,
 Who only live to love thee.
 The gods one thing peculiar have,
 To ruin none whom they can save ;
 Oh ! for their sake, support a slave,
 Who only lives to love thee.

To merit I no claim can make,
 But that I love, and for thy sake,
 What man can name, I'll undertake ;
 So dearly I do love thee.
 My passion, constant as the sun,
 Flames stronger still, will ne'er have done,
 Till fates my thread of life have spun,
 Which breathing out, I'll love thee.

Like bees that suck the morning dew,
 Frae flowers of sweetest scent and hue,
 Sae wad I dwell upo' thy mou,
 And gar the gods envy me.

Sae

Sae lang's I had the use of light,
 I'd on thy beauties feast my sight,
 Syne, in soft whispers thro' the night,
 I'd tell how much I lov'd thee.

How fair and ruddy is my Jean,
 She moves a goddess o'er the green ;
 Were I a king, thou shoud'ft be queen,
 Nane but my sell aboon thee :
 I'd grasp thee to this breast of mine,
 Whilst thou, like ivy or the vine,
 Around my stronger limbs shou'dst twine,
 Form'd hardy to defend thee.

Time's on the wing, and will not stay,
 In shining youth let's make our hay,
 Since love admits of nae delay,
 Oh ! let nae scorn undo thee.
 While love does at his altar stand,
 Hae there's my heart, gi'e me thy hand,
 And, with ilk smile, thou shalt command
 The will of him wha loves thee.

CXLV.

Tune—*The young Laird and Edinburg Katy.*

NOW wat ye wha I met yestern,
 Coming down the street, my jo?
 My mistress in her tartan screen,
 For bony, braw and sweet, my Jo.

My

My dear, quoth I, thanks to the night,
 That never wisht a lover ill,
 Since ye're out of your mither's fight.
 Let's take a wauk up to the hill.

O Katy, wiltu gang wi' me,
 And leave the dinsome town awhile ;
 The blossom's sprouting frae the tree,
 And a' the simmer's gawn to smile :
 The mavis, nightingale and lark,
 The bleeting lambs and whistling hind,
 In ilka dale, green, shaw and park,
 Will nourish health, and glad ye're mind.

Soon as the clear goodman of day
 Bends up his morning draught of dew,
 We'll gae to some Burn-side, and play,
 And gather flowers to busk ye're brow.
 We'll pou the daisies on the green,
 The lucken gowans frae the bog ;
 Between hands now and then we'll lean,
 And sport upo' the velvet fog.

There's up into a pleasant glen,
 A wee piece frae my father's tower,
 A canny soft and flow'ry den,
 Which circling birks have form'd a bower :
 Whene'er the sun grows high and warm,
 We'll to the cauler shade remove ;
 There will I lock thee in mine arm,
 And love and kis, and kis and love.

CXLVI.

O STEER her up, and had her gawn,
 Her mither's at the mill, Jo ;
 But gin she winna tak a man,
 E'en let her tak her will, Jo,
 Prithee, lad, leave silly thinking,
 Cast thy cares of love ~~away~~ :
 Let's our sorrows drown in drinking ;
 'Tis Daffin langer to delay.
 See that shining glass of claret ;
 How invitingly it looks !
 Take it aff, and let's have mair o't ;
 Pox on fighting, trade, and books.
 Let's have pleasure while we're able ;
 Bring us in the meikle bowl ;
 Plac't on th' middle o' the table ;
 And let wind and weather growl.
 Call the drawer, let him fill it
 Fou as ever it can hold :
 O tak tent ye dinna spill it :
 'Tis mair precious far than gold.
 By you've drank a dozen bumpers,
 Bacchus will begin to prove,
 Spite of Venus and her mumpers,
 Drinking better is than love.

CXLVII.

CXLVII.

SHOU'D auld acquaintance be forgot,

Tho' they return with scars !

Those are the noble hero's lot,

Obtain'd in glorious wars :

Welcome, my Varo, to my breast,

Thy arms about me twine,

And make me once again as blest,

As I was lang syne.

Methinks around us, on each bough,

A thousand Cupids play ;

Whilst thro' the groves I walk with you,

Each object makes me gay :

Since your return the sun and moon

With brighter beams do shine,

Streams murmur soft notes while they run,

As they did lang syne.

Despise the court, and din of state ;

Let that to their share fall,

Who can esteem such slavery great,

While bounded like a ball ;

But, sunk in love, upon my arms

Let your brave head recline ;

We'll please ourselves with mutual charms,

As we did lang syne.

O'er moor and dale, with your gay friend,

You may pursue the chace,

And, after a blythe bottle, end

All cares in my embrace :

And, in a vacant rainy day,
 You shall be wholly mine ;
 We'll make the hours run smooth away,
 And laugh at lang syne.

The hero pleas'd with the sweet air,
 And signs of gen'rous love,
 Which had been utter'd by the fair,
 Bow'd to the pow'r above :
 Next day, with consent and glad haste,
 They knelt before the shrine,
 Where the good priest the couple blest,
 And put them out of peine.

CXLVIII.

T WAS within a furlong of Edinborough town,
 In the rosy time of year, when the grass was
 down,
 Bonny Jockey, blith and gay,
 Said to Jenny, making hay,
 Let us sit a little, dear, and prattle,
 'Tis a sultry day.
 He long had courted the black-brown maid ;
 But Jocky was a wag, and wou'd ne'e
 consent to wed :
 Which made her pish and phoo,
 And cry, It ne'er shall do ;
 I cannot, cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot buckl
 to.

He told her marriage was grown a mere joke,
And that none wedded now but the scoundrel folk :

Yet, my dear, thou shou'dst prevail,

But, I know not what I ail ;

I shall dream of clogs, and silly dogs

With bottles at their tail.

But I'll give thee gloves, and a bongrace to wear,
And a pretty silly foal, to ride out and take the air,

If thou ne'er wilt pish and phoo,

And cry, It ne'er shall do,

I cannot, cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot buckle
to.

That you'll give me trinkets, cry'd she, I believe ;
But ah ! what in return must your poor Johnny
give ?

When my maiden treasure's gone,

I must gang to London town,

And roar and rant, and patch and paint,

And kiss for half a crown ;

Each drunken bully I must oblige for pay,

And earn an hated living an odious way ;

No, no, it ne'er shall do ;

For a wife I'll be to you,

Or I cannot, cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot
buckle to.

CXLIX.

YOUNG Jockey, blith as early dawn,
Starts fresh and fair as roses blown ;

Then o'er the dewy lawn he roves,
And greets the lass he dearly loves,
Sweet smells the kirk, green grows the grass,
Dear Jug, will nothing move thee?
Be kind, be true, my bonny lass,
I only live to love thee.

To merit I no claim can make,
But that I'd die for your dear sake;
From ev'ry other busines free,
My life and love shall follow thee.
Sweet smells the kirk, &c.

Time's on the wing, and will not stay,
In shining youth let's make our hay;
While Love does at his altar stand,
Give me your heart, and give your hand:
Sweet smells the kirk, &c.

CL.

Tune, — *I'll never leave thee.*

JOHNNY.

THO' for seven years and mair honour shou'd
reave me,
To fields where cannons rair, thou need not grieve
thee;
For deep in my spirit thy sweets are indented,
And love shall preserve aye what love has im-
printed.

Leave

Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
Gang the world as it will, dearest, believe me.

NELLY.

O Johnny, I'm jealous, whene'er ye discover
My sentiments yielding, ye'll turn a loose rover;
And nought i'the warld wad vex my heart fairer,
If you prove unconstant, and fancy ane fairer
Grieve me, grieve me, oh it wad grieve me,
A' the lang night and day, if you deceive me.

JOHNNY.

My Nelly, let never sic fancies oppres ye;
For while my blood's warm, I'll kindly caress ye,
Your blooming saft beauties first leeted love's fire,
Your virtue and wit make it aye flame the hyer:
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
Gang the world as it will, dearest, believe me.

NELLY,

Then, Johnny, I frankly this minute allow ye,
To think me your mistress, for love gars me trow
ye;
And gin you prove fa'se, to ye'er sel it be said
then,
Ye'll win but sma' honour to wrang a kind maiden:
Reave me, reave me, heav'ns! it wad reave me,
Of my rest night and day, if ye deceive me.

JOHNNY.

Bid iceshogles hammer red goads on the studdy,
 And fair simmer mornings nae mair appear ruddy;
 Bid Britons think ae gate, and when they obey ye;
 But never, till that time, believe I'll betray ye:
 Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee;
 The starns shall gang wither shins ere I deceive
 thee.

CLI.

JOCKIE was a dowdy lad,
 And Jemmie swarth and tawny;
 Then my heart no captive made,
 For that was prize to Sawnie.
 Jockie woos, and sighs and sues,
 And Jemmie offers money;
 Weel I see they both love me,
 But I love only Sawnie.

Jockey high his voice can raise,
 And Jemmie tunes the viol;
 But when Sawnie pipes sweet lays,
 My heart kens no denial.
 One, he sings, and t'other's strings,
 'Tho' sweet, yet only teaze me;
 Sawnie's flute can only do't,
 And pipe a tune to please me,

CLII.

CLII.

NANSY's to the green-wood gane,
 To hear the gowdspink chatt'ring :
And Willie he has follow'd her,
 To gain her love by flatt'ring :
 But a' that he could say or do,
 She geck'd and scorned at him :
And ay when he began to woo,
 She bade him mind wha gat him.
 What ails ye at my dad, quo' he,
 My minny or my aunty ?
 With crowdy-mowdy they fed me,
 Lang-kail and ranty-tanty :
 With bannocks of good barley-meal,
 Of that there were right plenty,
 With chaped stocks fou butter'd well ;
 And was not that right dainty ?
 Altho' my father was nae laird,
 'Tis daffin to be vaunty,
 He keep it ay a good kail-yard,
 A ha' house and a pantry :
 A good blue bonnet on his head,
 An owrlay 'bout his cragy,
 And ay until the day he died,
 He rade on good shanks nagy.
 Now wae and wander on your snout,
 Wad ye hae bonny Nanfy ?
 Wad ye compare ye'e sell to me,
 A docken till a tansie ?

I have

I have a wooer of my ain,
 They ca' him souple Sandy,
 And well I wat his bonny mou'
 Is sweet like Sugar-candy.

Now Nansy, what needs a' this din ?
 Do I not ken this Sandy ?
 I'm sure the chief of a'his kin
 Was Rab the beggar randy :
 His minny meg upo' her back
 Bare baith him and his Billy ;
 Will he compare a nasty pack
 To me your winsome Willy ?

My gutcher left a good braid sword ;
 Tho' it be auld and rusty,
 Yet ye may tak it on my word,
 It is baith stout and trusty ;
 And if I can but get it drawn,
 Which will be right uneasy,
 I shall lay baith my lugs in pawn,
 That he shall get a heezy.

Then Nansy turn'd her round about,
 And said, did Sandy hear ye,
 Ye widna miss to get a clout :
 I ken he disna fear ye :
 Sae haud ye'r tongue, and say nae mair,
 Set somewhere else your fancy ;
 For as lang's as Sandy's to the fore,
 Ye never shall get Nansy.

CLIII.

ROB's Jock came to woo our Jenny ;
 On ae feast-day when we were fou ;
 She brankit fast, and made her bonny,
 And said, *Jock, come ye here to woo !*
 She burnist her baith breast and brou,
 And made her clearer as ony clock ;
 Then spak her dame, and said, *I trou*
Ye come till woo our Jenny, Jock.

Jock saith, forsuith, *I yern fu' fain*
To luck my head, and sit down by you :
 Then spak her minny, and said again,
My bairn has tocher enough to gie you.
 Tehie ! *qo Jenny, kiek, kiek, I see you :*
Minny, you man makes but a meck.
 Deil hae the—*fu leis me o'you,*
I come to woo your Jenny, qo Jock.

My bairn has tocher of her awin ;
 A guse, a gryce, a cock and hen,
 A stirk, a staig, an acre sawin,
 Bakbread and a bannock-stane ;
 A pig, a pot, and a kirn there ben,
 A kame-but and a kaming-stock ;
 With coags and luggies nine or ten :
Come ye to woo our Jenny, Jock ?

A wecht, a peet-creel and a cradle,

A pair of clips, a graip, a flail,
An ark, an ambry, and a ladle,

A milsie, and a sowne-pale,
A roufy whittle to sheer the kail,

And a timber-mell the bear to knock,
'Twa shelv's made of an auld Fir-dale :

Comeye to woo our Jenny, Jock ?

A form, a furlet, and a peck,

A rock, a reel, and a wheel-band,

A tub, a barrow, and a seck,

A spurtil-braid, and an elwand.

Then Jock took Jenny by the hand,

And cry'd, a feast ! and flew a cock,
And made a brydal upo' land :

Now I have got your Jenny, qo Jock.

Now dame, I have your daughter marri'd,

And tho' ye mak it ne'er fae tough,

I let you wit she's nae miscarri'd,

Its well kend I have geer enough :

Ane auld gawd gloyd fell owre a heugh,

A spade, a peet, a spur, a sock ;

Withouten Owsen I have a pleugh :

May that no fer your Jenny, qo Jock ?

A treen truncher, a ram-horn spoon,

Twa buits of barkit blaifint-leather,

A' graith that ganes to coble shoon,

And a trawcruk to twyne a teather,

Twa crocks that moup among the heather,
 A pair of branks, and a fetter lock,
 A teugh purse made of a swine's blather,
 To had your tocher, Jenny, qo Jock.

Good elding for our winter fire,
 A cod off caff wad fill a cradle,
 A rake of iron to clat the bire,
 A deuk about the dubs to paddle ;
 The pennel of an auld led-sadle,
 And Rob my eem hecht me a stock,
 Twa lusty lip s to lick a ladle ;
 May thir no gane your Jenny, qo Jock ?

A pair of hames and breechom fine,
 And without bitts a bridle-renzie,
 A fark made of the linksome-twine,
 A gay green cloke that will not stenzie ;
 Mair yet in store—I need na fenzie,
 Five hundred flaes, a fendy flock ;
 And are not thae a wakrife menzie,
 To gae to bed with Jenny and Jock ?

Tak thir for my part of the feast,
 It is well known I am well bodin :
 Ye need not say my part is leaft,
 Wer they as meikle as they're lodin.
 The wife speed gin the kail was sodin,
 When we have done, tak hame the brok ;
 The roſt was teugh as Raplach Hodin,
 With which they feasted Jenny and Jock.

CLIV.

RETURN hameward, my heart, again,

And bide where thou was wont to be;

Thou art a fool to suffer pain

For love of ane that loves not thee:

My heart, let be sic fantasie,

Love only where thou haft good cause;

Since scorn and fiking ne'er agree,

The fint a crum of thee she faws,

To what effect should thou be thrall?

Be happy in thine ain free will;

My heart be never beastial,

But ken who does thee good or ill:

At hame with me then tarry still,

And see wha can best play their paws,

And let the silly fling her fill,

For fint a crum of thee she faws.

Tho' she be fair, I will not fenzie,

She's of a kind with mony mae;

For why, they are a felon menzie

That seemeth good, and are not sae.

My heart, take neither sturt nor woe

For Meg, for Marjory, or Mause,

But be thou blyth, and let her gae,

For not a crum of thee she faws.

Remember how that Medea

Wild for a fight of Jason yied;

Remember how young Cresilda

Left Troilus for Diomede:

Remem-

Remember Helen, as we read
 Brought Troy from bliss unto bair waws :
 Then let her gae where she may speed,
 For fint a crum of thee she faws.

Because she said I took it ill,
 For her depart my heart was fair,
 But was beguil'd ; gae where she will,
 Beshrew the heart that first takes care :
 But be thou merry late and air,
 This is the final end and clause,
 And let her feed and fooly fair,
 For fint a crum of thee she faws.

Ne'er dunt again within my breast,
 Ne'er let her flights thy courage spill,
 Nor gie a sob, altho' she sneest,
 She's fairest paid that gets her will.
 She gecks as gif I mean'd her ill,
 When she glaicks paughty in her baws ;
 Now let her snirt and fyke her fill,
 For fint a crum of thee shewaws.

 CLV.

PAIN'd with her slighting Jamie's love,
 Bell drop'd a tear—Bell drop'd a tear
 The Gods descended from above,
 Well pleas'd to hear—well pleas'd to hear :
 They heard the praises of the youth
 From her own tongue—from her own tongue,
 Who now converted was to truth,
 And thus she sung—and thus she sung.

Blest days when our ingenuous sex,
 More frank and kind—more frank and kind
 Did not their lov'd adorers vex ;
 But spoke their mind—but spoke their mind.
 Repenting now, she promis'd fair,
 Wou'd he return—wou'd he return,
 She ne'er again wou'd give him care,
 Or cause him mourn—or cause him mourn.

Why lov'd I thee, deserving swain ?
 Yet still thought shame,—yet still thought
 shame,
 When he my yielding heart did gain,
 To own my flame—to own my flame ?
 Why took I pleasure to torment,
 And seem too coy—and seem too coy ?
 Which makes me now alas ! lament
 My slighted joy—my slighted joy.

Ye fair, while beauty's in its spring,
 Own your desire—own your desire,
 While love's young power with his soft wing
 Fans up the fire—fans up the fire.
 O do not with a silly pride,
 Or low design—or low design,
 Refuse to be a happy bride,
 But answer plain—but answer plain.

Thus the fair mourner wail'd her crime,
 With flowing eyes---with flowing eyes :
 Glad Jamie heard her all the time,
 With sweet surprise—with sweet surprise.

Some God had led him to the grove,
 His mind unchang'd---his mind unchang'd,
 Flew to her arms, and cry'd, my love,
 I am reveng'd—I am reveng'd!

CLVI.

POOR Sawney had marry'd a wife,
 And he knew not what to do with her ;
 For she'd eat more barley-bread,
 Than he knew how to give her :
 We'll all sup together, we'll all sup together,
 We'll make no more beds than one,
 Till Jove sends warmer weather,
 We'll all lig together, we'll all lig together,
 We'll make no more beds than one,
 'Till Jove sends warmer weather.

We'll put the sheep's-head in the pot,
 The wool and the horns together :
 And we will make broth of that,
 And we'll all sup together,
 We'll all sup together, &c.

The wool shall thicken the broth,
 The horns shall serve for bread :
 By this you may understand
 The virtue that's in a sheep's-head :
 And we'll all sup together, &c.

Some shall lig at the head,
 And some shall lig at the feet ;
 Miss Cuddy wou'd lig in the middle,
 Because she'd have all the sheet :
 We'll all lig together, &c.

Miss Cuddy got up in the loft,
 And Sawny wou'd fain have been at her,
 Miss Cuddy fell down in her smock,
 And made the glass windows to clatter :
 We'll all lig together, &c.

The bride she went to bed,
 The bridegroom follow'd after,
 The fidler crept in at the feet,
 And they all lig'd together.
 We'll all lig together, &c.

CLVII.

SAW ye Jenny Nettles,
 Jenny Nettles, Jenny Nettles,
 Saw ye Jenny Nettles,
 Coming frae the market ;
 Bag and baggage on her back,
 Her fee and bountith in her lap ;
 Bag and baggage on her back ;
 And a babie in her oxter.

I met ayont the Kairny,
 Jenny Nettles, Jenny Nettles,
 Singing till her bairny,
 Robin Rattles' bastard ;

To flee the dool upo' the stool,
 And ilka ane that mocks her,
 She round about seeks Robin out,
 To slap it in his oxter.

Fy, fy ! Robin Rattle,
 Robin Rattle, Robin Rattle ;
 Fy, fy ! Robin Rattle,
 Use Jenny Nettles kindly :
 Score out the blame, and shun the shame,
 And without mair debate o't,
 Take hame your wain, mak Jenny fain,
 Theleel and leesome gate o't.

CLVIII.

Tune—*Jocky blyth and gay.*

SWIFT, Sandy, young and gay
 Are still my heart's delight,
 I sing their sangs by day,
 And read their tales at night.
 If frae their books I be,
 'Tis dulness then with me ;
 But when these stars appear,
 Jokes, smiles, and wit shine clear.

Swift, with uncommon stile,
 And wit that flows with ease,
 Instructs us with a smile,
 And never fails to please.

Bright Sandy greatly sings.
Of heroes, gods, and kings :
He well deserves the bays,
And ev'ry Briton's praise.

While thus our Homer shines,
Young with Horatian flame,
Corrects those false designs
We push in love of fame.
Blyth gay, in pawky strains,
Makes villains, clowns, and swains,
Reprove, with biting leer,
Those in a higher sphere.

Swift, Sandy, young, and gay,
Long may you give delight ;
Let all the dunces bray,
You're far above their spite :
Such, from a malice sour,
Write nonsense, lame and poor,
Which never can succeed,
For who the trash will read ?

CLIX.

THE morn was fair, saft was the air,
All nature's sweets were springing ;
The buds did blow with silver dew,
Ten thousand birds were singing :

When

When on the bent, with blyth content,
 Young Jamie sang his marrow,
 Nae bonnier lass e'er trad the grafts
 On Leader-haughs and Yarrow.

How sweet her face, where every grace
 In heavenly beauty's planted ;
 Her smiling een, and comely mien
 That nae perfection wanted.
 I'll never fret, nor ban my fate,
 But blefs my bonny marrow :
 If her dear smile my doubts beguile,
 My mind shall ken nae sorrow.

Yet tho' she's fair, and has full share
 Of every charm enchanting,
 Each good turns ill, and soon will kill
 Poor me, if love be wanting.
 O bonny lass ! have but the grace
 To think, ere ye gae furder ;
 Your joys maun flit, if ye commit
 The crying sin of murder.

My wand'ring ghaist will ne'er get rest,
 And night and day affright ye ;
 But if you're kind, with joyful mind
 I'll study to delight ye.
 Our years around with love thus crown'd,
 From all things joys shall borrow ;
 Thus none shall be more blest than we
 On Leader-haughs and Yarrow.

O sweet-

O sweetest Sue ! 'tis only you
 Can make life worth my wishes,
 If equal love your mind can move
 To grant this best of blisses ;
 Thou art my sun, and thy least frown
 Would blast me in the blossom ;
 But if thou shine, and make me thine,
 I'll flourish in thy bosom.

CLX.

THIS is no mine ain house,
 I ken by the rigging o't ;
 Since with my love I've changed vows,
 I dinna like the bigging o't.
 For now that I'm young Robie's bride,
 And mistress of his fire-side,
 Mine ain house I'll like to guide,
 And please me with the trigging o't.

Then farewell to my father's house,
 I gang where love invites me ;
 The strictest duty this allows,
 When love with honour meets me.
 When Hymen moulds us into ane,
 My Robie's nearer than my kin,
 And to refuse him were a sin,
 Sae lang's he kindly treats me.

When

When I'm in mine ain house,
 True love shall be at hand ay
 To make me still a prudent spouse,
 And let my man command ay ;
 Avoiding ilka cause of strife,
 The common pest of married life,
 That makes ane wearied of his wife,
 And breaks the kindly band ay.

CLXI.

TIS I have seven braw new gowns,
 And ither seven better to mak,
 And yet for a'my new gowns,
 My wooer has turn'd his back.
 Besides I have seven milk-ky,
 And Sandy he has but three ;
 And yet for a' my good ky,
 The laddie winna ha'e me.

My daddy's a delver of dikes,
 My mither can card and spin,
 And I am a fine fodgel lass,
 And the filler comes linkin in :
 The filler comes linkin in,
 And it is fou fair to see,
 And fifty times wow ! O wow !
 What ails the lad at me ?

Whenever

Whenever our Baty does bark,
 Then fast to the door I rin,
 To see gin any young spark
 Will light and venture but in ;
 But never a ane will come in,
 Tho' mony a ane gaes by,
 Syne far ben the house I rin ;
 And a weary wight am I.

When I was at my first prayers,
 I pray'd but anes i'the year,
 I wish'd for a handsome young lad,
 And a lad with muckle gear.
 When I was at my neist prayers,
 I pray'd but now and than,
 I fash'd na my head about gear,
 If I got a handsome young man.

Now when I'm at my last prayers,
 I pray on baith night and day,
 And O ! if a beggar wad come,
 With that same beggar I'd gae.
 And O ! and what'll come o'me ?
 And O ! what'll I do ?
 That sic a braw Lassie as I,
 Shou'd die for a wooer I trow.

CLXII.

Tune—*My dady forbad*

WHEN I think on my lad,
 I sigh and am sad,

For

For now he is far frae me.

My dady was harsh,

My minny was warse,

That gart him gae yont the sea.

Without an estate,

That made him look blate,

And yet a brave lad is he,

Gin safe he comes hame,

In spite of my dame,

He'll ever be welcome to me.

Love speers nae advice

Of parents o'er wife,

That have but ae bairn like me,

That looks upon cash,

As naithing but trash,

That shackles what should be free,

And tho' my dear lad

Nae ane penny had,

Since qualities better has he;

Albert I'm an heiress,

I think it but fair is,

To love him, since he loves me.

Then, my dear Jamie,

To thy kind Jeanie,

Haste, haste thee in o'er the sea,

To her wha can find

Nae ease in her mind.

Without a blyth sight of thee.

Tho'

'Tho my daddy forbad,
And my minny forbad,
Forbidden I will not be;
For since thou alone
My favour hast won,
Nane else shall e'er get it for me.

Yet then I'll not grieve,
Or without their leave
Gi'e my hand as a wife to thee;
Be content with a heart,
That can never desert,
Till they cease to oppose, or be.

My parents may prove
Yet friends to our love,
When our firm resolves they see:
Then I with pleasure
Will yield up my treasure,
And a' that love orders, to thee.

CLXIII.

WHEN I've Sax-pence under my thumb,
Then I get credit in ilka town:
But ay when I'm poor they bid me gang by;
O! poverty parts good company.
Todlen hame, todlen hame,
Coudna my love come todlen hame.

• Fair-fa'

Fair-fa' the goodwife, and send her good sale,
 She gi'es us white bannocks to drink her ale,
 Syne if that her tippory chance to be sma',
 We'll tak a good scour o't, and ca't awa'.

Todlen hame, todlen hame,
 As round as a neep come todlen hame.

My kimmer and I lay down to fleet,
 And twa bint-stoups at our bed's-feet ;
 And ay when we waken'd, we drank them dry :
 What think ye of my wee kimmer and I ?

Todlen butt, and todlen ben,
 Sae round as my love comes todlen hame.

Leez me on liquor, my todlen dow,
 Ye're ay sae good-humour'd when weeting you
 mou :

When sober sae sour, ye'll fight with a flee,
 That 'tis a blyth fight to the bairns and me,
 When todlen hame, todlen hame,
 When round as a neep ye come todlen hame.

CLXIV.

WHEN innocent pastime our pleasure did crown,
 Upon a green meadow, or under a tree ;
 Ere Annie became a fine lady in town,
 How lovely and loving and bonny was she ?
 Rouze up thy reason, my beautiful Annie,
 Let ne'er a new whim ding thy fancy a-jee.
 O ! as thou art bonny be faithfu' and canny,
 And favour thy Jamie wha doats upon thee.

Does the death of a lintwhite give Annie the spleen ?

Can tyning of trifles be uneasy to thee ?
Can lap-dogs and monkies draw tears fra these een,

That look with indiff'rence on poor dying me
Rouze up thy reason, my beautifu' Annie,

And dinna prefer a paroquet to me ;
O ! as thou art bonny, be prudent and canny,

And think on thy Jamie who doats upon thee.

Ah ! shou'd a new manteau, or Flanders-lace head,

Or yet a wee cottie, tho' never sae fine,

Gar thee grow forgetfu', and let his heart bleed,

That anes had some hope of purchasing thine ?

Rouze up, &c.

Shall a Paris edition of new-fangl'd Sawny,

Tho' gilt o'er wi' laces and fringes he be,

By adoring himself, be admir'd by fair Annie,

And aim at these benisons promis'd to me ?

Rouze up thy reason, my beautifu' Annie,

And never prefer a light dancer ro me ;

O ! as thou art bonny be constant and canny,

Love only thy Jamie wha doats upon thee.

O ! think, my dear charmer, on ilka sweet hour,

That slade away fastly between thee and me ;

Ere squirrels, or beaus, or fopp'ry had power

To rival my love, and impose upon thee.

Rouze up thy reason, my beautifu' Annie,

And let thy desires be a' center'd in me ;

O ! as thou art bonny be faithfu' and canny,

And love him wha's langing to center in thee.

CLXV.

WILL ye go to the Ew-bughts, Marion,

And wear in the sheep wi' me;

The sunshine's sweet, my Marion,

But nae haif sae sweet as thee.

O Marion's a bonny lass,

And the blyth blinks in her eye;

And fain wad I marry Marion,

Gin Marion wad marry me.

There's gowd in your garters, Marion,

And silk on your white hauss-bane;

Fu' fain wad I kiss my Marion

At e'en when I come hame.

There's braw lads in Earnflaw, Marion,

Who gape, and glows with their eye

At Kirk when they see my Marion;

But none of them lo'es like me.

I've nine milk-ews, my Marion,

A cow and a brawny quey;

I'll gie' them a'to my Marion,

Just on her bridal day;

And ye's get a green sey apron,

And waistcoat o'th London brown,

And now but ye will be vap'ring,

Whene'er ye gang to the town.

I'm young and stout, my Marion;

Nane dance like me on the green;

And gin ye forsake me, Marion,

I'll e'en gae draw up wi' Jean:

Sae put on your pearlins, Marion,
 And kirtle of the cramasie ;
 And soon as my chin has nae hair on,
 I shall come west, and see ye.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CLXVI.

Sung in the WATERMAN.

Written by Mr. DIBBIN.

AND did you not hear of a jolly young waterman,
 Who at Black-friar's-bridge used for to ply ;
 And he feather'd his oars with such skill and dexterity,
 Winning each heart, and delighting each eye.
 He look'd so neat, and he row'd so steadily,
 The maidens all flock'd in his boat so readily,
 And he ey'd the young rogues with so charming
 an air,
 That this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

What fights of fine folks he oft row'd in his wherry,
 'Twas cleaned out so nice, and so painted withal,
 He was always first oars when the fine city ladies
 In a party to Ranelagh went, or Vauxhall.
 And oftentimes would they be giggling and leering,
 But 'twas all one to Tom, their gibing and jeering,
 For loving or liking he little did care,
 For this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

And

And yet, but to see how strangely things happen,
 As he row'd along, thinking of nothing at all,
 He was ply'd by a damsel so lovely and charming,
 That she smil'd, and so straightway in love he did fall.
 And would this young damsel but banish his sorrow,
 He'd wed her to-night before to-morrow;
 And how should this waterman ever know care,
 When he's marry'd, and never in want of a fare.

CLXVII.

Sung in the COBLER.

Written by Mr. DIBDIN.

“TWAS in a village, near Castlebury,
 A cobler and his wife diddwell,
 And for a time no two so merry,
 Their happiness no tongue can tell.
 But to this couple, the neighbours tell us,
 Something did happen that caus'd much strife,
 For, going to a neighbouring alehouse,
 The man got drunk and beat his wife,
 But though he treated her so vilely,
 What did his wife, good creature, do?
 Kept snug, and found a method sly
 To wring his heart quite through and through;
 For Dick the tapster and his master,
 By the report that then was rife,
 Were both in hopes, by this disaster,
 To gain the cobler's pretty wife.

While things went on to rack an ruin,
 And all their furniture was sold,
 She seem'd to approve what each was doing,
 And got from each a purse of gold.
 So when the cobler's cares were over,
 He swore to lead an alter'd life,
 To mind his work, ne'er be a rover,
 And love no other than his wife.

CLXVIII.

Sung in Poor Vulcan.

Written by Mr. DIBDIN.

COME, every man now give his toast,
 Fill up the glafs, I'll tell you mine,
 Wine is the mistress I love most,
 This is my toast—now give me thine.

Well said my lad, ne'er let it stand,
 I give my Chloe, nymph divine,
 May love and wine go hand in hand ;
 This is my toast—now give me thine.

Fill up your glasses to the brink,
 Hebe let no one dare decline,
 'Twas Hebe taught me first to drink :
 This is my toast—now give me thine.

Gammen, I give my wife d'ye see,
 May all to make her bleſt combine,
 So ſhe be far enough from me :
 This is my toast—now give me thine.

Let

Let constant lovers at the feet
 Of pale-fac'd wenches sigh and pine,
 For me, the first kind girl I meet
 Shall be my toast—now give me thine.

You toast your wife, and you your lass,
 My boys and welcome; here's the wine,
 For my part, he who fills my glass
 Shall be my toast—now give me thine.

Spirit, my lads, and toast away,
 I have still one with yours to join;
 That we may have enough to pay,
 This is my toast—now give me thine.

CLXIX.

Sung in Poor Vulcan.

Written by Mr. DIBDIN

COME all ye gem'men volunteers,
 Of glory who would share,
 And leaving with your wives your fears,
 To the drum head repair.

Or to the noble Serjeant Pike,
 Come, come, without delay,
 You'll enter into present pay,
 My lads the bargain strike.

A golden guinea and a crown,
 Besides the Lord knows what renown,
 His Majesty the donor,
 And if you die,
 Why then you lie
 Stretch'd out on the bed of honour.

Does any prentice work too hard,
 Fine cloaths would any wear,
 Would any one his wife discard,
 To the drum head repair.
 Or to the noble, &c.

Is your estate put out to nurse,
 Are you a cast-off heir,
 Have you no money in your purse,
 To the drum head repair.
 Or to the noble, &c.

CLXX.

Sung in the SERAGLIO.

Written by Mr. DIBDIN.

THE signal to engage shall be
 A whistle and a hollow,
 Be one and all but firm like me,
 And conquest soon will follow.

You

You gunnel keep the helm in hand,
 Thus, thus boys, steady, steady ;
 Till right a-head you see the land,
 Then, soon as we are ready,

The signal, &c.

Keep boys a good look out, d'ye hear,
 'Tis for old England's honour ;
 Just as you've brought your lower tier
 Broadside to bear upon her,

The signal, &c.

All hands then, lads, the ship to clear,
 Load all your guns and mortars.
 Silent as death th' attack prepare,
 And, when your all at quarters,

The signal, &c.

CLXXI.

WHEN the sails catch the breeze and the anchor is weigh'd,
 To bear me from Anna, my beautiful maid,
 The top-mast ascending, I look for my dear,
 And sigh that her features imperfect appear :
 Till aided by fancy, her charms I still trace,
 And for me see the tears trickle down her pale face ;
 While her handkerchief waving solicits my view,
 And I heard her sweet lips, sadly sigh out adieu.

The

The pleasing delusion not long can prevail,
 Higher rise the proud waves, and more brisk
 blows the gale ;
 The gale that regards not the sighs that it bears,
 The proud waves, still unmoved, tho' augmented
 by tears.

Ah ! will ye not one single moment delay,
 Oh ! think fram what rapture you bear me away !
 Then my eyes strain in vain my dear Anna to
 view,
 And a tear drops from each as I sigh out adieu.

Yet some comfort it gives to my agoniz'd mind,
 That I still see the land where I left her behind ;
 The land that gave birth to my charmer and me,
 'Tho' less'ning, my eyes beam with pleasure to see ;
 'Tis the casket that holds all that's dear to my
 heart,
 'Tis the haven where yet we shall meet, ne'er to
 part ?
 If the Fates are propitious to lovers so true ;
 But if not, dearest Anna ! a long, long adieu !

CLXXII.

A C A N T A T A.

RECITATIVE.

NEAR a thick grove, whose deep embow'ring
 shade
 Seem'd most for love and contemplation made ;
 A chrystal stream with gentle murmur flows,
 Whose flow'ry banks are form'd for soft repose ;
 Thither

Thither retir'd from Phœbus' sultry ray,
 And lull'd in sleep, fair Iphigenia lay.
 Cymon, a clown, who never dreamt of love,
 By chance was stumping to the neighb'ring grove;
 He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought,
 And whistled as he went, for want of thought;
 But when he first beheld the sleeping maid,
 He gap'd—he stared—her lovely form survey'd;
 And while with artless voice he sweetly sung,
 Beauty and nature thus inform'd his tongue,

A I R.

The stream that glides in murmurs by,
 Who's glassy bosom shews the sky,
 Completes the rural scene,
 Completes the rural scene;
 But in thy bosom, charming maid,
 All heav'n itself is sure display'd,
 Too lovely Iphigene,
 Too lovely Iphigene.

R E C I T A T I V E,

She wakes and starts—poor Cymon trembling
 stands,
 Down falls the staff from his unnerved hands;
 Bright excellence, said he, dispel all fear,
 Where honour's present, sure no danger's near.
 Half-rais'd, with gentle accent, she replies,
 Oh, Cymon! if 'tis you, I need not rise;
 Thy honest heart no wrong can entertain;
 Pursue thy way, and let me sleep again.
 The clown, transported, was not silent long,
 But thus with extacy pursu'd his song.

A I R.

A I R.

Thy jetty locks, that careless break,
In wanton ringlets down thy neck,

Thy love-inspiring mein,

Thy love-inspiring mein :

Thy swelling bosom, skin of snow,
And taper shape, enchant me so,

I die for Iphigene,

I die for Iphigene.

RECITATIVE.

Amaz'd, she listens, nor can trace from whence
The former clod is thus inspir'd with sense ;
She gazes—finds him comely, tall, and strait,
And thinks he might improve his awkward gait ;
Bids him be secret, and next day attend,
At the same hour, to meet his faithful friend,
Thus mighty love could teach a clown to plead,
And nature's language surest will succeed.

A I R.

Love's a pure, a sacred fire,
Kindling gentle, chaste desire,
Love can rage itself controul,
And elevate, and elevate the human soul,
Deprived of that, our wretched state
Had made our lives of too long date ;
But blest with beauty, and with love,
Blest with beauty and with love,
We taste what angels do above,
What angels do above.

CLXXIV.

Sung in the BASKET-MAKER.

Tune,—*Vicar of Bray.*

BY me the honest man be priz'd,
 His blood with tinkers blended,
 And let the rascal be despis'd,
 From Clovis tho' descended.
 That fools should reverence claim from blood,
 Fly hence the base delusion !
 He's truly noble who is good,
 Hem,—this is Constitution !
 Hard knocks abroad, when I was young,
 I got upon this hard head ;
 With little cross, on button hung,
 I was at home rewarded.
 But to make up for tides of blood,
 A patriot effusion,
 I drink my own, and country's good,—
 Hem !—this is Constitution !
 When snows shall fall, tho' we retire;
 Should age make man unhappy,
 I'll sit beside my cheerful fire,
 And laugh and take my nappy.
 When at my door grim Death shall knock,
 And think to make intrusion,
 Pray call again, says I, Old Cock,
 Hem !—here lives Constitution !

CXLV.

Sung in the BASKET-MAKER.

WHEN keen adversity assails,
 In penury array'd,
 On friends we call, but friendship fails,
 When most we want its aid.
 In partial fortune's sunshine warm,
 Say how can you behold
 The shiv'ring wretch abide the storm,
 Yet keep your heart so cold ?
 To touch thy soul, proud man, how vain,
 Whilst lull'd in soft repose !
 He cannot feel for others pain,
 Who never felt their woes.
 Go taste a bliss unknown before,
 And future joys attend,
 With smiles attend the cottage door,
 And be the poor man's friend.

CLXXVI.

Sung in the BASKET-MAKER,

MES Beaux œuillets doux, come, my pretty pinks
 buy,
 When brilliant the season how sweet was the cry ;
 The

The Lady, the Bishop, the Count and Marquis,
 The Pinks of gay Paris, their Pinks bought of me;
 They always paid double, what then? 'twas my
 due,

So sweet was the cry of my *Beaux œuillets doux*.

The Gard'ner I offer'd my money to pay,
 For the Pinks I bought of him; my dear, he said,
 nay,

Since I saw your lov'd foot, when you stept o'er
 yon stile,

I'd give my whole garden to you for a smile.

At his word I then took him with, dear sir, adieu,
 Yet, I paid him his smile, and then *Beaux œuillets*
doux.

A very fine lord, yet a vile naughty man,
 Would purchase my Pinks, but my person trepan :
 He took out his snuff-box, and cried with an air,
Ah! ma chere, mon Ange—you are devilish fair!
 He fain would have kiss'd me; I cried, *taisez vous*.
 Yet his Louis I touch'd, and then *Beaux œuillets*
doux.

CLXXVII.

Sung in the ELECTION.

WHILST happy in my native land,
 I boast my country's charter;
 I'll never basely lend my hand,
 Her liberties to barter:

The noble mind is not at all,
 By poverty degraded ;
 'Tis guilt alone can make us fall,
 And well I am persuaded,
 Each free-born Briton's song shall be,
 Or give me death or liberty,
 Or give me, &c.

Tho' small the power which fortune grants,
 And few the gifts she sends us,
 The lordly hireling often wants
 That freedom which defends us ;
 By law secur'd from lawless strife,
 Our house is our castellum ;
 Thus bless'd with all that's dear in life,
 For lucre shall we sell 'em ?
 No !—every Briton's song should be,
 Give me death or liberty,
 Give me death, &c.

CLXXVIII.

THE wand'ring sailor ploughs the main,
 A competence in life to gain,
 Undaunted braves the stormy seas,
 To find, at last, content and ease :
 In hopes, when toil and danger's o'er,
 To anchor on his native shore.

When winds blow hard, and mountains roll,
 And thunders shake from pole to pole ;

Tho.

Tho' dreadful waves surrounding foam,
Still flatt'ring fancy wafts him home :
In hopes, when toil and danger's o'er,
To anchor on his native shore.

When round the bowl, the jovial crew,
The early scenes of youth renew,
Tho' each his fav'rite fair will boast,
This is the universal toast—
May we, when toil and danger's o'er,
Cast anchor on our native shore.

CLXXIX.

WHEN Britain first, at Heav'ns command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter, the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung this strain,—
Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves,
For Britons never will be slaves.

The nations, not so blest as thee,
Must in their to tyrants fall ;
Whilst thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish great and
free,
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke ;
As the loud blast, the blast that tears the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.
Rule Britannia, &c..

The haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame,
 All their attempts to bear thee down,
 Will but arouse, arouse thy gen'rous flame,
 And work their woe, and thy renown.

Rule Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign,
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine ;
 And thine shall be, shall be the subject main,
 And ev'ry shore it circles, thine.

Rule Britannia, &c.

The muses, still with freedom found,
 Shall to thy happy coast repair ;
 Blest isle ! with beauties, with matchless beauties
 crown'd,
 And manly hearts to guard the fair.

Rule, Britannia, Britannia rule the waves,
 For Britons never will be slaves.

CLXXX.

Sung in the SCHOOL for SCANDAL

HERE's to the maid of bashful fifteen,
 Likewise to the widow of fifty ;
 Here's to the bold and extravagant quean,
 And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.

Let the toast pass,
 Drink to the lass,

I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.
 Here's to the maiden whose dimples we prize,
 And likewise to her that has none, sir ;
 Here's to the maid with a pair of blue eyes,
 And here's to her that's but one, sir.

Let the toast pass, &c.

Here's

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,
 And to her that's as brown as a berry ;
 And here's to the girl with a face full of woe,
 And here's to the girl that is merry.

Let the toast pass, &c.

Let her be clumsy or let her be slim,
 Young or ancient I care not a feather ;
 So fill the pint bumber quite up to the brim,
 And e'en let us toast them together.

Let the toast pass,

Drink to the lass,

I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

CLXXXI.

HE comes, he comes, the hero comes,
 Sound, sound the trumpet, beat, beat the drum ;
 From port to port let cannons roar,
 He's welcome to the British shore.

Prepare, prepare, your songs prepare,
 Loud, loudly rend the echoing air :
 From pole to pole your joys resound,
 For virtue's his, with glory crown'd.

CLXXXII.

COME, cheer up my lads, 'tis to glory we steer,
 To add something more to this wonderful year ;
 To honour we call you, not press you like slaves,
 For who are so free as the sons of the waves.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Hearts of oak are our ships, hearts of oak are our
men,

We always are ready,

Steady boys, steady;

We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

We ne'er see our foes but we wish them to stay;

They never see us but they wish us away;

If they run, why we follow, and run them ashore,
For if they wont fight us, what can we do more?

Cho. Hearts of Oak, &c.

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes,
They'll frighten our women, our children and beaus;
But should their flat bottoms in darkness get o'er,
Still Britons they'll find to receive them ashore.

Cho. Hearts of Oak, &c.

We'll still make them run, and we'll still make
them sweat,

In spite of the Devil, or Brussel's gazette;

Then cheer up, my lads, with one voice let us
sing,

Our soldiers, our sailors, our country and king!

Cho. Hearts of Oak, &c.

CLXXXIII.

A BUSY humble bee was I,

That range the garden sunny;

From flow'r to flow'r I changing fly,

And ev'ry flow'r's my honey:

Bright

Bright Chloe, with her golden hair,
 Awhile my rich jonquile is,
 Till, cloy'd with sipping Nectar there,
 I shift to rosy Phillis,
 I shift, &c.

But Phillis's sweet op'ning breast,
 Remains not long my station ;
 For Kitty must be now address'd,
 My spicy breath'd carnation :
 Yet Kitty's fragrant bed I leave,
 To other flow'rs I'm rover,
 And all in turns my love receive,
 The gay wide garden over.
 The gay, &c.

Variety, that knows no bound,
 My roving fancy edges ;
 And oft with Flora I am found,
 In dalliance under hedges :
 For, as I am an errand bee,
 Who range each bank that's funny,
 Both fields and gardens are my fee,
 And ev'ry flow'r's my honey.
 And ev'ry, &c.

CLXXXIV.

LET others Damon's praise rehearse,
 Or Collin's at their will ;
 I mean to sing in rustic verse,
 Young Strephon of the hill.

As once I sat beneath the shade,
 Beside a purling rill ;
 Who should invade my solitude,
 But Strephon of the hill.

He tapt my shoulder, snatch'd a kiss,
 I could not take it ill ;
 For nothing sure is done amiss,
 By Strephon of the hill.

Consent, O lovely maid, he cried,
 Nor aim thy swain to kill ;
 Consent this day to be the bride,
 Of Strephon of the hill.

Observe the doves on yonder spray,
 See how they sit and bill ;
 So sweet your time shall pass away
 With Strephon of the hill.

We went to church with hearty glee,
 O love ! propitious still !
 May ev'ry nymph be blest, like me,
 With Strephon of the hill.

CLXXXV.

YOUNG Jockey he courted sweet Mog, the
 Brunette,
 Who had lips like carnation, and eyes black as jet ;
 He coax'd, and he wheedled, and talk'd with his
 eyes,
 And look'd as lovers do—wonderful wise :

Then

Then he swore like a lord how her charms heador'd,
That she'd soon put an end to his suff'rings im-
plor'd ;

For a heart unawares thus his trammels he set,
And soon made a conquest of Mog the Brunette.

They pannel'd their dobbins and rode to the fair,
Still kissing and fond'ling until they came there ;
They call'd at the church, and in wedlock were
join'd,

And Jockey was happy for Moggy was kind :

'Twas now honey moon, time expir'd too soon,
'They revell'd in pleasure night, morning, and noon ;
He call'd her his charmer, his joy and his pet,
And the lasses all envy'd sweet Mog the Brunette.

Then home they return'd, but return'd most un-
kind,

For Jockey rode on and left Moggy behind ;
Surpriz'd at this treatment, she call'd to her mate,
Why Jockey, you're alter'd most strangely of late .

Come on, fool, he cry'd, thou now art my bride,
And when folks are wed they set fooling aside ;
Hard names, and foul words, were the best she
could get,

Strange usage this sure, for sweet Mog the Bru-
nette,

He took home goor Moggy, new conduct to learn,
She brush'd up the house, while he thatch'd the old
barn ;

They laid in a stock for the cares that ensue,
And now live as man and wife usually do :

As their humours excite, they kiss and they fight,
 'Twixt kindness and feuds, pass the morn, noon
 and night ;
 To his sorrow he finds with his match he has met,
 And wishes the Devil had Mog the Brunette.

CLXXXVI.

POOR melancholy bird, that all night long
 Tell'st to the moon thy tale of tender woe,
 From what cause can such sweet sorrow flow,
 And whence this mournful melody of song ?
 Thy poet's musing fancy would translate
 What mean the sounds that swell thy little breast,
 When still at dewy eve thou leav'st thy nest,
 Thus to the listening night to sing thy fate.

Pale Sorrow's victims were thou once among,
 Tho' now releas'd in woodlands wild to rove ;
 Or hast thou felt from friends some cruel wrong,
 Or diest thou martyr of disastrous love ?
 Ah ! songstress sad ! that such my lot might be,
 To sigh and sing at liberty---like thee !

CLXXXVII.

THE heavy hours are almost past,
 That part my love and me ;
 My longing eyes may hope at last
 Their only wish to see : But

But how, my Delia, will you meet
 The man you've lost so long?
 Will love in all your pulses beat,
 And tremble on your tongue?

Will you in ev'ry look declare,
 Your heart is still the same;
 And heal each anxious idle care,
 Our fears in absence frame?
 Thus, Delia, thus I paint the scene,
 When we shall shortly meet,
 And try what yet remains between
 Of loit'ring time to cheat.

But if the dream that soothes my mind,
 Shall false and groundless prove;
 If I am doom'd at length to find,
 You have forgot to love:
 All I of Venus ask is this,
 No more to let us join;
 But grant me here the flatt'ring bliss,
 To die, and think you mine.

CLXXXVIII.

Written by DR. BLACKLOCK,

YE rivers so limpid and clear,
 Who reflect, as in cadence you flow,
 All the beauties that vary the year,
 All the flow'rs on your banks that grow:
 How blest on your banks could I dwell,
 Were Melissa the pleasure to share,
 And teach your sweet echoes to tell
 With what fondness I doat on the Fair!

Ye harvests, that wave in the breeze
As far as the view can extend !

Ye mountains, umbrageous with trees,
Whose tops so majestic ascend :

Your landscape what joy to survey,
Were Melissa with me to admire ;
Then the harvest would glitter, how gay !
How majestic the mountains aspire,

In pensive regret whilst I rove,
The fragrance of flow'rs to inhale ;
Or watch from the pastures and grove,
Each music that floats on the gale :
Alas ! the delusion how vain !
Nor odours, nor harmony please
A heart agonizing with pain,
Which tries ev'ry posture for ease.

If anxious to flatter my woes,
Or the langour of absence to clear,
Her breath I would catch in the rose,
Or her voice in the nightingale hear.
To cheat my despair of its prey,
What object her charms can assume ?
How harsh is the nightingale's lay,
How insipid the rose's perfume !

Ye zephyrs that visit my fair,
Ye sun-beams around her that play,
Does her sympathy dwell on my care ?
Does she number the hours of my stay ?
First perish ambition and wealth,
First perish all else that is dear,
Ere one sigh should escape her by stealth,
Ere my absence should cost her one tear.

When,

When, when shall her beauties once more,
 This desolate bosom surprise ?
 Ye Fates ! the blest moments restore
 When I bask'd in the beam of her eyes ;
 When, with sweet emulation of heart,
 Our kindness we struggled to show ;
 But the more that we strove to impart,
 We felt it more ardently glow.

CLXXXIX.

Written by Mr. CUNNINGHAM.

THE gentle swan, with graceful pride,
 Her glossy plumage laves ;
 And, sailing down the silver tide,
 Divides the whisp'ring waves :
 The silver tide, that wand'ring flows,
 Sweet to the bird must be ;
 But not so sweet, blithe Cupid knows.
 As Delia is to me.

A parent bird, in plaintive mood,
 On yonder fruit tree sung ;
 And still the pendent nest she view'd,
 That held her callow young :
 Tho' dear to her maternal heart
 The genial brood must be ;
 They're not so dear, the thousandth part,
 As Delia is to me.

The roses that my brow surround,
 Were natives of the dale ;
 Scarce plucked, and in a garland bound,
 Before their hue grew pale :

My vital blood would thus be froze,

If luckless torn from thee;

For what the root is to the rose

My Delia is to me.

Two doves I found like new-fall'n snow,

So white the beauteous pair;

The birds on Delia I'll bestow,

They're like her bosom fair:

May they of our connubial love,

A happy omen be!

Then such fond bliss as turtles prove,

Will Delia share with me.

CXC.

Written by LORD LITTLETON.

O YE, who bathe in courtly bliss,

Or toil in fortune's giddy sphere,

Do not too rashly judge amiss

Of one who lives contented here.

Nor yet disdain the narrow bounds

That skirt this garden's simple pride;

Nor yet deride the scanty mounds,

That fence yon water's peaceful tide.

The tenant of the shade forgive,

For wand'ring at the close of day;

With joy to see the flow'rets live,

And hear the linnet's temp'rate lay.

And

And O remember, that from strife,
 From fraudulent hate and frantic glee
 From ev'ry fault of polish'd life,
 These rustic scenes are haply free.

CXCI.

MY fond shepherds of late were so blest,
 Their fair nymphs were so happy and gay,
 That each night they went safely to rest,
 And they merrily sung thro' the day :
 But, ah ! what a scene must appear ?
 Must the sweet rural pastimes be o'er ?
 Shall the tabor no more strike the ear ?
 Shall the dance on the green be no more ?
 Must the flock from their pastures be led ?
 Must the herds go wild straying abroad ?
 Shall the looms be all stopp'd in each shed,
 And the ship be all moor'd in each road ?
 Must the arts be all scatter'd around,
 And shall commerce grow sick of the tide ?
 Must religion expire on the ground,
 And shall virtue sink down by her side ?

CXCII.

AS bringing home, the other day,
 Two linnets I had ta'en,
 The little warblers seem'd to pray,
 For liberty again :

Unheedful of their plaintive notes,
 I sung a-cross the mead ;
 In vain they tun'd their pleasing throats,
 And flutter'd to be freed.

As passing thro' the tufted grove,
 Near which my cottage stood,
 I thought I saw the queen of love,
 When Clora's charms I view'd :
 I look'd, I gaz'd, I press'd her stay,
 To hear my tender tale ;
 But all in vain—she fled away,
 Nor could my sighs prevail.

Soon, thro' the wound which love had made,
 Came pity to my breast ;
 And thus I (as compassion bade)
 The feather'd pair address'd :
 Ye little warblers, cheerful be,
 Remember not ye flew ;
 For I, who thought myself so free,
 Am far more caught than you.

CXCIII.

ON pleasure's smooth wing how old time steals
 away,
 Ere love's fatal flame leads the shepherd astray !
 My days, O ye swains ! were a round of delight,
 From the cool of the morn to the stillness of
 night :
 No care found a place in my cottage or breast ;
 But health and content all the year was my guest.

'Twas

'Twas then no fair Phillis my heart could ensnare,
With voice, or with feature, with dress, or with
air:

So kindly young Cupid had pointed the dart,
That I gather'd the sweets, but I miss'd of the
smart:

I toy'd for a while, then I rov'd like a bee;
But still all my song was, I'll ever be free.

'Twas then every object fresh raptures did yield :
If I stray'd thro' the garden, or travers'd the field,
Ten thousand gay scenes were display'd to my
sight;

If the nightingale sung, I could listen all night;
With my reed I could pipe to the tune of the
stream,

And wake to new life from a rapturous dream.

But now, since for Hebe in secret I sigh,
Alas ! what a change ! and how wretched am I !
Adieu to the charms of the valley and glade;
Their sweet now all ficken, their colours all fade;
No musick I find in soft Philomel's strain,
And the brook o'er the pebbles now murmurs in
vain.

They say that she's kind, but no kindness I see;
On others she smiles, but she frowns upon me :
Then teach me, bright Venus, persuasions soft
art,
Or aid me, by reason, to ransom my heart !
To crown my desire, or to banish my pain,
Give love to the nymph, or give ease to the swain.

CXCIV.

SHEPHERDS, wou'd ye hope to please us,
 You must ev'ry humour try :
 Sometimes flatter, sometimes tease us,
 Sometimes laugh, and sometimes cry.

Soft denials are but trials,
 Of the heart we wish to gain ;
 Though we're shy, and seem to fly,
 If you pursue, we fly in vain.

CXCV.

SOFT invader of my soul !
 Love, who can thy power controul ?
 All that haunt earth, air, or sea,
 Own thy force, and bow to thee.

All the dear enchanting day,
 Damon steals my heart away !
 All the tedious live-long night
 Damon swims before my sight.

All that temptingly beguile,
 Sparkling eyes, and manly smile ;
 Ev'ry charm, and ev'ry grace,
 Dwells in gentle Damon's face..

CXCVI.

CXCVI.

AH! the shepherd's mournful fate,
 When doom'd to love, and doom'd to languish,
 To bear the scornful fair one's hate.
 Nor dare disclose his anguish.
 Yet eager looks, and dying sighs
 My secret soul discover,
 While rapture trembling through my eyes
 Reveals how much I love her.

The tender glance, the redd'ning cheek,
 O'erspread with rising blushes,
 A thousand various ways they speak
 A thousand various wishes,
 For oh! that form so heavenly fair,
 Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,
 That artless blush, and modest air,
 So artfully beguiling!

Thy ev'ry look, and ev'ry grace
 So charms whene'er I view thee,
 Till death o'ertake me in the chace
 Still will my hopes pursue thee.
 Then when my tedious hours are past,
 Be this last blessing given,
 Low at thy feet to breathe my last,
 And die in sight of heaven.

CXCVII.

CXCVII.

Sung in the TANKARD.

THE bark that holds our treasure,
 When at a distance seen,
 Fear mingles with our pleasure,
 For danger lies between.

But, prosperous gales uprising
 To waft her to the shore,
 With double joy surprising,
 Confirm the danger o'er.

CXCVIII.

AH! why must words my flame reveal?
 Why needs my Damon bid me tell
 What all my actions prove?
 A blush whene'er I meet his eye,
 Whene'er I hear his name a sigh,
 Betrays my secret love.

In all their sports upon the plain,
 Mine eyes still fix'd on him remain,
 And him alone approve;
 The rest unheeded dance or play,
 From all he steals my praise away,
 And can he doubt my love?

Whene'er

Whene'er we meet, my looks confess
 The joys that all my soul posses,
 And ev'ry care remove ;
 Still, still too short appears his stay,
 The moments fly too fast away,
 Too fast for my fond love.

Does any speak in Damon's praise,
 So pleas'd am I with all he says,
 I ev'ry word approve ;
 But is he blam'd, although in jest,
 I feel resentment fire my breast,
 Alas ! because I love.

But ah ! what tortures tear my heart,
 When I suspect his looks impart,
 The least desire to rove ;
 I hate the maid that gives me pain,
 Yet him to hate I strive in vain,
 For ah ! that hate is love.

Then ask not words, but read mine heart,
 Believe my blushes, trust my sighs
 My passion these will prove ;
 Words oft deceive, and spring from art,
 The true expressions of my heart
 To Damon, must be love.

CXCIX.

Sung in SUSANNA.

ASK, if yon damask rose is sweet
 That scents the ambient air?
 Then ask each shepherd that you meet,
 If dear Susanna's fair.
 Say, will the vulture quit his prey,
 And warble through the grove?
 Bid wanton linnets quit the spray,
 Then doubt thy shepherd's love.
 The spoils of war let heroes share,
 Let pride in splendor shine;
 Ye bards, unenvy'd laurels wear,
 Be fair Susanna mine.

CC.

Sung in the CAPRICIOUS LOVERS.

WHEN late a simple rustic lass,
 I rov'd without constraint,
 A stream was all my looking-glass,
 And health my only paint.

The charms I boast, (alas! how few!)
 I gave to nature's care;
 As vice ne'er spoil'd their native hue,
 They could not want repair.

CCI.

CCII.

THE world, my dear Mira, is full of deceit,
And friendship's a jewel we seldom can meet;
How strange does it seem, that in searching
around,

This source of content is so rare to be found !
Oh ! friendship, thou balm, and rich sweetner of
life,

Kind parent of ease, and composer of strife;
Without thee, alas ! what are riches and pow'r,
But empty delusions, the joys of an hour.

How much to be priz'd and esteem'd is a friend,
On whom we may always with safety depend ?
Our joys when extended will always increase,
And griefs, when divided, are hush'd into peace;
When fortune is smiling, what crowds will appear,
Their kindness to offer and friendship sincere ;
Yet change but the prospect, and point out dis-
tres,

No longer to court you they eagerly pres.

CCIII.

Sung in the MAID of the OAKS.

COME sing round my favourite tree,
Ye songsters that visit the grove ;
'Twas the haunt of my shepherd and me,
And the bark is a record of love.

Reclin'd on the turf, by my side,
 He tenderly pleaded his cause ;
 I only with blushes reply'd,
 And the nightingale fill'd up the pause.

CCIV.

COME haste to the wedding, ye friends and ye
 neighbours,
 The lovers their bliss can no longer delay ;
 Forget all your sorrows, your care, and your la-
 bours,
 And let ev'ry heart beat with rapture to-day :
 Ye vot'ries all, attend to my call,
 Come revel in pleasures that never can eloy.
 Come, see rural felicity,
 Which love and innocence ever enjoy.

Let envy, let pride, let hate and ambition,
 Still croud to, and beat at the breast of the
 great ;
 To such wretched passions we give no admission,
 But leave them alone to the wise-ones of state ;
 We boast of no wealth, but contentment and
 health,
 In mirth and in friendship our moments em-
 ploy,
 Come, see rural felicity, &c.

With

With reason we taste of each heart-stirring pleasure,

With reason we drink of the full-flowing bowl ;
Are jocund and gay, but all within measure,
For fatal excess will enslave the free-soul.

Then come at our bidding to this happy wed-
ding,

No care shall intrude, here, our bliss to annoy.
Come, see rural felicity, &c.

CCV.

O Greedy Midas, I've been told,
That what you touch you turn to gold ;
Oh ! had I a power like thine,
I'd turn whate'er I touch to wine.

Each purling stream should feel my force,
Each fish my fatal power mourn,
And wond'ring at the mighty change,
Should in their native regions burn.

Nor should there any dare approach,
Unto my mantling, sparkling vine,
But first should pay their rites to me,
And stile me only god of wine.

CCVI.

FREE from noise, free from strife,
 In a sweet country life,
 I could wish to pass all my days ;
 Where innocence reigns,
 Flocks cover the plains,
 And birds sweetly echo their lays.

How contented they live,
 What joys they receive,
 Tho' nothing but ground for their floor ;
 Just before the sweet cot,
 So delightful the spot,
 Where jessamine grows by the door !

How early they rise,
 Transported with joys,
 So contented their days pass along !
 And if justly combin'd,
 With a true heart and mind,
 To a wife whom all virtues belong,

Tho' homely their food,
 Their appetite's good,
 Blooming health on their cheeks doth appear ;
 Neither envy nor pride
 With them can reside,
 But happiness shines thro' the year.

At sun going down,
 Their work being done,
 They're the happiest people on earth;
 By the oak on the green
 Each couple is seen,
 With innocent pastime and mirth.

When harvest is done,
 With a formal old song,
 The jolly farmer amongst all the rest,
 He will laugh, drink, and say,
 This is our holiday,
 With beef and good ale of the best.

CCVII.

WHILE beaus to please the ladies write,
 Or bards to get a dinner by't.
 Their well-feign'd passions tell;

Let me in humble verse proclaim
 My love for her who bears the name
 Of charming Kitty Fell.

Charming Kitty, lovely Kitty.
 Oh—charming Kitty, Kitty Fell.

That Kitty's beautiful and young,
 That she has danc'd, that she has sung,

Alas ! I knew full well :
 I feel, and I shall ever feel,
 The dart more sharp than pointed steel,
 That came from Kitty Fell.

Charming Kitty, &c.

Of late I hop'd, by reason's aid,
To cure the wounds which love had made,

And bade a long farewell ;
But t'other day she cross'd the green ;
I saw, I wish I had not seen,
My charming Kitty Fell, &c.

I ask'd why she pass'd that way ?
To church, she cry'd—I cannot stay :
Why, don't you hear the bell ?
To church—oh ! take me with thee there,
I pray'd : she would not hear my prayer ;
Ah ! cruel Kitty Fell.

Cruel Kitty Fell, &c.

And now I find 'tis all in vain,
I live to love, and to complain,
Condemn'd in chains to dwell ;
For tho' she casts a scornful eye,
In death my fault'ring tongue will cry.

Adieu ! dear Kitty Fell.
Charming Kitty, cruel Kitty,
Adieu ! sweet Kitty, Kitty Fell.

CCVIII.

RAIL no more, ye learned asses,
'Gainst the joys the bowl supplies ;
Sound it's depth, and fill your glasses,
Wisdom at the bottom lies ;

Fill

Fill them higher still, and higher,
 Shallow draughts perplex the brain ;
 Sipping quenches all our fire,
 Bumpers light it up again.

Draw the scene for wit and pleasure ;

Enter jollity and joy ;
 We for thinking have no leisure,
 Manly mirth is our employ :
 Since in life there's nothing certain,
 We'll the present hour engage ;
 And when death shall drop the curtain,
 With applause we'll quit the stage.

CCIX.

I'M a hearty good fellow, a ruby-nos'd sot,
 Who yet never thought of on treason or plot ;
 A good bottle that's mellow's the chief of my
 cares,
 And I guzzle each night till I'm carry'd up stairs.
 For the tombs of the brave ones, the wealthy and
 wife,
 All the news that they tell us, is, under he lies ;
 'Tis a hint that I like not, a trumpery tale,
 So I drown all the thoughts on't in flaggons of ale.
 They may call me sot, blockhead, or e'en what
 they will ;
 But if wealth, nor if titles, nor wisdom nor skill,

Can their owners preserve from a church-yard or
priest,

Why I'll live as I like it, all method's a jest.

On the lesson of nature it is that I think,
For she taught me to love, and she taught me to
drink ;

To my pleasures full power she taught me to give,
And I'll stick to her maxims as long as I live.

I've money good store on't, and spend it I must,
Be roaring and jolly, but honest and just,
That cold in my coffin, my landlord may say,
He's gone, and he's welcome, there's nothing
to pay.

CCX.

COME live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That vallies, groves, or hill, or field,
Or wood, or steepy mountain yield.

There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals,

There will I make thee beds of roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown

A gown, made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Slippers lin'd choicely for the cold;
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw, and ivy buds,
With coral clasps, and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

Thy silver dishes for thy meat,
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall, on an ivory table, be
Prepar'd each day for thee and me,

The shepherd-swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight each may-morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

CCXI.

IF 'tis joy to wound a lover,
How much more to give ease;
When his passion we discover,
Oh, how pleasing 'tis to please!

This is doubly to encharm him;
Makes him proud to be a slave;
What can more our worth inform him,
Than to heal the wounds we gave!

Thus the warrior fam'd in story,
Leading captive through the field,
Justly merits double glory,
Gently treating those that yield.

CCXII.

CCXII.

HAPPY, harmless, rural pair,
 Void of jealousy or care,
 Emblems of the bles'd above,
 Sharing pure seraphic love !

By the brook beneath the shade
 Of the lofty poplar laid,
 Cheerful strains awake the grove,
 Dulcet notes of peace and love !

Say, ye proud, ye rich, ye great,
 Circled round with noise and state ;
 Real pleasures can ye prove !
 No, 'tis found in rural love.

CCXIII.

Sung in ELFRIDA.

HAIL to thy living light,
 Ambrosial morn ; all hail thy roseate ray,
 That bids gay nature all her charms display.
 In varied beauties bright ;
 Away ye goblins all !
 Wont the traveller to daunt,
 Whose vagrant feet have trac'd your haunt,
 Beside some lonely wall !
 Away, ye elves, away,
 Shrink at ambrosial morning's living ray.

CCXIV.

CCXIV.

FAIR is the swan, the ermine white,
 And fair the lily of the vale ;
 The moon, resplendent queen of night,
 And snows that drive before the gale
 In fairness these the rest excel,
 But fairer is my Isabel.

Sweet the vi'let, sweet the rose,
 And sweet the morning breath of May :
 Carnations rich their sweets disclose,
 And sweet the winding woodbines stray ;
 In sweetness these the rest excel,
 But sweeter is my Isabel.

Constant the poets call the dove,
 And am'rous they the sparrow call ;
 Fond is the sky-lark of his love,
 And fond the feather'd lovers all :
 In fondness these the rest excel,
 But fonder I of Isabel.

CCXV.

FAIRER than the op'ning lilies,
 Sweeter than the morning rose,
 Are the blooming charms of Phillis :
 Richer sweets does she disclose.

Long

Long secure from Cupid's pow'r,
 Soft repose had lull'd my breast,
 Till in one short fatal hour
 She depriv'd my soul of rest.

Cupid, god of pleasing anguish,
 From whose shafts I bleed and burn !
 Teach, O ! teach, the maid to languish !
 Strike fair Phillis in her turn.

From that torment in her breast,
 Soon to pity she'll incline,
 And, to give her bosom rest,
 Kindly heal the wound in mine.

CCXVI.

CELIA hoard thy charms no more,
 Beauty's like the miser's treasure ;
 Still the vain possessor's poor,
 What are riches without pleasure ?
 Endless pains the miser takes,
 To increase his heaps of money,
 Lab'ring bees his pattern makes,
 Yet he fears to taste his honey.

Views with aching eyes his store,
 Trembling left his chance to lose it ;
 Pining still for want of more,
 Though the wretch wants power to use it.
 Celia thus, with endless arts,
 Spends her days, her charms improving,
 Lab'ring still to conquer hearts,
 Yet ne'er tastes the sweets of loving.

Views

Views with pride her shape and face,
 Fancying still she's under twenty :
 Age brings wrinkles on apace,
 While she starves with all her plenty,
 Soon or late they soon will find
 Time their idol from them sever ;
 He must leave his gold behind,
 Lock'd within his grave for ever.

Celia's fate will still be worse,
 When her fading charms deceive her,
 Vain desire will be her curse
 When no mortal will relieve her.
 Celia, hoard thy charms no more,
 Beauty's like the miser's treasure,
 Taste a little of thy store ;
 What is beauty without pleasure ?

CCXVII.

Sung in SOLOMON.

TELL me, lovely shepherd, where
 Thou feed'st at noon thy fleecy care :
 Direct me to the sweet retreat
 That guards thee from the mid-day heat ;
 Lest by thy flocks I lonely stray,
 Without a guide and lose my way.
 Where rest at noon thy bleating care ?
 Gentle shepherd, tell me where.

CCXVIII.

Sung in the CAPRICIOUS LOVERS.

FROM flow'r to flow'r, the butterfly
 O'er fields or gardens ranging,
 Sips sweet from each, and flutters by,
 And all his life is changing.

Thus roving man new objects sway,
 By various charms delighted :
 While she who pleases most to-day,
 To-morrow shall be flighted.

CCXIX.

COME, Colin, pride of rural swains,
 O come and bless thy native plains ;
 The daisies spring, the beeches bud,
 The songsters warble in the wood.

Come, Colin, come, O haste away,
 Your smiles will make the village gay ;
 When you return, the vernal breeze
 Will wake the buds, and fan the trees.

Oh ! come and see the violets spring,
 The meadows laugh, the linnets sing ;
 Your eyes our joyless hearts can cheer,
 O haste ! and make us happy here.

CCXX.

CCXX.

DEFEND my heart, ye virgin pow'rs,
 From am'rous looks and smiles,
 And shield me in my gayer hours,
 From love's destructive wiles !
 In vain let sighs and melting tears
 Employ their moving art,
 Nor may delusive oaths and pray'rs
 E'er triumph o'er my heart.

My calm content and virtuous joys
 May envy ne'er molest ;
 Nor let ambitious thoughts arise
 Within my peaceful breast !
 Yet may there such a decent state,
 Such unaffected pride,
 As love and awe at once create,
 My words and actions guide ?

Let others, fond of empty praise,
 Each wanton art display,
 While fops and fools in rapture gaze,
 And sigh their souls away :
 For other dictates I pursue,
 (My bliss in virtue plac'd)
 And seek to please the wiser few,
 Who real worth can taste.

CCXXI.

Sung in the CAPRICIOUS LOVERS.

AGAIN in rustic weeds array'd.

A simple swain, a simple maid ;
O'er rural scenes with joy we'll rove,
By dimpling brook, or cooling grove,

The birds shall strain their little throats,
And warble wild their merry notes,
While we converse beneath the shade,
A happy swain, and happy maid.

The hand shall pluck, to grace my bow'r,
The luscious fruit, the fragrant flow'r ;
While joys shall blest, for ever new,
Thy Phœbe kind, thy Colin true.

CCXXII.

Sung in the Masque of ALFRED.

AS calms succeed when storms are past.

And still the raging main ;
So Love will have its hour at last,
And borrow sweets from pain.

No more we'll shun the face of day,

Within these shades to mourn :

All joys with Alfred fled away,
All meet in his return.

CCXXIII.

CCXXIII.

AT the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
 And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
 When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
 And nought but the nightingale's song in the
 grove;

'Twas then, by the cave of the mountain reclin'd,
 A hermit his nightly complaint thus began ;
 Tho' mournful his numbers, his soul was refin'd
 He thought as a sage, tho' he felt as a man.

'Ah ! why thus abandoned to darknes and woe ?
 Why thus, lovely Philomel, flows thy sad strain ?
 For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
 And thy bosom no trace of misfortune retain :
 Yet if pity inspire thee, oh ! cease not the lay,
 Mourn, sweetest complainer ; man calls thee
 to mourn ;
 Oh ! foothe him, whose pleasures, like mine pass
 away,
 Full quickly they pass, but never return,

Now gliding remote on the verge of the sky,
 The moon, half extinguish'd, her crescent
 displays ;
 But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high
 She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze ;

Roll on then, fair orb, and with gladness pursue
 The path that conducts thee to splendor again ;
 But man's faded glory no change shall renew,
 Ah ! fool to exult, in a glory so vain

'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more,
 I mourn, but ye woodlands, I mourn not for you ;
 For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
 Perfum'd with fresh fragrance, and glitt'ring
 with dew :
 Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn,
 Kind nature the embryo blossom shall save ?
 But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn ;
 Oh ! when shall it dawn on the night of the
 grave.

CCXXIV.

RECITATIVE.

'TWAS at the gate of Calais, Hogarth tells,
 (Where sad despair and famine always dwells)
 A meagre Frenchman, madam Gransire's cook,
 As home he steer'd, his carcase that way took ;
 Bending beneath the weight fam'd sir-loin,
 On which in vain he of often wish'd to dine ;
 Good father Dominic by chance came by,
 With rosy gills, round paunch, and greedy eye ;

Who

Who, when he first beheld the greasy load,
 His benediction on it he bestow'd ;
 And as the solid fat his finger press'd,
 He lick'd his chops, and thus the knight address'd.

A I R.

(*A lovely lass to a Friar came, &c.*)

O rare roast beef, lov'd by all mankind,
 If I was doom'd to have thee,
 When dress'd and garnish'd to my mind,
 And swimming in thy gravy,
 Not all thy country's force combin'd,
 Should from my fury save thee.

Renown'd sir-loin, oft times decreed,
 The theme of English ballad,
 On thee e'en kings have deign'd to feed,
 Unknown to Frenchmen's palate.
 Then how much doth thy taste exceed.
 Soup-meagre, frog, and fallad.

R E C I T A T I V E.

A half-starv'd soldier, shirtless, pale, and lean,
 Who such a fight before had never seen ;
 Like Garrick's frightened Hamlet, gaping stood,
 And gaz'd with wonder on the British food ;
 His morning mess forsook, (the friendly bowl)
 And in small streams along the pavement stole,
 He heav'd a sigh, which gave his heart relief,
 And then, in plaintive tone, declared his grief.

AIR.

A I R.

(Foot's Minuet.)

Ah, sacre Dieu! vat do I see yonder,
 Dat look so tempting red and vite?
 Begar it be de roast beef from Londre?
 O! grant to me von letal bite.

But to my guts if you give no heeding,
 And cruel fate dis boon denies,
 In kind compassion unto my pleading,
 Return, and let me feast my eyes.

RECITATIVE.

His fellow guard of right Hibernian clay,
 (Whose brazen front his country did betray)
 From Tyburn's fatal tree had thither fled.
 By honest means to gain his daily bread;
 Soon as the well-known prospect he descried,
 In blubb'ring accents dolefully he cry'd.

A I R

(Ellen a Roon.)

Sweet beef that now causes my stomach to rise;
 Sweet beef that now causes my stomach to rise,
 So taking thy sight is,
 My joy that so light is,
 To view thee, by pailfuls runs out of my eyes.

While

While here I remain thy life's not worth a farthing,
 While here I remain my life's not worth a farthing,
 Ah ! hard hearted Louis,
 Why did I come to you ?
 The gallows, more kind, wou'd have sav'd me
 from starving.

RECITATIVE.

Upon the ground hard by, poor Sawney sat,
 Who fed his nose, and scratch'd his ruddy pate ;
 But when old England's bulwark he espy'd,
 His dear lov'd mull, alas ! was thrown aside :
 With lifted hands he bleis'd their native place,
 Then scrub'd himself, and thus bewail'd his case :

A I R.

(*The broom of Cowdenknows.*)

How hard, oh ! Sawney, is thy lot,
 Who was so blythe of late,
 To see such meat as can't be got,
 When hunger is so great.

O the beef, the bonny, bonny beef,
 When roasted nice and brown,
 I wish I had a slice of thee,
 How sweet it wou'd gang down.

Ah, Charley, had'st thou not been seen,
 This ne'er had happ'd to me ;
 I wou'd the de'el had pick'd mine eyn,
 E're I had gang'd wi' thee.

RECITATIVE.

RECITATIVE.

But see, my muse, to England takes her flight,
 Where health and plenty socially unite ;
 Where smiling freedom guards great George's
 throne,
 And whips, and chains, and tortures are not
 known ;
 Tho' Britain's fame in loftier strains should ring,
 In rustic fable give me leave to sing.

A I R.

As once on a time, a young frog, pert and vain,
 Beheld a large ox grazing o'er the wide plain,
 He boasted his size he could quickly attain.

O the roast beef of old England,
 And O the old English roast beef !

Then eagerly stretching his weak little frame,
 Mamma, who stood by, like a knowing old
 dame,
 Cried, son, to attempt it, you're surely to blame.

O the roast beef, &c.

But, deaf to advice, he for glory did thirst,
 An effort he ventur'd more strong than the first,
 Till swelling and straining too hard, made him
 burst.

O the roast beef. &c.

There

Then Britons be valiant, the moral is clear,
 The ox is old England, the frog is Monsieur,
 Whose puffs and bravadoes we never need fear.

O the roast beef, &c.

For while by our commerce and arts we are able,
 To see the sir-loin smoaking hot on the table,
 The French may e'en boast like the frog in the
 fable.

O the roast beef, &c.

CCXXV.

Written by Mr. DIBBIN.

WHEN Yanco dear fight far away,
 Some token kind me send ;
 One branch of olive, for dat say,
 Me wish de battle end.

The poplar tremble, while him go,
 Say of dy life take care,
 Me send no laurel, for me kuow
 Of dat he find him share.

De ivy say my heart be true,
 Me droop, say the willow tree,
 De torn he lay me sick for you,
 De sun-flower, tink of me.

Till

Till last me go weep wid de pine,
 For fear poor Yanco dead ;
 He come; and I de myrtle twine,
 In chaplet for him head.

CCXXVI.

Sung in the CARNIVAL of VENICE.

IN my pleasant native plains,
 Wing'd with bliss each moment flew ;
 Nature there inspir'd the strains,
 Simple as the joys I knew :
 Jocund morn and evening gay
 Claim'd the merry roundelay.

Fields and flocks, and fragrant flow'rs.
 All that health and joy impart ;
 Call'd for artless music's pow'rs
 Faithful echoes to the heart !
 Happy hours for ever gay
 Claim'd the merry roundelay.

But the breath of genial spring
 Wak'd the warblers of the grove ?
 Who, sweet birds, that heard you sing,
 Wou'd not join the song of love ?
 Your sweet notes and chaunting gay
 Claim'd the merry roundelay.

CCXXVII.

CCXXVII.

Written by Mr. DIBBIN.

TWAS not her eyes, though orient mines,
Can boast no gem so bright that glows ;
Her lips, where the deep ruby shines,
Her cheeks that shame the blushing rose ;

Nor yet her form, Minerva's mein,
Her bosom white as Venus' dove,
That made her my affection's queen,
But 'twas alone her filial love.

The ruby lip, the brilliant eye,
The rosy cheek, the graceful form,
In turn for commendation vie,
And justly the fir'd lover charm :

But transient these—the charm for life,
Which reason shall ne'er disapprove,
Which truly, shall insure a wife,
Faithful and kind, is filial love.

CCXXVIII.

WHAT's sweeter than the new-blown rose,
Or breezes from the new-mown close ?
What's sweeter than an April morn,
Or May-day's silver, fragrant thorn ?
What than Arabia's spicy grove ?
Oh ! sweeter far the breath of love.

CCXXIX.

Written by Mr. DIBDIN.

THIS life is like a troubled sea,
Where, helm a-weather or a-lee,
The ship will neither stay nor wear,
But drives, of every rock in fear ;

All seamanship in vain we try,
We cannot keep her steadily :
But just as fortune's wind may blow,
The vessel's tosticated to and fro :
Yet, come but love on board,
Our hearts with pleasure stor'd,
No storm can overwhelm,
Still blows in vain,
The hurricane,
While he is at the helm.

CCXXX.

Written by Sir WALTER RALEIGH.

IF all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold :
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold,
And Philomel becometh dumb,
The rest complain of cares to come.

The

The flowers that bloom in wanton field,
To wayward winter reckoning yield ;
A honey-tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw, and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs ;
All these in me no mind can move,
To come to thee, and be thy love.

What should we talk of dainties then,
Of better meat than's fit for men ?
These are but vain ; that only's good
Which God hath blest, and sent for food.

But could you last, and love still breed ;
Had joy no date, and age no need ;
Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

CCXXXI.

Written by Mr. DIBDIN.

CURTIS was old Hodge's wife,
For virtue none was ever such
She led so pure, so chaste a life,
Hodge said 'twas vartue over much.

Curtis said if men were rude,
 She'd scratch their eyes out, tear their hair ;
 Cry'd Hodge, I believe thou'rt wond'rous good,
 However, let us nothing fwear,
 For says, &c.

One night she dreamt a drunken fool
 Be rude with her in spight would fain ;
 She makes no more, but with joint stool,
 Falls on her husband might and main.
 Still says, &c.

By that time she broke his nose,
 Hodge made shift to wake his wife ;
 Dear Hodge, said she, judge by these blows,
 I prize my vartue as my life.
 Still says, &c.

I dreamt a rude man on me fell ;
 However, I his project marr'd :
 Dear wife, cried Hodge, 'tis mighty well,
 But next time don't hit quite so hard.
 For says, &c.

At break of day Hodge cross'd a stile,
 Near to a field of new-mown hay,
 And saw, and curst his stars the while,
 Curtis and Numps in am'rous play.
 Wasn't I right, says Hodge, says he,
 Great talkers do the least d'ye see.

CCXXXII.

Written by Mr. PRIOR.

THE pride of ev'ry grove I chose,
 The violet sweet, and lily fair,
 The dappled pink, and blushing rose,
 To deck my charming Chloe's hair,

At morn the nymph vouchsaf'd to place,
 Upon her brow the various wreathes ;
 The flow'rs less blooming than her face,
 The scent less fragrant than her breath.

The flow'rs she wore along the day ;
 And ev'ry nymph and shepherd said,
 That in her hair they look'd more gay
 Than glowing in their native bed.

Undrest at ev'ning, when she found
 Their colours lost, their odours past,
 She chang'd her look, and on the ground
 Her garland and her eye she cast.

That eye dropt sense distinct and clear,
 As any muse's tongue could speak ;
 When from it's lid a pearly tear
 Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.

Dissembling what I knew too well,
 My love, my life, said I, explain,
 This change of humour; pr'ythee, tell,
 That falling tear, what does it mean ?

She sigh'd, she smil'd; and to the flow'rs
 Pointing, the lovely moralist said,
 See, friend, in some few fleeting hours,
 See yonder, what a change is made!

Ah! me! the blooming pride of May
 And that of beauty are but one;
 At noon both flourish bright and gay,
 Both fade at ev'ning, pale and gone.

At dawn poor Stella danc'd and sung,
 The am'rous youth around her bow'd;
 At night her fatal knell was rung,
 I saw, and kiss'd her in her shroud.

Such, as she is, who dy'd to day,
 Such I, alas! may be to-morrow;
 Go, Damon, bid thy muse display
 The justice of thy Chloe's sorrow.

CCXXXIII.

Written by Mr. DIBDIN.

AT a jovial meeting of gods once on high,
 Ere Bacchus was hatch'd from old Jupiter's thigh,
 This one told his story, and that sung his song,
 And did what he could lest the time should seem
 long.

Apollo read verses, the Graces wreath'd flowers,
 The Muses of harmony sung forth the powers,
 Bully Mars crack'd his joke, and fly Momus his
 jest;
 Yet their mirth wanted something to give it a zest.
 Said

Said Jove, our assembly to-day's pretty full,
 Yet, I don't know how 'tis, we are horridly dull ;
 We have all the ingredients that mirth should in-
 spire,
 But some clay-born alloy damps our heavenly fire ;
 I have it—in this I'll a mixture inclose
 Of all the delights whence good fellowship flows,
 And we'll taste of its produce, for mirth's bad at
 best
 When there's any thing wanting to give it a zest.

So saying, so doing, he buried the shrine,
 Which quickly sprung up in the form of a vine,
 The leaves broad and verdant, the fruit deep and
 blue.
 Whence a juice flow'd, that health, love, or youth
 might renew.

Its influence to feel, they came round it in swarms ;
 Mars took draughts of courage, and Venus drank
 charms ;
 Momus swallow'd bon mots, Cupid love—so the
 rest,
 While Jove, epurning nectar, cry'd—This is the
 zest.

 CCXXXIV.

CAN love be controul'd by advice,
 Can madness and reason agree ?
 O Molly ! who'd ever be wife,
 If madness is loving of thee ?

Let

Let sages pretend to despise
 The joys they want spirits to taste ;
 Let me seize old Time as he flies,
 And the blessings of life while they last.
 Dull wisdom but adds to our cares ;
 Brisk love will improve ev'ry joy ;
 Too soon we may meet with grey hairs,
 Too late may repent being coy :
 Then, Molly, for what should we stay
 Till our best blood begins to run cold ?
 Our youth we can have but to-day ;
 We may always find time to get old.

CCXXXV.

Written by Mr. DIBDIN.

POOR Orra tink of Yanko dear,
 Do he be gone for ever,
 For he no dead, he still live here,
 And he from here go never.
 Like on i sand me mark him face,
 De wave come roll him over,
 De mark him go, but still de place
 'Tis easy to discover.
 I see fore now de tree de flower,
 He droop like Orra, surely,
 And den by'm bye dere come a shower,
 He hold him head up surely :
 And some time me tink me die,
 My heart so sick, he grieves me,
 But in a lily time me cry
 Good deal, and dat relieve me.

CCXXXVI.

CCXXXVI.

WHILE others strip the new-fall'n snows,
 And steal it's fragrance from the rose,
 To dres their fancy's queen ;
 Fain would I sing, but words are faint,
 All music's powers too weak to paint
 My Jenny of the green.

Beneath this elm, beside this stream,
 How oft I've tun'd the fav'rite theme,
 And told my tales unseen !
 While, faithful in the lover's cause,
 The winds would murmur soft applause
 To Jenny of the green.

With joy my soul reviews the day,
 When, deck'd in all the pride of May,
 She hail'd the sylvan scene ;
 Then ev'ry nymph that hop'd to please,
 First strove to catch the grace and ease
 Of Jenny of the green.

Then, deaf to ev'ry rival's sigh,
 On me she cast her partial eye,
 Nor scorn'd my humble mein ;
 The fragrant myrtle-wreath I wear,
 That day adorn'd the lovely hair
 Of Jenny of the green.

Through

Through all the fairy-land of love,
 I'll seek my pretty wand'ring dove,
 The pride of gay fifteen ;
 Tho' now she treads some distant plain,
 Tho' far apart I'll meet again,
 My Jenny of the green.

But thou, old Time, till that blest night
 That brings her back with speedy flight,
 Melt down the hours between ;
 And when we meet, the love repay,
 On loit'ring wing prolong my stay
 With Jenny of the green.

CCXXXVII.

FAREWEL, ye green fields and sweet groves :
 Where Phillis engag'd my fond heart ;
 Where nightingales warble their loves,
 And nature is dress'd without art :
 No pleasure ye now can afford,
 Nor music can lull me to rest ;
 For Phillis proves false to her word,
 And Strephon can never be blest.
 Oft-times, by the side of a spring,
 Where roses and lilies appear,
 Gay Phillis of Strephon would sing,
 For Strephon was all she held dear :

But

But as soon as she found, by my eyes,
 The passion that glow'd in my breast,
 She then, to my grief and surprize,
 Prov'd all she had said was a jest.

Too late, to my sorrow, I find,
 The beauties alone that will last,
 Are those that are fix'd in the mind,
 Which envy or time cannot blast :
 Beware, then, beware how ye trust
 Coquettes, who to love make pretence ;
 For Phillis to me had been just,
 If nature had bleſſ'd her with ſense.

 CCXXXVIII.

COME, come, my good ſhepherds, our flocks
 we muſt shear ;
 In your holiday ſuits, with your lasses appear :
 The happiest folks are the guiltleſſ and free ;
 And who are ſo guiltleſſ, ſo happy as we ?
 We harbour no paſſions by luxuriy taught ;
 We practice no arts with hypocriſy fraught :
 What we think in our hearts, you may read in
 our eyes ;
 For, knowing no falſehood, we need no diſguife.
 That giant, ambition, we never can dread,
 Our roofs are too low for ſo lofty a head :
 Content and ſweet chearfulneſſ open our door :
 They ſmile with the ſimple, and feed with the
 poor.

When

When love has possess'd us, that love we reveal,
 Like the flocks that we feed, are the passions we
 feel ;
 So harmless and simple we sport and we play,
 And leave to fine folks to deceive and betray.

CCXXXIX.

YE rosy-fac'd sons of the rich purple juice,
 Attend to the carrol I now shall produce ;
 What subject so noble to chaunt o'er our bowls,
 As that which we know will make happy our souls
 To make me in love, and appear like an afs,
 And kneel at the feet of each proud forward lass,
 The goddes of beauty has long strove in vain,
 For love while I've liquor shall ne'er give me pain.
 At length quite enrag'd that a mortal like me
 Should laugh at her power and yet remain free,
 The urchin young Cupid she bade quickly fly,
 And never return till he made me comply.
 The youth left Olympus to old England he came,
 Discover'd my haunts, chose a dart, took his aim ;
 But 'ere he had time to pursue his design,
 I plung'd him headlong in a hogshead of wine.
 And now there's an end of that troublesome boy,
 The pleasure of wine we may freely enjoy ;
 Let Sol round the globe roll as fast as he will,
 The bottle and glass shall keep up with him still.

CCXL.

CCXL.

Written by Mr. DIBDIN.

WHAT naughty things we women are,
 Who long for fruit forbidden ;
 Though 'twere our bane, we cannot bear
 The least thing from us hidden.

But what we see will we believe,
 Though ill on ill we're heaping,
 Though to this day, from mother Eve,
 We've always paid for peeping.

Thus curious girls, urg'd by their youth,
 Thoughtless what they were doing,
 Have falsehood found disguis'd like truth,
 And mask'd like pleasure, ruin

Instead of smiling who must grieve,
 Whose joys are turn'd to weeping,
 And who, too late, like mother Eve,
 Find they have paid for peeping.

Should I to my desires give way,
 I may encounter sorrow,
 And that I think a good to-day,
 May prove an ill to-morrow.

Yet, cautious prudence, by your leave,
 The secret's in my keeping ;
 I am weak woman, and, like Eve,
 Cannot refrain from peeping.

CCXLI.

SHEPHERD, cease your soft complaining,
 I've a heart that scorns disdaining ;
 I no bashful meanings want,
 All that virtue asks I'll grant.

Down-cast looks, and frequent sighing,
 Distant awe and vows of dying,
 All are senseless, who'd believe
 He wou'd die, who still may live ?

CCXLII.

SHEPHERD, fly me, come not near me,
 Reason's voice I cannot hear ;
 Love betrays me, passion fways me,
 For my heart 'tis time to fear.

Doubts alarm me, wishes charm me,
 In a whirl my sense is lost ;
 All your suing leads to ruin ;
 Say no more, or all is lost.

Don't pursue me, 'twill undo me,
 Hark ! 'tis honour calls ! begone ;
 Leave me, leave me, looks deceive me,
 In a moment I'm undone.

CCXLIII.

CCXLIII.

COULD I her faults remember,
 Forgetting ev'ry charm,
 Soon would impartial reason
 The tyrant Love disarm.

But when enrag'd I number
 Each failing of her mind,
 Love still suggests her beauty,
 And sees — while Reason's blind.

CCXLIV.

Sung in the CAMP.

WHEN war's alarms entice my Willy from me,
 My poor heart with grief did sigh ;
 Each fond remembrance brought fresh sorrows on
 me,
 *Woke 'ere yet the morn was nigh :
 No other could delight him ;
 Ah ! why did I e'er slight him,
 Coldly answering his fond tale ;
 Which drove him far, amid the rage of war,
 And left silly me thus to bewail.

But I no longer tho' a maid forsaken,
 Thus will mourn like yonder dove,
 For e're the lark to-morrow shall awaken,
 I will seek my absent love :
 The hostile country over
 I'll fly to seek my lover,
 Scorning every threat'ning fear ;
 Nor distant shore,
 Nor cannons roar,
 Shall longer keep me from my dear.

CCXLV.

Written by Mr. DIBBIN.

SEE the course throng'd with gazers, the sports
 are begun,
 The confusion but hear !— I'll bet you, sir—done,
 done ;
 Ten thousand strange murmurs resound far and
 near,
 Lords, hawkers, and jockies assail the tir'd ear.
 While, with neck like a rainbow, erecting his
 crest,
 Pamper'd, prancings, and pleas'd, his head touch-
 ing his breast,
 Scarcely snuffing the air, he's so proud and elate,
 The high-mettled racer first starts for the plate.

But

Now Reyerd's turn'd out, and o'er hedge and ditch
rush,

Hounds, horse, and huntsmen, all hard at his brush ;
They run him at length, and they have him at bay,
And by scent and by view cheat a long tedious way ;

While, alike born for sports of thefield or the course,
Always sure to come thorough, a staunch and fleet
horse :

When fairly run down, the fox yields up his breath,
The high-mettled racer is in at the death.

Grown aged, used up, and turn'd out of the stud,
Lame, spavin'd, and windgall'd, but yet with
some blood,

While knowing postilions his pedigree trace,
Tell his dam won this sweepstakes his fire gain'd
that race !

And what matches he won to the ostlers count o'er,
As they loiter their time at some hedge alehouse
door

While the harness sore galls, and the spurs his sides
goad,

The high-mettled racer's a hack on the road.

Till at last, having labour'd, drudg'd, early and
late,

Bow'd down by degrees, he bends on to his fate,
Blind, old, lean, and feeble, he tugs round a mill
Or draws sand, till the sand of his hour-glass stands
still :

And now, cold and lifeless, expos'd to the view,
 In the very same cart which he yesterday drew,
 While a pitying crowd his sad relicks surrounds,
 The high-mettled racer is sold for the hounds.

CCXLVI.

WHEN first I saw the graceful maid,
 Ah, me! what meant my throbbing breast?
 Say, soft confusion, art thou love?
 If love thou art, then farewell rest.
 With gentle smiles assuage the pain
 Those gentle smiles did first create;
 And, though you may not love again,
 In pity, ah! forbear to hate.

CCXLVII.

Written by Mr. DIBDIN.

WHEN fairies are lighted by night's silver queen,
 And feast in the meadow, or dance on the green,
 My Lumkin aside lays his plough and his flail,
 By yon oak to sit near me, and tell his fond tale.
 And though I'm assur'd the same vows were be-
 liev'd
 By Patty and Ruth he forsook and deceiv'd,
 Yet, so sweet are his words, and like truth so
 appear,
 I pardon the treason, the traitor's so dear.

I saw

I saw the straw bonnet he bought at the fair,
 The rose-colour'd ribbon to deck Jenny's hair,
 The shoe-ties of Bridget, and, still worse than this,
 The gloves he gave Peggy for stealing a kise.

All these did I see, and with heart-rending pain,
 Swore to part: yet I know, when I see him again,
 His words and his looks will like truth so appear,
 I shall pardon the treason, the traitor's so dear.

CCXLVIII.

Sung in Tom Jones.

SWEET mercy is the loveliest flow'r
 That Heav'n e'er planted in the mind,
 The queen of virtue, whose soft pow'r
 Can e'en to godhead raise mankind.

Let patriots, kings, and heroes boast
 A name that will in hist'ry live;
 Yet he resembles heav'n the most,
 Whose god-like bosom can forgive.

CCXLIX.

Sung in the Camp.

MY Nancy leaves the rural train,
 A camp's distress to prove;
 All other ills she can sustain,
 But living from her love:

While

Yet, dearest, tho' your soldier's there,

Will not your spirit fail ye,

To mark the hardships you must share,

Dear Nancy of the Dale ?

Dear Nancy, &c.

Or should you, love, each danger scorn,

Ah ! how shall I secure

Your health—'mid toils which you were born

To sooth—but not endure :

A thousand perils I must view.

A thousand ills assail ;

Nor must I tremble e'en for you,

Dear Nancy of the Dale.

Dear Nancy, &c.

CCL.

Written by Mr. DIBDIN.

COME, courage lads, and drink away,
A man upon his wedding day
Ought rarely well his part to play
At Stingo or October :

For, who would be that stupid elf,
For whim, caprice, or love, or pelf,
Or marry when he's sober.

For madam's will at nothing stops,
She must have balls and routs and fops,
And often ransack all the shops,
In gay attire to robe her :

Then

Then drink the day you take a wife,
 As the last comfort of your life ;
 For, ever after, noise and strife,
 Are sure to keep you sober.

CCLI.

Sung in the WEDDING RING.

WHEN first the youth his fears forsook,
 And that he lov'd I fondly heard,
 What sweetnes was in every look !
 What eloquence in ev'ry word !
 From her whole store, to make me bless'd !
 Did fortune bid me choose,
 How gladly would I all the rest,
 For love and him, refuse !

CCLII.

WHEN Molly smiles beneath her cow,
 I feel my heart I can't tell how ;
 When Molly is on Sunday drest,
 On Sundays I can take no rest.

What can I do on working-days ?
 I leave my work on her to gaze,
 What shall I say ? at sermons I
 Forget the text, when Molly's by.

Good master curate, teach me how
 To mind your preaching and my plough ;
 And if for this you'll raise a spell,
 A good fat goose shall thank you well.

CCLIII.

CCLIII.

WHAT tho' the bloom of spring is gone,
 And nature feels decay ;
 Tho' winter now her garbs puts on,
 And casts a gloom on day :
 Tho' silent stands the lazy hill,
 And mute the sylvan throng ;
 Yet Fanny's charms, unfading still,
 Shall flourish in my song.

Tho' no more on sunny plains
 The shepherds tend their care,
 And each, in emulating strains,
 Forgets to praise his fair ;
 Tho' unfrequented ev'ry shade
 That catch'd the vernal breeze,
 Yet Fanny's smiles (enchanting maid !)
 Can charm me more than these.

When spring, in varied beauty drest,
 Does all it's sweets disclose,
 Compare the lily to her breast,
 And to her lips the rose :
 Her breast the lily's white outvies,
 Tho' whitest of the vale,
 And to her lips (in Damon's eyes).
 The reddest rose looks pale.

No more shall flow'rs bedeck the meads,
 Or birds frequent the sprays ;
 Or larks forsake their dewy beds,
 And hail the dawning-day :

No more on yonder mountain's brow
 Shall bleating lambkins rove,
 And she no more prove fair or true,
 When I forgot to love.

 CCLIV.

THE sun in virgin lustre shone,
 May-morning put it's beauties on ;
 The warblers sung in livelier strains,
 And sweeter flow'rets deck'd the plains ;
 When love, a soft intruding guest,
 That long had dealt in Damon's breast,
 Now whisper'd to the nymph, away !
 For this is nature's holiday.

The tender impulse wing'd his haste ;
 The painted mead he instant pass'd,
 And soon the happy cot he gain'd,
 Where beauty slept, and silenc'd reign'd ;
 Awake, my fair ! (the shepherd cries)
 To new-born pleasure ope thine eyes ;
 Arise, my Sylvia ! hail the May,
 For this is nature's holiday.

Forth came the maid, in beauty bright
 As Phœbus in meridian light,
 Entranc'd in rapture, all confess'd,
 The shepherd clasp'd her to his breast ;
 Then gazing with a speaking eye,
 He snatch'd a kiss, and heav'd a sigh ;
 A melting sigh, and seem'd to say,
 Consider youth's our holiday.

Ah,

Ah, soft, (she said) for pity's sake ;
 What, kiss one ere I'm well awake ?
 For this so early came you here ?
 And hail you thus the rising year ?
 Sweet innocence ! forbear to chide,
 We'll haste to joy, (the swain reply'd;) ;
 In pleasure's flow'ry fields we'll stray,
 And this shall be love's holiday.

A crimson glow warm'd o'er her cheek,
 She look'd the things she dar'd not speak ;
 Consent own'd nature's soft command,
 And Damon seiz'd her trembling hand :
 His dancing heart in transports play'd,
 To church he led the blushing maid ;
 Then bless'd the happy morn of May,
 And now their life's all holiday.

CCLV.

SWEET bud ! to Laura's bosom go,
 And live beneath her eye ;
 There, in the sun of beauty blow,
 Or taste of heaven and die.

Sweet earnest of the blooming year,
 Whose dawning beauties speak
 The budding blush of summer near,
 The summer on her cheek.

Best emblem of the nymph I love,
 Resembling beauty's morn,
 To Laura's bosom haste, and prove,
 One rose without a thorn.

CC LVI.

CCLVI.

O Sing unto my roundelay,
 O drop the briny tear for me ;
 Dance no more on holiday ;
 Like a running river be.
 My love is dead,
 Gone to his death-bed,
 All under the willow tree !

Black his hair as winter night ;
 White his skin as summer snow ;
 Red his face as morning light ;—
 Cold he lies in the grave below !
 My love is dead, &c.

Sweet his tongue as throstle's note ;
 Quick in dance as thought can be ;
 Deft his tabour ; cudgel stout ;—
 O he lies by the willow tree !
 My love is dead, &c.

Hark ! the raven flaps his wing,
 In the briered dell below ;
 Hark ! the death-owl loud doth sing
 To the night-mares as they go.
 My love is dead, &c.

See, the white morn shines on high ;
 Whiter is my true-love's shroud !
 Whiter than the morning sky !
 Whiter than the evening cloud !
 My love is dead, &c.

Here, upon my true-love's grave,
 Shall the barren flowers be laid ;—
 Not one holy saint to save
 All the sorrows of a maid ?
 My love is dead, &c.

With my hand I'll plant the briars,
 Round his hallow'd corse to grow ;
 Elf and fairy light your fires,
 Here my body still shall be.
 My love is dead, &c.

Come with acorn cups and thorn,
 Drain my heart its blood away ;
 Life and all its goods I scorn,
 Dance by night, or feast by day.
 My love is dead, &c.

Water-witches, crown'd with reeds,
 Bear me to your deadly tide ;
 I die—I come---my true love waits---.
 Thus the damsel spoke, and died !

CCLVII.

ADIEU sweet Avon ! gentle stream !
 That in majestic silence flows,
 Where oft the muse has chose a theme
 That sorrow's deepest tints disclose.

Adieu, sweet Avon ! gentle stream !
 Where trees protracted form a shade,
 Excluding Sol's intensest beam,
 When o'er thy banks my feet have stray'd.
 Adieu,

Adieu, sweet Avon! gentle stream!
 Where many a fragrant flow'ret blows,
 Where oft some visionary scheme
 Hath lull'd my sorrows to repose!

Ah! who can tell the sweets that bloom
 Along thy margin's verdant side?
 Or count the roses that perfume
 The gale that blows o'er Avon's tide?

Ye hills, ye vales, with umbrage crown'd,
 So far beyond my view outspread,
 Where many a graceful villa's found,
 And many a turret rears its head.

'Twas not from you affliction found
 Relief in sorrow's penive hour,
 But in the silent scenes around,
 That deck sweet Avon's lovely bower!

Adieu, sweet Avon! gentle stream!
 Accept the muse's grateful lays;
 For many a soft enchanting dream
 From thee deriv'd, deserves my praise!

CCLVIII.

Written by R. B. SHERIDAN, Esq.

UNCOUTH is this moss-cover'd grotto of stone,
 And damp is the shade of this dew-dripping tree;
 Yet I this rude grotto with rapture will own,
 And, willow, thy damps are refreshing to me.

For this is the grotto where Delia reclin'd,
 As late I in secret her confidence sought ;
 And this is the tree kept her safe from the wind,
 As blushing she heard the grave lesson I taught.

Then tell me, thou grotto of moss-cover'd stone,
 And tell me thou willow with leaves dripping dew,
 Did Delia seem vex'd when Horatio was gone ?
 And did she confess her resentment to you ?

Methinks now each bough, as you're waving it,
 tries

To whisper a cause for the sorrow I feel ;
 To hint how she frown'd when I dar'd to advise,
 And sigh'd when she saw that I did it with zeal.

True, true, silly leaves, so she did, I allow ;
 She frown'd, but no rage in her looks could I
 see ;

She frown'd, but reflection had clouded her brow ;
 She sigh'd, but perhaps 'twas in pity to me.

Then wave thy leaves brisker, thou willow of woe ;
 I tell thee, no rage in her looks could I see :
 I cannot, I will not, believe it was so ;
 She was not, she could not, be angry with me.

For well did she know that my heart meant no
 wrong ;
 It sunk at the thought of but giving her pain :
 But trusted its task to a faltering tongue,
 Which err'd from the feelings it could not ex-
 plain.

Yet

Yet, oh! if indeed I've offended the maid ;
 If Delia my humble monition refuse ;
 Sweet willow, the next time she visits thy shade,
 Fan gently her bosom, and plead my excuse.

And thou, stony grot, in thy arch may'st preserve
 Two lingering drops of the night-fallen dew ;
 And just let them fall at her feet, and they'll serve
 As tears of my sorrow intrusted to you.

Or lest they unheeded should fall at her feet,
 Let them fall on her bosom of snow ; and I swear
 The next time I visit thy moss-cover'd seat,
 I'll pay thee each drop with a genuine tear.

So may'st thou, green willow, for ages thus toss
 Thy branches so lank o'er the flow-winding
 stream ;
 And thou, stony grotto, retain all thy moss,
 While yet there's a poet to make thee his theme.

Nay more---may my Delia still give you her charms,
 Each evening, and sometimes the whole evening
 long ;
 Then, grotto, be proud to support her white arms,
 Then, willow, wave all thy green tops to her
 song.

CCLIX.

Sung in the CAMP.

THE fife and drum sound merrily
 A soldier, a soldier's the lad for me ;
 With my true love I soon will be,
 For who so kind, so true as he,

With him in ev'ry toil I'll share.
 To please him shall be all my care,
 Each peril I'll dare,
 All hardships I'll bear;
 For a soldier, a soldier's the lad for me.

Then if kind Heaven preserve my love,
 What rapturous joys shall his Nancy prove;
 Swift thro' the camp shall my footsteps bound,
 To meet my William with conquest crown'd,
 Close to my faithful bosom prest,
 Soon shall he hush his care to rest.

Clasp'd in these arms,
 Forget wars alarms,
 For a soldier, a soldier's the lad for me.

CCLX.

FAREWEL to old England, thy white cliffs a lieu,
 Can the gale be auspicious that bears me from
 you ?

Tho' oceans divide me as wide as the pole,
 No distance can change the true love of my soul;
 As well might my messmates determine to bale,
 All the waters that fill up old Neptune's great
 pail,
 As divert my firm mind from its fond thought of
 you ;
 Farewel to old England, dear Mary adieu.

Dear

Dear Mary, adieu! can that love go to wreck,
Where ev'ry plank bears your sweet name on the
deck ?

Nay, many love-knots on the top I have made,
While guiltless my shipmates at chequers have play'd
Their sports are no pastime, but sorrow to me,
My mind is more happy, in sighing to thee ;
More happy, by far, when I'm thinking of you,
For the hope of return takes the sting from adieu !

Yes, the hopes of return's all the joy of a tar ;
'Tis his compass, his helm ; 'tis his guide and his
star ;
'Tis impress'd on his bosom the moment he sails,
It shortens long nights, and it quickens light
gales :
The dull midnight watch it sends limping away,
And dawns a new hope on his mind with the
day ;
With rapture it makes his affection to burn,
And changes, adieu ! into—welcome return.

CCLXI.

THE ponderous cloud was black and low,
And sail'd majestically flow,
Red lightning scorch'd the ground ;
Tremendous, now, the thunder rolls,
As if it would have riv'd the poles,
And torrents pour around.

No shelter high, to shield my head,
 Along the champaign swift I fled,
 Before the opening skies ;
 Till from the west a gale arose,
 Dispers'd the cloud, the welkin glows,
 And vernal sweets arise.

Creation seem'd as new awake,
 From every dingle, bush, and brake,
 E'en from the very sod ;
 The feather'd race their throats essay,
 Who shall salute, in songs most gay,
 The wonder-working God.

Asham'd, that those of least esteem
 Should praise the pow'r alone supreme,
 I crav'd to be forgiven :
 Straight, like the little grateful throng,
 I, in an unaffected song,
 Address'd my voice to heaven.

CCLXII.

THAT all men are beggars, we plainly may see,
 For beggars there are of ev'ry degree,
 Tho' none are so bless'd or so happy as we,
 Which nobody can deny, deny ; which nobody
 can deny.

The tradesman he begs that his wares you would
 buy,
 Then begs you'd believe the price is not high,
 And swears 'tis his trade, when he tells you a lye,
 Which nobody can deny, &c.

The

'The lawyer he begs that you'd give him a fee,
 'Tho' he reads not your brief, or regards not your
 plea,

But advises your foe how to get a decree.
 Which nobody can deny, &c.

The courtier he begs for a pension or place,
 A ribband or title, or smile from his grace,
 'Tis due to his merit, 'tis writ in his face.

Which nobody can deny, &c.

But, if, by mishap, he should chance to get none,
 He begs you'd believe that the nation's undone ;
 There's but one honest man, and himself is that
 one.

Which nobody dare deny, &c.

The fair one she labours whole mornings at home,
 New charms to create, and much paint to con-
 sume,

Yet begs you'd believe, 'tis her natural bloom.
 Which nobody should deny, &c.

The courtier he begs the dear nymph to comply,
 She begs he'd be gone ; yet with languishing eye
 Still begs he would stay, for a maid she can't die.

Which none but a fool can deny, deny ; which
 none but a fool can deny.

CCLXIII.

WHEN Fanny to woman is growing apace,
 The rose-bud beginning to blow in her face,

For

For mamma's wife precepts she cares not a jot,
 Her heart pants for somethiug—she cannot tell
 what.

No sooner the wanton her freedom obtains,
 Than among the gay youth a tyrant she reigns,
 And finding her beauty such power has got,
 Her heart pants for something—she cannot tell
 what.

Tho' all day in splendour she flaunts it about,
 At court, park and play, the ridotto and rout ;
 Tho' flatter'd, and envy'd, she pines at her lot,
 Her heart pants for something—she cannot tell
 what.

A touch of the hand, or a glance of the eye,
 From him she likes best, makes her ready to die ;
 Not knowing 'tis Cupid his arrow has shot,
 Her heart pants for something—she cannot tell
 what.

Ye fair take advice, and be bless'd while you may,
 Each look, word and action, your wishes betray ;
 Give ease to your hearts by the conjugal knot,
 Tho' they pant e'er so much—you will soon know
 for what.

CCLXIV.

RING the bell, and fill the bowl,
 Wine inspires the jovial song ;
 Care shall never dare controul,
 While liquor can our mirth prolong.

Come,

Come, ye youths, who sigh and pine
 For some silly fickle fair;
 Come, and drown in sparkling wine,
 All your folly, all your care.

Yewrutches on whom fortune frowns,
 Whom duns and creditors beset,
 Good store of wine will trouble drown,
 Come drink yourselves quite out of debt.

Ye husbands who have scolding wives,
 Come here and leave the shrews at home;
 With Comus lead more happy lives,
 Come, haste away, O! prithee, come.

CCLXV.

BE hush'd, ye sweet birds, and forbear your
 shrill notes,
 Nor deign such a clamour to keep;
 But stop a few moments, and rest your soft throats,
 For here lies a goddess asleep!

Keep off, ye pert flies, from the cheek of my
 fair,
 And let her contentedly lay;
 For, if you presume to alight on her face,
 " You'll wake her as sure as 'tis day!"

Ye gods! send young Cupid to 'bide at her feet,
 Let the graces adorn her sweet head!
 Let the pleasantest dreams make her slumbers com-
 plete,
 And angels keep guard o'er her head.

CCLXVI.

CCLXVI.

Written by Mr. NICHOLS.

WHAT my good fire bequeath'd, when of age
I possess'd,

Then I laugh'd at dull precepts, I drank, and I
dress'd;

A stranger was I unto sorrow :

As wind spreadsthe dust, so my gold fled before me,
My fellows pretended to love and adore me ;

I never once thought of to-morrow.

The good rules of my granam entirely forgot,
I was first at confusion, the best at a plot,

And oft wrought the innocent sorrow :

The bold mistress, the virgin, to me were the
same,

Tho' repulsed to-day, 'twas to me lawful game,
If, perchance, they presented to-morrow.

To masks, balls, and plays, I would frequently
treat ;

My companions commended a spirit so great,
And oft' condescended to-borrow ;

Like a lad of high mettle, I lov'd to be free,
I lent them my money and credit with glee,

And ne'er lost a thought on to-morrow.

The

The girls of the town shar'd my bounty profuse ;
 The tavern-men bow'd as I pass'd to their stews ;
 On this I reflect with much sorrow :
 Oh ! could I regain what I've squander'd on these,
 My purse would be full, and my bosom at ease,
 With contentment in store for to-morrow.

At the cock -pit and turf I've been often caref's'd
 By the high-titled knave with a star at his breast ;
 Their meanness has brought me to sorrow :
 The justice and curate have fed at my board,
 But now not a dinner these harpies afford ;
 O had I ta'en care for to-morrow.

Ye rakes take the hint, for dame fortune is blind
 Give o'er your pursuits while the deity's kind,
 In truth 'twill preserve you from sorrow :
 The wretches who help you to squander away,
 Will smile on your folly, and greet you to-day,
 But pass you unnotic'd to-morrow.

CCLXVII.

OF all the things beneath the sun,
 To love's the greatest curse :
 If one's deny'd, then he's undone ;
 If not, 'tis ten times worse.
 Poor Adam, by his wife, 'tis known,
 Was trick'd some years ago ;
 But Adam was not trick'd alone,
 For all his sons were so.

Lovers the strangest fools are made,
 When they their nymphs pursue,
 Which they will ne'er believe, till wed,
 But then—alas! tis true :
 They beg, they pray, and they adore,
 Till weary'd out of life ;
 And pray, what's all this trouble for?
 Why, truly, for a wife.

How poor a thing's a whining sot,
 Who sighs in greatest need,
 For that which, soon as ever got,
 Does make him sigh indeed !
 Each maid's an angel whilst she's woo'd,
 But when the wooing's done,
 The wife, instead of flesh and blood,
 Proves nothing but a bone.

Ills, more or less, in human life,
 No mortal man can shun ;
 But when a man has got a wife,
 He has them all in one.
 The liver of Prometheus
 A gnawing vulture fed ;
 A fable, that the thing was thus,
 The poor old man was wed.

A wife, all men of learning know,
 Was Tantalus's curse ;
 The apples which did tempt him so,
 Were nought but a divorce.

Let no fool dream, that to his share,
 A better wife did fall ;
 They're all the same, faith, to a hair,
 For they are women all.

When first the senseless empty noxes
 With wooing does begin,
 Far better he might beg the stocks.
 That they would let him in.
 Yet for a lover you may say,
 He wears no cheating phiz ;
 Tho' others looks do oft betray.
 He looks like what he is.

More joys a glass of wine doth give
 (Wife take him that gainsays)
 Than all the wenches, sprung from Eve,
 Ere gave in all their days.
 But come, to lovers here's a glas,
 Got wet, they need no curse !
 Each wishes he may wed his lass ;
 No soul can wish him worse.

CCLXVIII.

WHY sleeps my soul ! my love arise !
 Heav'n now wakes with all it's eyes ;
 All nature's up to gaze on you,
 Her sole delight and glory too :
 Awake to hear thy lover's lay ;
 Arise, my fair, and come away.

The silent moon full-orb'd now reigns,
 And silver shews the hills and plains,
 That fragrant yield their rich perfume ;
 Conspiring, all invite to come ;
 Then why, my love, is this delay ?
 Arise, my fair, and come away,

The flowers send forth their choicest sweets,
 No sun disturbs with sultry heats ;
 These, alone, are hours to prove
 All the joys of peace and love.
 No longer, then in bliss delay ;
 But rise, my fair, and come away.

For, Nancy, when thou art not near,
 In vain do all these sweets appear ;
 No pow'r'ful charms can they impart,
 To please the sense, or ease my heart :
 In pity, then, no longer stay ;
 But rise, my fair, and come away.

 CCLXIX.

THE lily, and the blushing rose,
 To many give delight ;
 But not a flower on earth that grows,
 Is half so bright a sight,
 As lovely women,
 Charming women
 Pleasing, teizing,
 Heav'ny women.

Pray

Pray what makes cowards brave and bold,
 Or what gave poets birth ?
 Or what makes people fond of gold,
 Or pleasure dwell on earth ?

But lovely women, &c.

When men are fore oppress'd with grief,
 And roam in search of peace ;
 There's nought can give such sure relief,
 And make their torments cease.

Such pow'r have women, &c.

Then, since the fair give such delight,
 Aloud resound their praise ;
 For who can view the glorious fight,
 And not their voices raise.

To lovely women, &c.

CCLXX.

Written by Mr. LEMOINE.

WHILE others, on pleasure's soft bosom re-
 clin'd,
 Seek rapt'rous joys to obtain ;
 Let me picture happiness far more refin'd,
 When beauty and innocence reign.

My Laura's the spot where those jewels unite,
 In her ev'ry virtue's display'd ;
 Peace, order, and harmony, strongly invite
 All eyes to adore the fair maid.

Tho' angelic beauties encircle her face ;
 Tho' her eyes are the index of love ;
 Tho' her delicate features display ev'ry grace,
 And her shape would an anchorite move :

Tho' more than enchantment possesses her voice ;
 Tho' her tongue soft persuasion can boast ;
 Tho' her outward perfections make nature re-
 joice,
 And pale envy consume to a ghost :

Yet her mental attractions no pen can unfold,
 No tongue can her virtue display ;
 Description, tho' glowing, seems lifeless and
 cold,
 And fails her least worth to display,
 Good-humour eternally reigns o'er her mind,
 Which brightens the charms of her face :
 Whilst wit, void of malice, by reason refin'd,
 Enlivens each personal grace.

 CCLXXI.

LIFE's like a ship in constant motion,
 Sometimes high and sometimes low,
 Where ev'ry one must brave the ocean,
 Whatsoever wind may blow :

If

If unassail'd by squall or shower,
 Wafted by the gentle gales;
 Let's not lose the fav'ring hour,
 While success attends our sails.

Or, if the wayward winds should bluster,
 Let us not give way to fear;
 But let us all our patience muster,
 And learn from reason, how to steer:
 Let judgement keep you ever steady,
 'Tis a ballast never fails;
 Should dangers rise, be ever ready
 To manage well the swelling sails.

Trust not too much your own opinion,
 While your vessel's under way,
 Let good example bear dominion,
 That's a compass will not stray:
 When thund'ring tempests make you shudder,
 Or Boreas on the surface rails;
 Let good discretion guide the rudder,
 And providence attend the sails.

Then, when you're safe from danger, riding
 In some welcome port or bay;
 Hope be the anchor you confide in,
 And care awhile enslumber'd lay:
 Or when each cann's with liquor flowing,
 And good fellowship prevails;
 Let each heart with rapture glowing,
 Drink success unto our sails.

CCLXXII.

Sung in the CAMP.

ON Entick's green meadows where innocence
reigns,

Where pleasure sports freely and plenty preside ;
I romp'd with the maidens and pretty young swains,
And Ralph fancied soon he should call me his
bride :

When I first heard the drum with a row dow dow,
with a row dow dow,

With a row dow dow, its music was sweeter than
soft serenade ;

I scorn'd all the swains for the row dow dow,

I figh'd for the captain with smart cockade.

The first I e'er saw, he march'd o'er our green,
His men all behind him, by two and by two,
Such a fight in our village had never been seen,
The men all in ranks were drawn out to our
view :

When I first heard the drum with a row dow dow,

Young Cupid awaken'd, such bustle he made ;
My heart beats a march, with a row dow dow,
And went o'er to the captain with smart cockade.

My face took his fancy, he swore at my feet
All his laurels he'd lay, if I'd give him my
hand ;

No maid could refuse a young lover so sweet,
To the church then I march'd at the word of
command :

Now

Now I follow the drum with a row dow dow,
 Nor e'er have repented the vow that I made;
 No music to me like the row dow dow,
 Nor a youth like the captain with smart cockade.

CCLXXIII.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
 The streamers waving in the wind,
 When black ey'd Sufan came on board,
 Oh! where shall I my true love find!
 Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
 If my sweet William fails among your crew?

William, who high upon the yard,
 Rock'd by the billows too and fro,
 Soon as her well-known voice he heard.
 He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below;
 The ropes slide swiftly through his glowing hands,
 And quick as light'ning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
 If chance his mate's shrill voice he hear,
 And drops at once into his nest:—
 The noblest captain in the British fleet,
 Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

O Sufan

O Susan ! Susan ! lovely dear,
 My vows shall ever true remain ;
 Let me kiss off that falling tear,
 We only part to meet again :
 Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be,
 The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landsmen say,
 Who tempts with doubts thy constant mind,
 They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
 In ev'ry port a mistress find :
 Yes, yes, believe them when they tell you so,
 For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail,
 Thine eyes are seen in diamonds bright ;
 Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
 Thy skin is ivory so white :
 Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view,
 Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Tho' battle calls me from thy arms,
 Let not my pretty Susan mourn ;
 Tho' cannons roar, yet safe from harms,
 William shall to his dear return :
 Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
 Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eyes.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
 The sails their swelling bosoms spread ;
 No longer she must stay on board,
 They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head :
 Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land,
 Adieu ! she cried, and wav'd her lily hand.

CCLXXIV.

Written by W. JACKSON.

TIME has not thinn'd my flowing hair,
Nor bent me with his iron hand ;
Ah ! why so soon the blossom tear,
Ere Autumn yet the fruit demand ?

Let me enjoy the cheerful day,
Till many a year has o'er me roll'd ;
Pleas'd let me trifle life away,
And sing of love 'ere I grow old.

CCLXXV.

NIGHT and day the anxious lover,
Is attentive to the fair,
Till the doubtful courtship's over,
Is she then so much his care ?

Warm as summer his addresses,
Hope and ardour in his eyes ;
Cool as winter his caresses,
When she yields her captive prize.

Now the owner of her beauty,
Sees no more an angel's face ;
Half is love, the rest is duty,
Pleasure sure is in the chace.

CCLXXVI.

CCLXXVI.

AH! Delia see the fatal hour,
 Farewell my soul's delight ;
 But how shall wretched Damon live,
 Thus banish'd from thy sight ;
 To my fond heart no rival joys,
 Supply the loss of thee ;
 But who can tell if thou my dear,
 Will e'er remember me.

Alone thro' unfrequented wilds,
 With pensive steps I roam ;
 I ask the rocks, I ask the streams,
 Where dwells my absent love ?
 The silent eve', the rosy morn,
 My constant search survey ;
 But who can tell if thou my dear,
 Will e'er remember me.

Oft I'll review the smiling scene,
 Each fav'rite brook and tree ;
 Where gaily pass'd the happy hours,
 Those hours I've pass'd with thee ;
 What painful fond memorials rise,
 From ev'ry place I see :
 But who can tell if thou my dear,
 Will e'er remember me.

CCLXXVII,

CCLXXVII.

ONE day as I sat with a blooming young lass,
 In came jolly Bacchus, the rosy fac'd god ;
 He held out his hand and he gave me a glass,
 I toss'd it off quickly and gave him a nod :
 Said he, jolly mortal, since life's but a span,
 Enjoy both your bottle and lass while you can.

He sat himself down and call'd for a tun,
 A tun of good wine, it was sparkling Cham-
 paigne,
 And swore I should drink while the liquor wou'd
 run,
 He fill'd, and I drank, and he fill'd it again,
 And said, jolly mortal, since life's but a span,
 Enjoy both your bottle and lass while you can.

He order'd again the same as before,
 And laughing, said, prithee boy, have t'other bout ;
 He said, son, drink hearty, I've plenty in store,
 Good father, said I, I'll e'en see it out :
 Said he bravo, bravo, since's life but a span,
 Enjoy both your bottle and lass while you can.

What Bacchus has taught shall ne'er be forgot,
 As long as I've breath for to top a full glass ;
 And may rosy wine be for ever my lot,
 A hearty good friend and a comely young lass :
 For since I am certain that life's but a span,
 I'll drink and be merry as long as I can.

CCLXXVIII.

Written by F. J.

WITH the sun I rise at morn,
 Haste my flocks into the mead;
 By the fields of yellow corn,
 There my gentle lambkins feed :
 Ever sportive, ever gay,
 While the merry pipe I play.

Lovely Mira joins the strain,
 Calls the wand'r'er to its mate ;
 Her sweet voice can soothe each pain,
 And make the troubled heart elate :
 Ever cheerful, ever gay,
 While the merry pipe I play.

When from Winter's rugged arms,
 Zephyrs fleeting leave the grove,
 Mira cheers me with her charms,
 For her song is tun'd to love :
 Ever happy, ever gay,
 On the merry pipe I play.

Tho' no splendor deck my cot,
 With my Fair I live content ;
 May it be my happy lot,
 Still to love and ne'er repent ;
 While at dawn and setting day,
 On the merry pipe I play.

CCLXXIX.

CCLXXIX.

HOW sweet the rosy blush of morn,
 How charming is the spring !
 When dews bespangle ev'ry thorn,
 And sky-larks sweetly sing :
 Come, then, Florella, let us haste,
 Each happy hour to prove ;
 The fragrance of the morn to taste,
 And hail the god of love.

The lambs are sporting on the plain,
 The kids their gambols try ;
 And ev'ry nymph, and ev'ry swain,
 With mirth old care defy :
 With chaplet's crown'd they dance along,
 Each moment to improve !
 And raise the soft enchanting song,
 To pleasure and to love.

Ah ! let not fear thy breast invade,
 That seat of downy peace ;
 For all I wish, my charming maid,
 Thy joy is to increase :
 The pow'rs above my vows shall hear,
 Which time cannot remove ;
 That I will constant be my dear,
 To honour and to love.

CCLXXXX.

IN London my life is a scene of delight,
 In frolics I keep up the day and the night ;
 I snooze at the hummums 'till twelve, perhaps
 later,

I rattle the bell and I roar up the waiter :
 Your honour, says he, and he tips me a leg,
 He brings me my tea, but I swallow an egg ;
 For tea in a morning's a slop I renounce,
 So I down with a glass of the right Cherry-bounce.

With swearing, tearing, ranting, jaunting, flash-
 ing, smashing, smacking, cracking, rumbling,
 tumbling, laughing, quaffing, smoaking, joak-
 ing, swaggering, staggering ;
 So thoughtless, so knowing, so green, and so
 mellow,
 This, this is the life of a frolicsome fellow.

My phaeton I mount, and the plebs they all stare,
 I handle my reins, and my elbows I square ;
 My ponies so plump and as white as a lily,
 Through Pall-Mall I spank it, and up Piccadilly :
 'Till losing a wheel, egad down I come smack,
 So at Knightsbridge I throw myself into a hack !
 At Tattersal's fling a leg over my nag,
 Thus visit for dinner, then dress in a bag.

With swearing, &c.

I roll round the garden, and call at the Rose,
 And then at both play-houses pop in my nose ;
 I lounge in the lobby, laugh, swear, slide and
 swagger,

Talk loud, take my money, and out again stag-
 ger :

I meet at the Shakespeare a good natur'd soul,
 Then down to our club at St. James's we roll ;
 The joys of the night are a thousand at play,
 And thus at the finish begin the next day.

With swearing, &c.

CCLXXXI.

Written by Mrs. BARBAULD.

WHEN first upon your tender cheek,
 I saw the morn of beauty break,
 With mild and cheering beam,
 I bow'd before your infant shrine,
 The earliest sighs you had were mine,
 And you my darling theme.

I saw you in that opening morn,
 For beauty's boundless empire born,
 And first confess'd your sway ;
 And 'ere your thoughts, devoid of art,
 Could learn the value of a heart,
 I gave my heart away.

I watched the dawn of ev'ry grace,
 And gazed upon that angel face,
 While yet 'twas safe to gaze,
 I fondly bless'd each rising charm,
 Nor thought such innocence could harm
 The peace of future days.

But now, despotic, o'er the plains,
 The awful noon of beauty reigns,
 And kneeling crouds adore ;
 These charms arise too fiercely bright,
 Danger and death attend the sight,
 And I must hope no more.

Thus to the rising god of day,
 Their early vows the Persians pay,
 And bless the spreading fire,
 Whose glowing chariot, mounting, soon
 Pours on their heads the burning noon ;
 They ficken and expire.

CCLXXXII.

YE virgin pow'rs, defend my heart
 From amorous looks and smiles :
 From saucy love, or nicer art,
 Which most our sex beguiles.

From

From sighs and vows, and awful fears,
 That do to pity move ;
 From speaking silence, and from tears,
 Those springs that water love.

But if thro' passion I grow blind,
 Let honour be my guide ;
 And when frail Nature seems inclin'd,
 There place a guard of pride.

A heart whose flames are seen, tho' pure,
 Needs every virtues aid ;
 And she who thinks herself secure,
 The soonest is betray'd.

CCXXXLIII.

Written by Mr. DIBDIN.

WE, on the present hour relying,
 Think not of future, nor of past,
 But seize each moment, as 'tis flying,
 Perhaps the next may be our last.

Perhaps old Charon, at his ferry,
 This moment waits to waft us o'er :
 Then charge your glasses, and be merry,
 For fear we ne'er should charge them more.

With brow austere, and head reclining,
 Let envy, age, and haggard care
 Grow sour, and at our joy repining,
 Blame pleasure which they cannot share.

Put

Put round the glasses, and be jolly,
 In spight of all such idle stuff,
 Whether 'tis wisdom, or 'tis folly,
 'Tis pleasure, boys, and that's enough.

CCLXXXIV.

WOMAN, thoughtless, giddy creature,
 Laughing, idle, flutt'ring thing !
 Most fantastic work of nature !
 Still, like fancy, on the wing.

Slave to ev'ry changing passion,
 Loving, hating, in extreme :
 Fond of ev'ry foolish fashion,
 And, at best, a pleasing dream.

Lovely trifle ! dear illusion !
 Conqu'ring weakness ! wish'd-for pain !
 Man's chief glory, and confusion,
 Of all vanities most vain.

Thus deriding beauty's power,
 Bevil call'd it all a cheat :
 But in less than half an hour,
 Kneel'd and whin'd at Celia's feet.

CCLXXXV.

WHITE as her hand, fair Julia threw
 A ball of silver snow ;
 The frozen globe fir'd as it flew,
 My bosom felt it glow.

Strange

Strange pow'r of love ! whose great command
 Can thus a snow-ball arm ;
 When sent, fair Julia, from thy hand,
 E'en ice itself can warm.

How should we then secure our hearts ?

Love's pow'r we all must feel,
 Who thus can by strange magic arts,
 In ice his flame conceal ?

'Tis thou alone, fair Julia, know,

Canst quench my fierce desire,
 But not with water, ice, nor snow,
 But with an equal fire.

CCLXXXVI.

Written by Mr. DIBDIN.

A Plague of those musty old lubbers,
 Who tell us to fast and to think,
 And patient fall in with life's rubbers,
 With nothing but water to drink.

A cann of good stuff, had they twigg'd it,
 Twould have set them for pleasure agog,

And, spite of the rules

Of the schools,

The old fools

Would have all of 'em swigg'd it,

And swore there was nothing like grog.

My father, when last I from Guinea

Return'd with abundance of wealth,

Cry'd Jack, never be such a ninny

To drink :—said I—father, your health.

So I shew'd him the stuff and he twigg'd it,
 And it set the old codger agog,
 And he swigg'd, and mother,
 And sister, and brother,
 And I swigg'd, and all of us swigg'd it,
 And swore there was nothing like grog.

T'other day as the chaplain was preaching,
 Behind him I curiously slunk,
 And while he our duty was teaching,
 As how we should never get drunk.

I shew'd him the stuff, and he twigg'd it,
 And it soon set his rev'rence agog,
 And he swigg'd, and Nick swigg'd,
 And Ben swigg'd, and Dick swigg'd,
 And I swigg'd, and all of us swigg'd it,
 And swore there was nothing like grog.

Then trust me there's nothing like drinking,
 So pleasant on this side the grave;
 It keeps the unhappy from thinking,
 And e'en makes more valiant the brave.

As for me, from the moment I twigg'd it,
 The good stuff has so set me agog,
 Sick or well, late or early,
 Wind foully or fairly,
 I've constantly swigg'd it,
 And, damme, there's nothing like grog.

CCLXXXVII.

WITH an honest old friend, and a merry old song,
 And a flask of old port, let me sit the night long,
 And

And laugh at the malice of those who repine,
That they must swig porter, whilst I can drink
wine.

I envy no mortal, tho' ever so great,
Nor scorn I a wretch for his lowly estate ;
But what I abhor, and esteem as a curse,
Is poorness of spirit, not poorness of purse.

Then dare to be generous, dauntless, and gay,
Let's merrily pass life's remainder away ;
Upheld by our friends, we our foes may despise,
For the more we are envy'd, the higher we rise.

CCLXXXVIII.

Written by Mr. DIBDIN.

WHAT argues pride and ambition ?
Soon or late death will take us in tow :
Each bullet has got its commission,
And when our time's come we must go.
Then drink and sing—hang pain and sorrow,
The halter was made for the neck ;
He that's now live and lusty---to-morrow
Perhaps may be stretch'd on the deck.

There was little Tom Linstock of Dover
Got kill'd, and left Polly in pain,
Polly cry'd, but her grief was soon over,
And then she got marry'd again.
Then drink, &c.

Jack

Jack Junk was ill used by Bet Crocker,
 And so took to guzzling the stuff,
 Till he tumbled into old Davy's locker,
 And there he got liquor enough.

Then drink, &c.

For our prize-money then to the proctor,
 Take of joy while 'tis going our freak :
 For whas argufies calling the doctor
 When the anchor of life is apeak.

Then drink, &c.

CCLXXXIX.

YOU that love mirth, attend to my song ;
 A moment you never can better employ :
 Sawney and Teague were trudging along,
 A bonny Scots lad, and an Irish dear Joy :
 They never before had seen a wind-mill,
 Nor had they heard ever of any such name ;
 As they were walking,
 And merrily talking,

At last, by mere chance, to a wind-mill they came.

Ha ! ha ! says Sawney, what do ye ca' that ?
 To tell the right name o't I'm at a loss.

Teague very readily answer'd the Scot,
 Indeed I believe it's St. Patrick's cross.
 Says Sawney, you'll find your sell mickle mis-
 taken,

For it is St. Andrew's cross, I can swear ;
 For there is his bonnet,
 And Tartans hang on it ;

The Plad and the Trews our apostle did wear.

Nay,

Nay, o' my shoul, Joy, thou telleſt all lees,
 For that, I will ſwear, is Shaint Patrick's
 coat,

I ſhee't him in Ireland buying the freeze ;
 And that, I'm ſure, is the ſame that he bought :
 And he is a Shaint, much better than ever
 Made either the covenantſh ſholemn, or league :
 For o' my ſhalwafhion,
 He was my relaſhion,
 And had a great kindnesh for honeſht poor Teague.

Wherfore, ſays Teague, I will, by my shoul,
 Lay down my napſhackle, and take out my
 beads,
 And under his holy cross ſet I will fall,
 And shay Pate r-noster, and ſome of my Creeds.
 So Teague began, with humble devotion,
 To kneel before St. Patrick's cross :
 The wind fell a blowing,
 And ſet it a going,
 And it gave our Dear Joy a terrible toſſ.

Sawney tehee'd, to ſee how poor Teague
 Lay ſcratching his ears, and roll'd on the grass,
 Swearing it ſurely was the De'il's whirligig,
 And none (he roar'd out) of St Patrick's croſſ.
 But iſh it indeed, cries he in a paſſion,
 'The croſſ of our Shaint that has croſſ me ſo ſore ?
 Upon my ſhalwafhion,
 This shall be a cawſhion,
 To truſt to Shaint Patrick's kindnesh no more.

Sawney to Teague then merrily cry'd,
 This patron of your's is a very bad loon,
 To hit you sic a fair thump on the hide,
 For kneeling before him, and begging a boon :
 Let me advise you to serve our Saint Andrew,
 He, by my faul, was a special gude mon ;
 For since your Saint Patrick
 Has serv'd you sic a trick,
 I'd see him hang'd up ere I'd serve him again.

CCXC.

Written by Mr. DIBDIN.

A Sailor's love is void of art,
 Plain failing to his port, the heart,
 He knows no jealous folly :
 'Twere hard enough at sea to war
 With boisterous elements that jar---
 All's peace with lovely Polly.

Enough that, far from sight of shore,
 Clouds frown, and angry billows roar,
 Still is he brisk and jolly :
 And while carousing with his mates,
 Her health he drinks---anticipates
 The smiles of lovely Polly.

Should thunder on the horizon press,
 Mocking our signals of distress,
 E'en then dull melancholy
 Dares not intrude :---he braves the din,
 In hopes to find a calm within
 The snowy arms of Polly.

CCXCI.

CCXCI.

Written by the EARL OF DORSET.

AT noon, on a sultry summer's day,
 The brighter lady of the May,
 Young Chloris, innocent and gay,
 Sat knotting in a shade
 Each slender finger play'd its part
 With such activity and art,
 As would inflame a youthful heart,
 And warm the most decay'd.

Her fav'rite swain by chance came by,
 He saw no anger in her eye ;
 Yet when the bashful boy drew nigh,
 She would have seem'd afraid.
 She let her ivory needle fall,
 And hurl'd away the twisted ball ;
 But straight gave Strephon such a call,
 As wou'd have rais'd the dead.

Dear gentle youth, is't none but thee ?
 With innocence I dare be free :
 By so much truth and modesty
 No nymph was e'er betray'd.
 Come, lean thy head upon my lap,
 While thy smooth cheeks I stroke and clap,
 Thou may'st securely take a nap :
 Which he, poor fool, obey'd.

She saw him yawn, and heard him snore,
And found him fast asleep all o'er ;
She sigh'd, and could endure no more,

But starting up, she said,
Such virtue shall rewarded be,
For this thy dull fidelity,
I'll trust thee with my flocks, not me ;
Pursue thy grazing trade.

Go, milk thy goats, and shear thy sheep,
And watch all night thy flocks to keep,
Thou shalt no more be lull'd asleep
By me, mistaken maid.

CCXCII.

WAS love a sweet passion, how blest should I be ;
No mortal could e'er be so happy as me !
But O it torments me, it tortures my breast ;
It ruffles my senses, it robs me of rest !

Long time I've been captive to Chloe's bright
eyes ;
Her bloom and her beauty first gave the surprize ;
But soon as I found, by the pride of her heart,
That her bloom and her beauty were govern'd by
art.

I then took my leave of this prodigal dame,
And strove all I could to extinguish the flame ;
But still on my thoughts her sweet converse re-
mains :

So love is a burden, and heavy the chains.

Then

Then hear, O ye youths, and this maxim pursue ;
 Let beauty ne'er sway you, nor pride e'er subdue :
 But place your affections where virtue remains ;
 Then love will be pleasing, and easy the chains.

CCXCIII.

Written by Mr. LEMOINE.

THE sprightly eye, the rosy cheek,
 The dimpled chin, and look so meek,
 A nameless grace and air ;
 The ruby lip in sweetnes drest,
 The softly-swelling angel breast ;
 All these adorn my fair.

See what unnumber'd beauties rove
 Around each feature of my love,
 And fire my rapt'rous soul !
 Ten thousand sweets her looks disclose,
 At ev'ry glance my bosom glows,
 And yields to love's controul,
 Just heav'ns ! why gave ye charms like these,
 With ev'ry graceful art to please,
 To one whom rigid fate,
 Permits me not to tell my pain,
 But makes me fear the cold disdain
 Of her I wish my mate.

Curse on the sordid thirst of gold !
 When tend'rest passions all are sold
 To win the world's applause ;
 When, for desire, and love, and joy,
 Low int'rest shall its pow'rs employ,
 And gain th' ignoble cause.

CCXCIV.

WHAT pleasure I feel when sequester'd from
town,

Where nought but confusion and discord is known !
Bless'd with health and contentment, no mortal I
fear,

I'm more happy than those who have thousands a
year..

If perchance a dark cloud hovers over the day,
At night with good ale it will vanish away.

Tho' meanly, to great ones, my cottage may seem,
Sufficient for me that it's decent and clean ;
Without the vain show of an elegant mansion,
Unnotic'd I'll pass thro' the world's wide expan-
sion.

If perchance, &c.

By various delights which no sorrow can bring,
My body's relaxed from autumn to spring ;
Retrospecting with pleasure the years which are
gone,

I look for enjoyment in those yet to come.

If perchance, &c.

When age has o'er-reach'd me, and mirth is no
more,

And time hath allow'd me to run out fourscore ;
I'll set down contented, of Providence crave
That I may in quiet go down to my grave.
For I heed not the thoughts of my last gloomy day ;
While my conscience is clear'd 'twill vanish away.

CCXCV.

CCXCV.

D U E T.

Sung in JUDAS MACCABEUS.

O Lovely peace! with plenty crown'd,
 Come spread thy blessings all around;
 Let fleecy flocks the hills adorn,
 And valleys smile with wavy corn :
 Let the shrill trumpet cease, nor other sound,
 But nature's songsters, wake the cheerful morn.

CCXCVI.

Written by Lord G.

FOR ever, O merciless fair,
 Will that cruel indiff'rence endure,
 Can those eyes look me into despair,
 And that heart be unwilling to cure.

If I love, will you doom me to die,
 Or, if I adore you, upbraid ?
 Can that breast the least pity deny
 To the wretch which your beauty has made.

How oft what I felt, to disguise,
 Has my reason imperiously strove ;
 Till my soul almost fell from my eyes,
 In the tears of the tenderest love.

Till

Till, rendered unable to flow,
 By the torture's excess which I bore,
 That nature sunk under the woe,
 Or only recover'd to more.

Then, Delia, determine my fate,
 Nor let me to madness be drove ;
 But, oh ! do not tell me you hate,
 If you even resolve not to love.

CCXCVII.

Sung in the CAPRICIOUS LOVERS.

FOR various purposes serves the fan :
 As thus—a decent blind,
 Between the sticks to peep at man,
 Nor yet betray your mind.

Each action has a meaning plain—
 Resentment's in the snap ;
 A flirt expresses strong disdain,
 Consent, a gentle tap.

All passions will the fan disclose,
 All modes of female art,
 And to advantage sweetly shews
 The hand, if not the heart,

’Tis folly’s sceptre, first design’d
 By love’s capricious boy,
 Who knows how lightly all mankind
 Are governed by a toy.

CCXCVIII.

CCXCVIII.

LONG at thy altar, god of love,
I paid a double duty ;
A slave to Celia's voice and wit,
To Chloe's taste and beauty.

Fain would I fix my restless heart,
While they, with awkward feature,
Disguis'd, in affectation's mask,
The genuine gifts of nature.

CCXCIX.

FRIENDSHIP is the bond of reason,
But if beauty disapprove,
Heav'n absolves all other treason
In the heart that's true to love.

The faith which to my friend I swore,
As a civil oath I view :
But to the charms which I adore,
'Tis religion to be true.

Then if to one I false must be ;
Can I doubt which to prefer-----
A breach of social faith with thee,
Or sacrilege to love and her ?

CCC.

DEJECTED as true converts die,

But yet with fervent thoughts inflam'd ;
So, fairest ! at your feet I lie,
Of all my sex's faults ashamed.

Too long, alas ! have I defy'd,
The force of Love's almighty flame ;
And often did aloud deride,
His godhead as an empty name.

But, since so freely I confess
A crime, which may your scorn produce,
Allow me now to make it less,
By any just and fair excuse.

I then did vulgar joys pursue,
Variety was all my bliss ;
But, ignorant of love and you,
How could I chuse but do amiss.

If ever now my wand'ring eyes
Search out temptation, as before ;
If once I look, but to despise
Their charms, and value yours the more ;

May sad remorse and guilty shame,
Revenge your wrongs on faithless me ;
And, what I tremble e'en to name.
May I lose all, in losing thee.

CCCI.

A DYING thrush young Edwy found,
 As flutt'ring in a field of snow ;
 Its little wings with ice were bound,
 A while its heart forgot to glow :
 In eager haste he homeward ran,
 The quiv'ring charge to me resign'd ;
 O save it, Celia, if you can,
 Protect it from the wint'ry wind.

My bosom pres'd the trembling thing,
 And bade its little pris'ner live ;
 But ah ! that bosom felt a sting,
 The panting warbler ne'er could give :
 With sweet concern, young Edwy cry'd,
 Can Celia save the dying thrush ;
 Perhaps, I said—and fondly sigh'd,
 Which shame transplanted to a blush.

He cry'd, my Celia, why that sigh,
 And why that blush, the bird is free ;
 But pity beams in Celia's eye,
 Ah ! let it, fair one, beam on me ;
 My heart approv'd his pleasing claim,
 Tho' fain to hide the rebel strove ;
 For pity bore a dearer name,
 'Twas now converted into love.

CCCIII.

CCCII.

Written by Lady MARY S.

O CEASE to mourn, unhappy youth,
Or think this bosom hard;
My tears, alas! must own your truth,
And wish it could reward.

Th' excess of unabating woe,
This tortured breast endures,
Too well, alas! must make me know
The pain that dwells in yours

Condemn'd like you to weep in vain,
I seek the darkest grove,
And fondly bear the sharpest pain,
Of never-hoping love.

My wasted day, in endless sighs,
No sound of comfort hears;
And morn but breaks on Delia's eyes,
To wake her into tears.

If sleep should lend her friendly aid,
In fancy I complain:
And hear some sad, some wretched maid,
Or see some perjur'd swain.

Then cease thy suit, fond youth, O cease,
Or blame the fates alone;
For how can I restore your peace,
Who quite have lost my own.

CCCIII.

CCCIV.

Written by Mr. THOMPSON.

HARD is the fate of him who loves,
Yet dares not tell his trembling pain,
But to the sympathetic groves,
And to the lonely list'ning plain.

Oh, when she blesses next your shade,
Oh, when her footsteps next are seen,
In flow'ry tracks along the mead,
In fresher mazes o'er the green;

Ye gentle spirits of the vale,
To whom the tears of love are dear,
From dying lilies waft a gale,
And sigh my sorrows in her ear.

Oh, tell her what she cannot blame,
Tho' fear my tongue must ever bind;
Oh, tell her, that my virtuous flame
Is, as her spotless soul, refin'd.

Not her own guardian angel, eyes
With chaster tenderness his care;
Not purer her own wishes rise,
Not holier her own sighs in pray'r.

But if, at first, her virgin fear,
Should start at love's suspected name;
With that of friendship soothe her ear,
True love and friendship are the same.

CCCV.

Written by Mr. HUGHES.

CONSTANTIA, see thy faithful slave,
Dies of the wound thy beauty gave ;
Ah ! gentle nymph no longer try
From fond pursuing love to fly.

Then pity to my love impart,
Pity my bleeding, aching heart
Regard my sighs, and flowing tears.
And with a smile remove my fears.

A wedded wife if thou would'st be,
By sacred Hymen join'd to me,
Ere yet the western sun decline,
My hand and heart shall both be thine.

CCCVI.

IN airy dreams soft fancy flies,
My absent love to see,
And with the early dawn I rise,
Dear youth, to think on thee.

How swiftly flew the rosy hours,
While love and hope were new !
Sweet as the breath of op'ning flow'rs.,
But, ah ! as transient too.

CCCVII.

OLD Saturn, that drone of a god,
 And father of all the divine,
 Who govern'd the world with a nod,
 Yet fancy'd brisk women and wine ;
 And when he was whimsical grown,
 By sipping his plentiful bowl,
 Then frankly the truth he would own,
 That a wench was the joy of his soul.

Great Jupiter like his old dad,
 To love and a bottle inclin'd,
 When mellow was constantly glad
 To find a plump girl to his mind ;
 And then, as the story is told,
 He'd conjure himself in her arms,
 As once in a shower of gold
 He rifled fair Danae's charms.

Stern Mars, the great god of the field,
 All day tho' delighting in blood,
 At night his fierce godship would yield
 To beauty, and wine that was good :
 With nectar he'd cherish his heart,
 And raise up his wanton desires ;
 Then to Venus, his darling impart
 The warmth of his amorous fires,

Apollo, the patron of bays,
 Full goblets would merrily drain,
 And sing forth poetical lays,
 When the fumes had got into his brain.

But still as he whimsical grew,
 By toping the juice of the vine,
 To Parnassus daily he flew,
 To kiss all the musical nine.

Sly Mercury too, like the rest,
 Made wenching and wine his delight,
 And thought himself perfectly blest
 With a bottle and mistress at night:
 No wonder debauches he lov'd,
 And cheating his pleasure he made,
 For the gods have ev'ry one prov'd,
 That pimping was always his trade.

Plump Bacchus, that tun-belly'd sot,
 His thirst could but seldom allay,
 Till astride o'er a hogshead he got,
 And drank all the liquor away:
 As long as upright he could fit,
 He'd bawl for the finishing glafs;
 When drunk, then the vessel would quit,
 And reel to his fav'rite lafs.

CCCVIII.

Written by the EARL of DORSET.

PHILLIS, for shame, let us improve,
 A thousand different ways,
 Those few short moments, snatch'd by love,
 From many tedious days.

If you want courage to despise
 The censor of the grave ;
 For all those tyrants of your eyes,
 Your heart is but a slave.

My love is full of noble pride ;
 Nor can it e'er submit
 To let that fop, discretion, ride
 In triumph over it.

False friends I have, as well as you,
 That daily counsel me,
 Fame and ambition to pursue,
 And leave off loving thee. :

But when the least regard I show
 To fools who thus advise,
 May I be dull enough to grow
 Most miserably wise.

CCCIX.

Written by Mr. LEMOINE

ANCIENT sages loudly speak
 In praise of Adam's ale ;
 Yet all their notions seem too weak,
 They can't with me prevail.

My joys all center in a bowl,
 Brimful of saucy grog ;
 And when it's out, I loudly bawl,
 Come, fill it up, you dog !

My leisure hours I freely spend,
 Without a grain of sense ;
 I crack a joke with ev'ry friend,
 And thus I use my pence.

CCCX.

DISTANT hie thee, carping Care,
 From the spot where I do dwell ;
 Rigid mortals come not there,
 Frowns, begone to hermit's cell ;
 But let me live the life of souls,
 With laughter, love, and flowing bowls.

Miser, with thy paltry pelf
 I give against thee my hate its scope ;
 Wretch that livest but for thyself,
 With heart of rust that cannot ope :
 Fly, bird of night, from sun and souls
 That love and laugh o'er flowing bowls.

Who can let the pensive go,
 Or the eye that drops a tear,
 And not weed their minds of woe,
 May not, dare not peep in here :
 Joys on joys, O let me taste,
 Health and mirth dwell in my gate,
 While with ease my land doth waste,
 Willst I bless the book of fate :
 Then let me live the life of souls,
 With laughter, love, and flowing bowls.



A C O M P L E T E
Alphabetical GLOSSARY;

Or, EXPLANATION of the *SCOTCH* Words.

A

A , all	Bught, sheep-fold	Bobit, lac'd
Aboon , above	Byar, cow-house	Brint, burnt
Ae , ever	Braw, brave, fine, gaudy	Blob, a globe, or drop
Ane , one	Bem, rich, well-fur-nish'd	Bot, without
Anes , once	Brifs, to press, or	Beek, beeking, bosk-ing
Ablins , perhaps	Bruise	Busk, adorn, dress
Awn , own, acknowledge	Bombaze, to con-found or affright	Bootlefs, in vain.
Asteer , stirring	Blate, shame-faced	Belt, girdle
Anither , another	Bustine, white di- its own accord	Blae berries, blue- berries
A-thought , a little	Bad, bid	Blaw, blow
A-jee , of one side	Bannocks, a sort of bread	Bands, hinges,
Auld , old	Be, by	Bend, cup, or draught
An , if	Braes, hillocks	Beteech us, preserve
Air , early	Burn or burnie, a rivulet	us
Aften , often,	Bent, a field	Bent, a field
Ain , own	Baugh, simple, of a	Baugh, simple, of a
Aff , off	Birks, birch-trees	pitiful look
Airth , quarter or cor- ner of the World	Bratling, running	Brock, a badger
Aiths , oaths	down or falling	Ban, to curse
Amait , almost	hastily	Breeks, breeches
Awa , away	Bide, to bear, abide	Board, to dally, or tamper with
Alane , alone; his	Barlicods, freaks,	Brankand, gay; also
	lane, by himself;	humours, whims
	her lane; by her- self	prancing
Aneath , beneath	Brats, Clothes	Bairnie, a little child
Aftymes , oft times	rags	C
Albeit , albeit, al- though	Broe, broth	Cawler, fresh, cool
A-wie , a little	Bleeze, flame, also	Craig, a rock
	lustre	Craigy, rocky
B	Bleezing, flaming,	Chirm, chirp or sing
BIELD , a place of	blazing	Crove, a little hutch
	Biggonets, biggands	or lodge
	Begunk, a trick, or	Corbies, ravens
	shelter from the	Cleek, to catch or
	stratagem	hook up
	weather	Bairs, bears
Bairns , children	Bedeen, instantly	Clute, the hoof
Blyther , more joy- ful	Bow or boll, a mea- sure equal to a	Canty, merry
Blythsome , glad	fack	Cou'dna, could not
Blythnes , joy	Beuk, bak'd	Caulrife, cold, chilly
Bonny , handsome,	Bouk, carafe	Cockernony, the
pleasant	Bauld, bold	hair bound up in
Baith , both	Bicker, bowl, or cup	a puff
		Caogy, merry, gay
		Claithes,

Cläthes, clothes	Dubs, dirty little	Ether, cap, wasp
Cauld, cold	pools	Elritch, wild, or
Coofs, boobies	Divet Seat, seat of	ghastly
Canny, lucky, happy	green turf	FRAE, from
Coft, bought	Darna, dare not	Fou, full, also drunk
Chiels, fellows	Deid, death	Ferlie, a wonder; also
Cleck, hatch	Dern'd, laid up secretly	so to wonder
Ca', call	Downa, cannot bear	Fouth, plenty, many
Ca'd, or cawd, called	or endure	Flet, scolded
Cottars, cottagers	Dings, excells, gets	Fair-fa', well-fare
Curn, a little quantity	the better; also Fa', fall	beats
Cry, to call, or a call	Disna, does not	Fald, to fold
Cantripes, Magic	Dow, can, or is able	Fecklefs, trifling
Spells, and Diabo-Drops, lical Arts	to do	Feightan, fighting
Cry'd, call'd on	the slip to compa- my	Fraise, talk, speech
Clim, climb	Daffin, folly	Fowk, folks
Canna, cannot	Drie, suffer	Flyte, to scold
Crack, to chat	Decreet, determina-	Fell, cunning, or
Cast, the mein, or gesture	tion, or judgment	prudent, some- times it is apply'd
Cast up, to throw in- to one's teeth, to upbraid	Didna, did not	Fasheous, trouble- some
to Dunt, to beat, or	Doof, a fool	Fae, foe
upbraid	throb, when ap-	Faes, fleas
Cawft, calves	plied to the heart	Fause, false
Clatteran, prating, chattering	Dowp, arfe	Doil'd, bewitched,
Cankart, ill-natured, peevish	Doil'd, bewitched,	Flaw, to lie; also a
Carle, old man	Dyvours, bankrupts	Furlet, a corn or
Cawk, chalk	E	meal measure, con- sisting of four
Chitter, to gnash with the teeth, shivering	ETTLE, to attempt	pecks
or aim at	Een, eyes; also even,	Fear'd, afraid
Crapt, crept	or night	Fleech, statter
D	Eastlin, eastern	Foreagainst, over-
DAFT, mad, foolish	Eith, eithlev, easily	against
Dowie, senseless, silly	Eild, old age	Fundling, foundling
Dool, sorrow	Elf-shot, planet-	Foryet, forget
Dorty, scornful, dif- ficult	struck	Fand, found
Dinna, do not	Ell-wand, a stick the skin off	Flighter, to flutter
Dike, a wall	measure of an ell	Flype, to flea the
Din, noise	Even, to impute to	Farder, farther
Dic'd, weav'd in figures of dice	Fear, fleg, to fright-	one, to compare en
Dauted, fondaied, made much of	to liken	Fain, fond, willing
	Ergh, to dread, or	Fawn, fallen
	be afraid of	Fawt, fault
	Else, already	Fash, to trouble
		Fleid,

Fled, affrighted	Ghaist, ghost	Hether-bells, heath-
GAE, go; also gave	Gowk, cuckoo; also buds	Hechts, promises
Gowans, daisies	Gates, ways, cour-	Hallon-Side, by a
Gowany, full of dais- ies	ses	hollow-tree
Grane, to groan or HAME, home	Hae, have	Hae, hall
sigh	Hameward, home-	Howt! fly!
Granes, groans or	ward	Haffen, partly
sighs	Hartsome, gladsome, Hool, the shell	
Gar, to make, or	pleasant	Hobleshew, a mob-
force	Hinder Night, lastish riot, or quar-	
Gat, got	night	rel
Grein, to long for,	Haffet, side of the	Haly, holy
or thirst after	face	Hodden-gray, a
Gear, goods, wealth,	Hinny, honey	coarse grey cloth
Geeks, loaths	Hound, hunt	Hapt, covered up
Gif, gin, if	Hawflock, woolnext	Happing, hopping,
Glowrie, to stare	the wind-pipe	falling down
Glowring, staring	Hald, had, hold	I
Gawn, going	Height, top of the	ILKA, each, eve-
Grip, to hold fast	hili	ry
Grips, the holding	Howm, a valley by a	Jo, sweetheart
fast with the	river	Ise, I shall, or will
hands	Het, hot	Ingle-side, fire-side
Gloom, a frown	Healthfu', heath-	Ither, other; also
Gang, go	ful	one another
Ganging, going	Haith, indeed, in	Ingans, onions
Gie, give	faith	K
Gabs, mouths	Herds, swains, shep-	KENS, knows
Grace Drink, grace	herds	Kend, knew known
cup	Hey! hah!	Killet, tuck'd up
Greet, to cry	Heffs, lodges, inha-	Kames, combes
Gane, gone	hits	Kittle, to tickle; it
Gets, brats, chil- dren	Haleosome, whole-	also signifies dif-
Giglit, gilflirt	some	ficult, or dange-
Gate, the way; also	Haggies, a sort of	rous
the manner of a	pudding	Kail-yard, kitch-
person	Haf, half	en-garden
Gusty, favoury	Howk, to dig	Kirn'd, churn'd
Glee, mirth	Humlock, hemlock	Kenna, know not
Glen, a vale	Hawkys, cows	Ky, cows
Gaits, goats	Howdy, a midwife	Kirn, churn,
Gade, went	Hing, hang	Kent, a large stick,
Gawky, a foolish	Heather-Braes, hills	or shepherd's pole
wench	on which heath	L
Gree, degree	grows	LUGS, ears
Grit, great	Hidlings, lurking	Leglens, milking-
Girning, grinning	places	pails
Grat, cry'd	Hadna, had not	Loan, milking-
Gow'd, gold	He'eryestreen, the	place
	night before last	Loss, to loose
		Lout.

Lout, to stoop	M	Nives, double
Low, flame	MAUN, must	fists
Lowan, burning, flaming	Mair, more	Nor, than
Lang, long	Mony, many	O
Loes, loves	Mint, to aim at, or make a motion	ONY, any
Lowp, to leap	to do any thing	Out'er, hanging over, also quite
Lowping, leaping	Misluck, misfor.	over
Leel, fineere, honest	tune	Our-lane, alone, by ourselvess
Linkan, stepping briskly, or haftily	Meg Dorts, Mrs. Scornful	Owrelay, a cravat
Lee, fallow land	Miscaw, to miscall, or call names	Owrelaid, overlaid, overwhelmed
Lap, leap'd	Meikle, much	O'er-put, to overcome
Leugh, laugh'd	Meiklest, largest	Oure, over, too much
Lift, the sky ; also to remove	Maist, most	Orp, to writhe one's self
Lin, a precipice, or natural cas- cade, from whence the water falls	Mailes, mates, wives	Or, before
Lave. the rest	Midding, dunghill	Owk, week
Langsome, tiresome, tedious	Mailens, farms	O't, of it
Layd, landlords; in general for any man of Estate	Manna, must not	Oxter, arm pit
Lyart, hoary, grey	Muck, dung	Owsen, oxen
Lucky, gammer	Mither, mother	P
Laith, loth	Mear, Mare	PAT, did put
Laverocks, larks	Mlrb, dark, to darken	Paughty, proud, haughty
Lilt, to sing briskly	Merle, merlin	Propine, a present
Lilit, merrily chanted	Mavis, thrush	Peebles, pebbles
Luggies, bawls	Mansworm, perjured, forsworn	Pensylie, fantastically
Lear, to learn	Mouse-mark, any mark received by a mother's long-ing	Peet-stack, stack of dry'd turf for firing
Lair, learning	NA, no, not	Pow, a skull
Loof, the palm of the hand	Nre, no	Prines, pins
Leed, ly'd	Nane, none	Poplan, poppling
Leen, to leave off, give over	Nibour, neighbour	Poortith, poverty
Landwart, country, rural, clown- ifh	Nowt, oxen	Pou, pull
Labour'd, thresh'd	Needna, need not	Peat-ingle, turf-fire
Lows'd, unty'd, loos'd	Neift, next	Pouch, pocket
	Nocht, nought	Pouchfu', pocket full
	Newmawn, new	Pawkylie, filly, cunningly
	mow'd	Pleugh, a plough
	No, not	Pith, strength
	New-cal, young calves	Pettet, fondled, pamper'd
		Pithleſſ,

Pithleſſ, faint, weak trees		Slaw, flow
R	Sae, ſo,	Shaw, a littlewood
ROWING, row- an, rolling	Spill, ſpoil	Swat, ſweated
Row'd, roll'd, or wrapt	Slid, smooth, ſlip-	Slee, fly
Redd up, to clear up, or clean up ; also to tell ; to be afraid ; to part	Smoor, ſmoother	Skelfs, shelves
Redd up, to clear up, or clean up ; also to tell ; to be afraid ; to part	Smoor'd, ſmother'd	Spaning, weaning
Redd up, to clear up, or clean up ; also to tell ; to be afraid ; to part	Sma, ſmall	Span-men, fortune-tellers
Redd up, to clear up, or clean up ; also to tell ; to be afraid ; to part	Snaу, ſnow	Saws, prognostications
Redd up, to clear up, or clean up ; also to tell ; to be afraid ; to part	Sic, ſuch	Sell, ſelf
Revel'd, entangled	Shaw, ſhew ; also shrubwood	Shaw, to tell for-tunes
Rin, run	Shawn, ſhewn	Snood, a fillet, or garland
Routh, plenty	Stock, a reed, or pipe	Sark, shirt
Rife, abundant, plentiful	Spring, a tune	Sayna, ſay not
Racket-rent, racket rent	Spear, to ask	Starns, stars
Reefting, drying	Saebiens, ſince it is ſo	Samen, the ſame
Rant, to make merry	Snooded, filleted, ty'd up	Skair, a ſhare, to ſteght, stuffed, or crammed
Ranting, rousing jolly	Skiffing, ſkipping	Sornan, mumping, or begging
Rash, green, or young	Saul, foul	Scrimp, ill provided
Rushy, rushy, or grown over with rushes	Sair, ſore	Scrimpit, flinted
Rashes, rushes	Sets, the ſtripes, or rows of colours in weaving	Sindle, ſeldom
Roos'd, prais'd	Siller, ſilver	Siccan, ſuch-like
Rouſted, grown ſtiff or rusty	Spraigns, ſtripes, or rows	Slavering, drizzling, or flobbering
Rew, to repent, relent	Shave, a ſlice	Snaу-balls, jokes
Rowt, to low, or make a great noise	Singand, ſinging	Swith, ſoon, ſwiftly
Rondes, a hard name	Strak, ſtrucken	Shoon, ſhoes
Rock, a distaff	Scart, to ſcrape, also to scratch	Stang, ſtung
Rever, rover, or pyrate	Skaith, loſs, damage	Swaird, the ſurface of the grass
Rucks, ricks	Scads, ſcalds	Stanes, ſtones
Reck, ſmoke	Sald, ſold	Stap, ſtop
Roove, confirm or rivet	Seething, boiling	Sawn, ſown
S	Stend, to take long steps	Sinceyne ever ſince
SALL, ſhall	Stent, to tax ; also to flint	Sakeleſſ, forsaken, defitute of friends
Saughſ, willow-trees	Scot'd, threatened	Staw, ſtolen,
	Sled, fledge	Skelpit, to be ſlapſt, or whipt on the posteriors
	Sung, ſing'd	
	Snuff ! pifh ! also to take ſnuff	

Steek, to shut	Teil, to till	War, worse
T	To, too	Wins, gains
TENTING, ten- ding	Tuulzie, a broil, al- so to quarrel	Woo, wood, also to court
Thrawart, cross, or evil	To win'd, flap'd, bang'd	Will-fire, wild-fire
Tod, a fox	U	Wale, to chuse, the choice
Thole, endure, suf- fer	UNLIKLY, un- personable, un- seemly, impro- bable	Withershins, to move contrary ways
Till, to	Uniko, strangely, wonderfully;	Warlock, wizzard
Tald, told	strange, won- derful	Woil, well
Tint, lost	Unsonfy, unlucky, diabolical	Wae, woe; also forrowful
Thrievelefs, tri- fling, needless	Unscrápit, filthy, or what wants	Wife, old woman
Trow, to know to believe	scraping	Wyte, blame
Tak, to take	V	Wrang, wrong
Tane, taken	VIRLES, rings	Westnin, western
Twa, two	Vifly, to take a view	Whinns, furze
Tent, to take no- tice of, to watch, observe, or re- mark	W	Whase, whose
Tyke, a dog	WARLDLY,	Whisht! hush!
Trig, spruce, clean	worldly	Wimpled, intricate
Tarrows, loaths	Winsome, engag- ing, delight- ful	Waws, Wales
Tether-stake, hal- ter-stake	Wathers, wethers	Warst, worst
Thae, these	Wad, would	Wow! strange!
Thirle, thrill	Wha, who	Winna, will not
Tyne, to loose	Wat, wot	Wond, wound up or wrapt round
Trone, the name of a particular place	Whinging, whin- ing	with any thing
Thack, thatch	Wist, knew	Ware, to expend, lay out, to fift, to
Taids, toads	Waff, lonely	pump out a secret
Than, then	Wi'; with	Withouten, with- out
Thrang, the crowd, or throng	Wie, little	Warna what's, no- body knows what
Titty, sister	Wood, mad	Win, to dwell
Tafs, a cup	Wordy, worthy	Wrights, joiners
Thow, to thaw, or melt	Wimpling, wind- ling	Woody, madly
The, thee	Wark, work	Y
Tryft, appoint- ment, to appoint	Whirles, eddies	YOWL'D, howl'd
Tocher, Tocher- good, one's por- tion, a fortune	Whilk, which	Yont, beyond
	Wean, chi'd	Yelping, used to ex- press the noise made by the bark- ing of a puppy, or the crying of a child
		Youdith, youth

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.





